Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

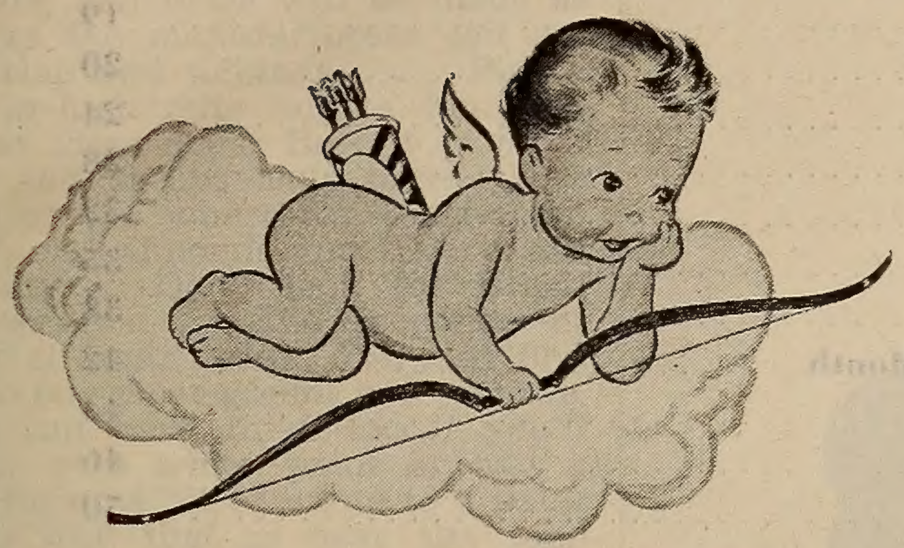
FEBRUARY

15¢

In Color! Exciting Pictures of Stella Dallas and Portia Faces Life

SEE HOW Your Eyes WILL REFLECT
LOVELINESS WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
PHOTO BY PAUL HESSE—HOLLYWOOD

"Of course, if you *like* dancing with your brother—"



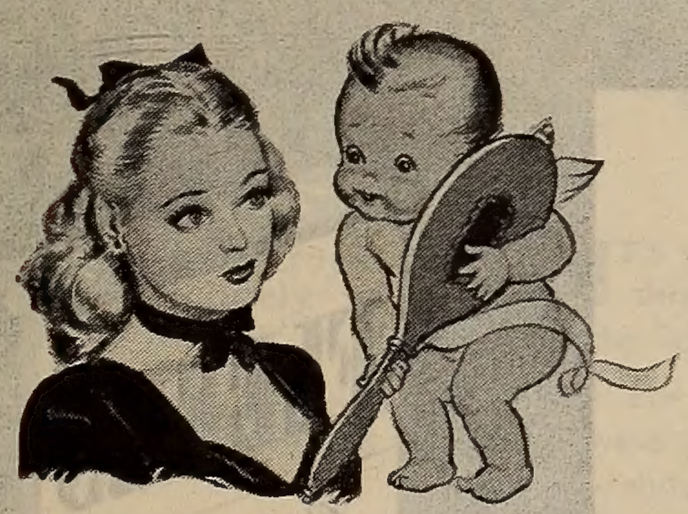
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I *adore* dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller . . . older . . . *and not my brother!*

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a *smile*, for instance!

GIRL: Smile? Me? Plain old me? Look, Cupid: I'm no beauty. And my smiling wouldn't help.

CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't *always* the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for *every girl in the country:*

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl . . . that "pink" is a sign that you'd better *see your dentist right away.* He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth . . . and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty

FEBRUARY, 1945

Radio Mirror
THE MAGAZINE OF
Radio Romances

VOL. 23, NO. 3

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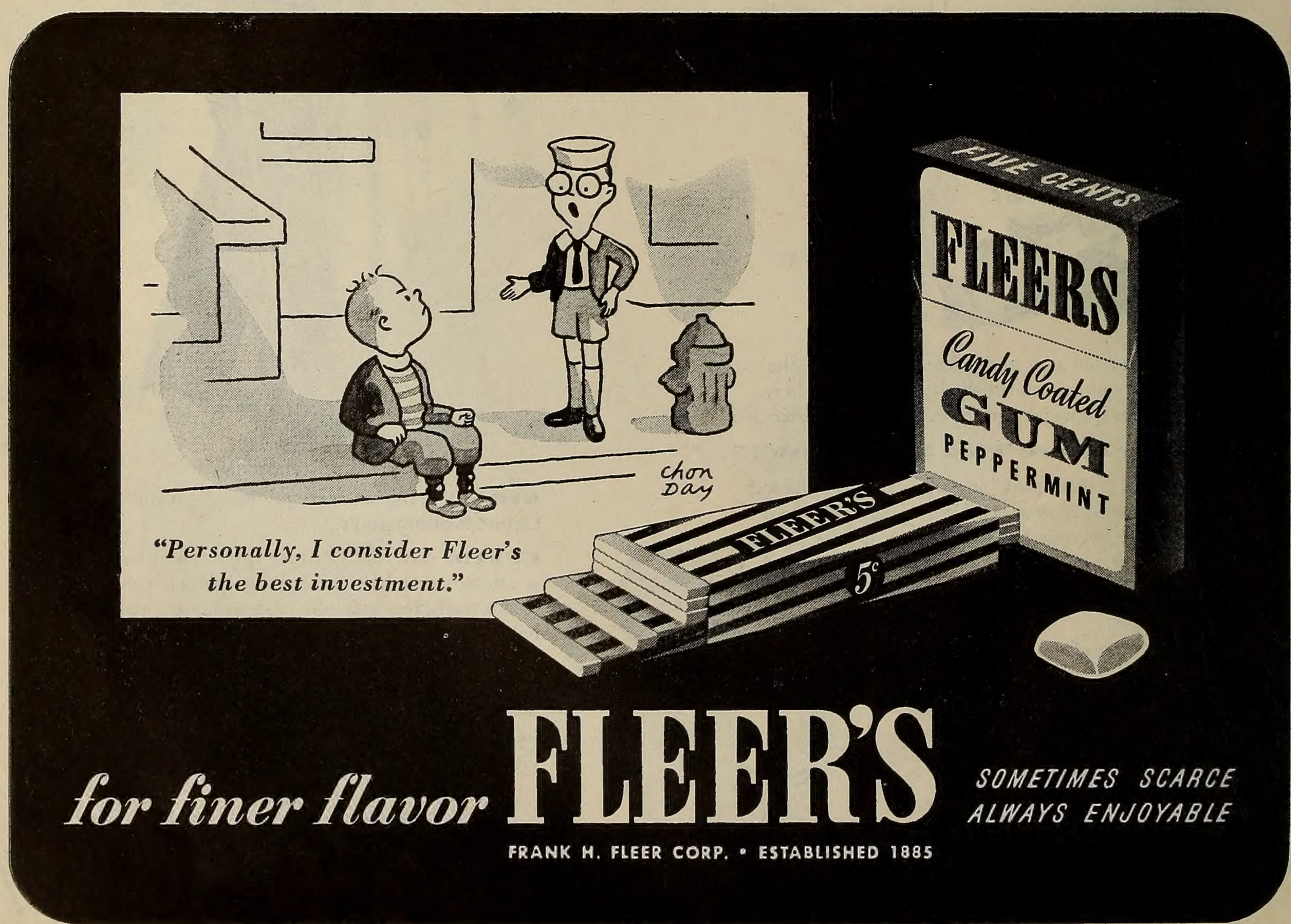
ON THE COVER—Penny Singleton and daughter, Dorothy Grace—Natural Color Photograph by Tom Kelley—Sweaters, courtesy Lanz of Hollywood



Did You Know?

More . . . High in importance on the list of things coming back into the market are innerspring mattresses. By now there are a few ready for eager purchasers, and more will be made as rapidly as the manufacturers can get good burlap and tickings. . . . Plenty of protein-high nuts can be found in the stores these days. Record crops of walnuts and pecans have taken these two out of the where-can-I-get-them category, and almonds and filberts are also plentiful. Don't look for Brazil nuts, however. . . . There's plenty of paint for all your needs. You may find it hard to buy clear greens and yellows, but you can have these too if you'll tint your own white paint or add a bit of color or a bit of white to a paint that you buy that is near the tone you're looking for. There's very little of the quick-drying variety on the market, however—that's still needed for battleships and landing boats. . . . All restrictions on neoprene have been lifted, and you'll soon be able to buy anklets for children with this synthetic rubber in their tops.

Less . . . Your share of butter is somewhat less than a quarter of a pound per week—there's less butter per person than there has been in fifty years. You may have to take less cream, too, and you'll want to cooperate with your dealer in helping to conserve milk. . . . The zippers and snap fasteners that appeared as a happy surprise on the shelves of stores these past months are rapidly disappearing, and there won't be replacements for some time. Reason—jungle uniforms and flying suits have taken up almost the full supply.

New . . . When you go to buy clothing after the war, you'll find a fascinating variety of new fabrics: a corduroy that washes without destroying the nap; a wool that absolutely will not shrink; a whole collection of fabrics that you can wash and dry and put right on to wear, skipping the ironing process completely; table linens made from aluminum yarn.

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Five little, false little words:

Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

IT'S A MISTAKE so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be *sure?* Just remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

Dick Haymes, guiding star of NBC's Everything for the Boys, made things interesting when lovely Betty Rhodes rehearsed for her guest date on the show, heard Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M., EWT.

Pretty Dinah Shore is star and mistress of ceremonies of her own variety show, Thursdays, CBS.

The King Sisters divide their time between radio and their San Fernando Valley dress shop.

FRANK SINATRA got such a pleasant taste of politics during the presidential campaign (the swooner donated $5,000 for FDR's cause) that intimates report the Jersey singer may pursue this art when his warbling days are over.

* * *

I had a haircut with Harry James in Hollywood the other day and the trumpeter upset the serenity of the tonsorial parlor by tuning in the racing results. He is one of the biggest sports fans on the west coast.

* * *

Freddy Martin got a deferment from Uncle Sam. . . . Ticker Freeman, Dinah Shore's brilliant pianist and accompanist, returned home from his overseas USO jaunt to learn that his brother had been killed in action. . . . Harriet Clark, Charlie Barnet's ex-wife, is now an airline hostess.

* * *

Ted Straeter and his orchestra have wowed the film set. Kate Smith's former accompanist is playing in the swank Mocambo on the famed Strip and just got a six months' renewal. One of the smartest things Ted does is to play tunes associated with the stars when they trip the light fantastic. The night I visited the Mocambo Don Loper was dancing with Ginger Rogers. Ted gave the downbeat for a tune from Ginger's "Lady in the Dark." When Judy Garland whirled around the floor on the arm of a Navy officer, Ted switched tunes for a medley of Judy Garland hits.

* * *

Friends are trying to patch up the Gracie Barrie-Dick Stabile flare-up. . . . All radio row waiting breathlessly for Artie Shaw's new band, said to be his greatest. . . . Ina Ray Hutton, forced to disband her orchestra due to nervous exhaustion, has fully recovered and is reorganizing. . . . The Sinatra egg-shelling incident at the Paramount was said to be a publicity stunt. . . . Kay Kyser will have a new sponsor by the time you read this. . . . Don't be surprised if Phil Harris and Alice Faye head their own comedy-musical radio show. . . .

* * *

Eddy Howard is the latest of the bandleaders who were acclaimed by midwesterners before achieving nationwide recognition. Eddy is currently starring on his new NBC program.

The Californian was a successful composer, before organizing his own band, scoring with "Careless" and "My Last Goodbye." Eddy started to sing professionally after leaving Stanford University. He first came to prominence singing with Dick Jurgens' band in Chicago.

Eddy is married and is the father of a two-year-old daughter.

* * *

Now that the king of the cowboys, Roy Rogers, has his own Mutual network show, his sponsor is trying to make him known as a singer of western songs rather than a cowboy. Says it ain't dignified.

* * *

GEE EYEFUL

A hot summer's day in France. Beside a narrow, dusty lane, a slim girl in O. D.'s leans against a tree, pushes back her helmet and cheerfully mops her brow. The girl waits while a driver tinkers with the motor of a jeep.

Dinah Shore is in France and the sounds of a battle can be heard dimly. Several weeks before she had stood up in an LCI which was landing on a crowded Normandy beach and shouted, "Hi-ya, fellas!"—a greeting which now is the signature of her NBC show. One of the G.I.'s looked up, did a military double take and cried, "Jeepers, it's Dinah—Dinah Shore!" Quickly his buddies gathered around and Dinah gave her first European "command per-

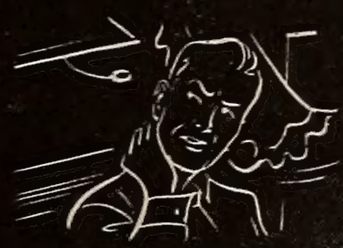
Continued on page 6

Wet Feet?

They, like cold feet, can lower body resistance so that certain germs on mouth and throat surfaces may invade the tissue and complicate the infection which may be started by a virus.

In a Draft?

Some people seem to dare drafts with impunity, but many medical men say that for others they definitely can lower body resistance and help make it easier for you to catch cold.



Direct Exposure?

One of the easiest ways of contracting colds is to kiss someone already infected. Another is to get in the path of a sneeze or cough.

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

Better Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Prompt antiseptic action may help 'nip trouble in the bud' . . . attack threatening Secondary Invaders before they attack you

Many doctors believe that some kind of a virus often starts a cold, and that a threatening group of germs called the "Secondary Invaders," frequently complicates it and is responsible for much of its misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes their work easier.

Obviously, the time to fight a cold is in the early stages, and effort should be directed against these "Secondary Invaders" before they penetrate the tissue.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, chill, cough, or sniffle —when you feel a cold coming on—by all means, get started early with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Bacteria

This wonderful germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . helps guard against a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues.

In repeated tests, bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces, ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, have been noted. And even an hour after the gargle, reductions up to 80% have been noted.

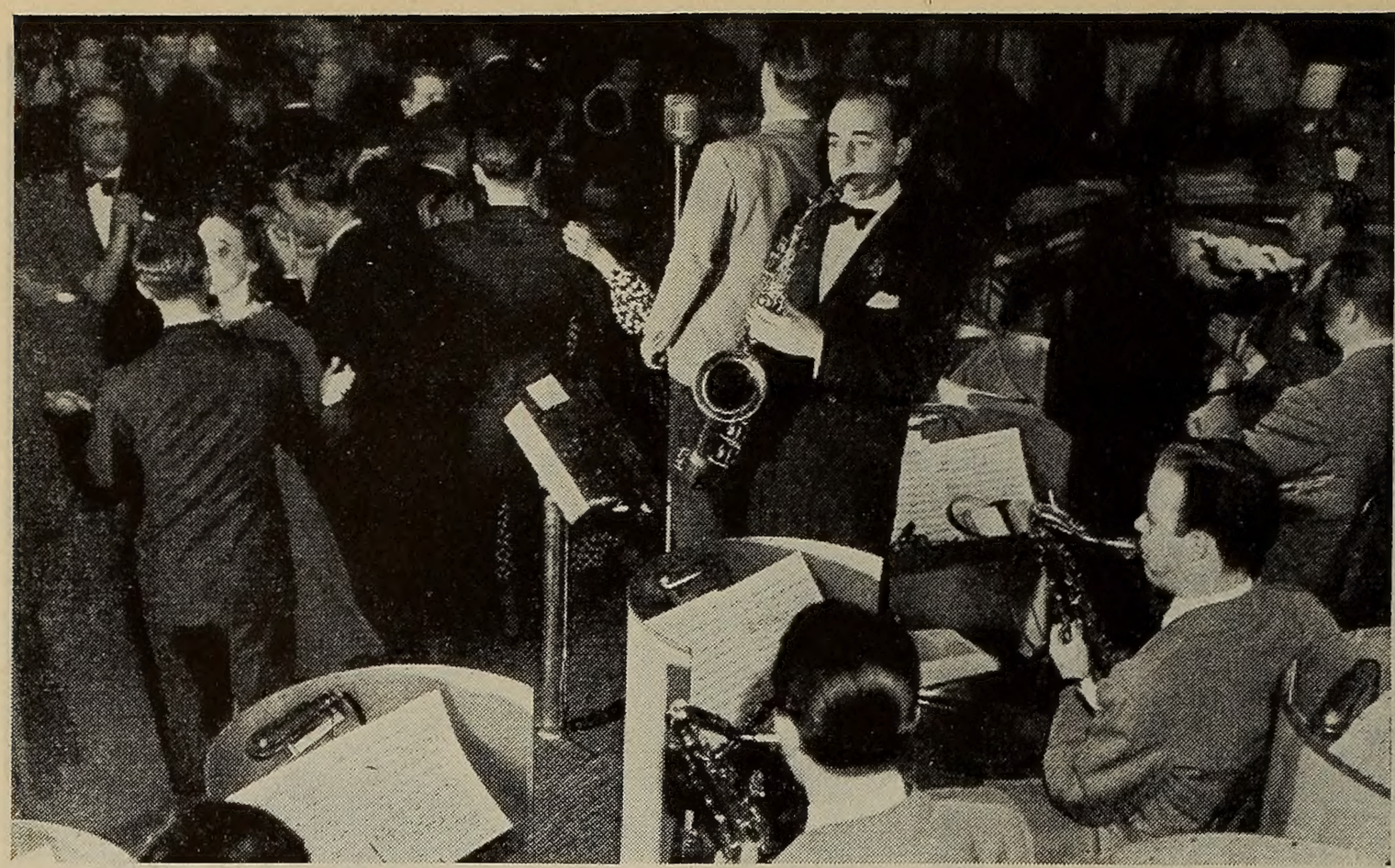
Fewer Colds—Tests Showed

Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic has backed up its laboratory performance with an impressive record on human "guinea pigs" observed in tests conducted over a period of twelve years. Please note the result:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle, and fewer sore throats.

Take the word of outstanding medical men—a cold is nothing to fool with. At the very first symptom take this sensible precaution—the Listerine Antiseptic gargle —in the early stages. Prompt precautions may head off an unpleasant and miserable siege of illness.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



Good news for Freddy Martin fans—the orchestra leader won't break up his band after all. Uncle Sam has turned him down.

Ada Beth Peaker is back with the chorus of NBC's Contented Hour, after time off for a baby.

(*Continued from page* 4)
formance."

Since that day the Tennessee thrush had given 130 shows in eight weeks on the French fox hole circuit. She slept on the ground, ate K rations, bounced in a jeep, exchanged jokes with Generals Patton and Bradley, and saw a sharp-eyed sergeant pick off a Nazi sniper as she started to sing.

Today the pace had caught up with her. As she sat and languidly fanned herself, a stocky M.P. came up and joined her. They exchanged greetings. Dinah noticed the soldier was downcast.

"You look pretty grim, soldier."

"Yeah," the boy nodded, "A guy gets out here and gives everything he's got. He fights. He sees hell all around him. Maybe he gets killed. Well, so what are the people back home doing about it? Sittin' on their fannies and grumbling about rationing and taxes. Sort of takes the heart out of you."

Dinah's Dixie eyes blazed. She forgot she was tired. She suddenly realized there was a lot more she could do for these fighting men besides singing their favorite songs.

"That's not true, soldier," she bristled, "for every guy that's shirking his duty, there are thousands who are doing all they can."

The soldier grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, Dinah. Guess I'm sorta tired."

Dinah could understand that.

He looked down the gritty road. "See how it is. I haven't seen my wife in two years. I'm lonely for her, for my home. Sometimes I can't see straight."

And Dinah could understand that, too. No effort could prevent the tears from welling in her eyes. She had a guy back home, whom she was missing. Every song she sang for the boys here she was singing for her own particular G.I., Corporal George Montgomery.

There were those ugly rumors, Stork Club snipings at her romance, beauty parlor whispers that re-echoed loudly. Dinah and George were too completely happy, too much in love for the cynics to believe it. Dinah's success story had no blots and the wiseguys were doing their best to make them up.

Eddy Howard, who has his own show on NBC, was a composer before he organized his band.

And what a success story it was. The little girl from the South who used to haunt the Broadway lunch counters and music publishers in a worn little trench coat was now the G. I. Eyeful, Queen of the Jukes, and the deliriously happy wife of one of Hollywood's handsomest men. Their Nevada elopement had left the film colony gasping.

But the war had interrupted their married life. George was in the Army, assigned to Captain Ronald Reagan's First Motion Picture unit, and Dinah was doing her bit with a USO jaunt that made her the first female star to perform on liberated French soil.

Dinah was born in Winchester, Tennessee, in 1917, attended Vanderbilt University where she received a B.S. in sociology. But her early success as a singer made her abandon her original course.

"You know I'm awfully glad I didn't pursue my sociology studies. I feel that I can do so much more in these trying days entertaining the boys."

In 1938 Dinah hit the big time and soon Eddie Cantor was featuring the slim golden-red haired girl with the expressive eyes, sunny, expansive smile and mellow voice.

Dinah and George (when he's home on furlough) live in a lovely Georgian colonial brick house in Beverly Hills. They built it slowly. For months after they moved in, they had practically no furniture, waiting for what they liked to achieve a perfect blend of taste and comfort. Friend Fanny Brice, who dabbles in interior decorating, counseled Dinah. Unlike most west coast homes the Montgomerys' has no bar. They converted that space into a photographic dark room. Both George and Dinah are camera enthusiasts.

The couple shun night clubs, prefer intimate gatherings that usually include their friends, Marilyn Maxwell and John Conte.

Last season Dinah's radio show was something less than a smash hit. The program's over-orchestrations almost sank the simple singer. Even today her closest friends, like her accompanist Ticker Freeman, wince when there is a tendency to give Dinah too elaborate a song presentation.

"Look," he says wisely, "Dinah stresses the melody. She sings to those G.I.'s like she was the girl back home."

This year things are different. The show is informal and down to earth. The new policy has been justified. Dinah's program is among the nation's most popular.

Dinah is a very busy girl these days. In addition to her own show (rehearsals start at 8 A. M.), Dinah is usually making a recording for overseas short wave distribution, or acting as a hostess in the Hollywood canteen, or working on a new film. She's also a prolific V-mail writer.

When the radio show goes off for the summer, Dinah plans a strenuous tour of the Pacific fighting zones, singing for our soldiers, for victory, and for George.

"Hello, dream girl", he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on before household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps prevent roughness and dryness ... guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

Charlie McCarthy, above, has accepted Effie Klinker into Edgar Bergen's family—suavely, of course, but with reservations! Right, Eileen Barton, young singer on CBS' Frank Sinatra show, learns a few of the fine points of a masterly vocal from the Voice during rehearsal.

A JOKE'S a joke—only sometimes, it turns out to be a Frankenstein. Like the Mr. Wickel gag on the Truth or Consequences show. As a result of the gag, which was having our small fry yelping "Where's Wickel?" for months, and which reached a climax when an honest-to-goodness Mr. Wickel was persuaded by his friends to attend a broadcast of the zany show, the city of Holyoke, Mass., is going to have a new park.

It seems that things got a little out of hand. The irrepressible Mr. Edwards let his imagination run away with him a bit. He had tucked away in his pocket a will and a map, all ready in case someone should answer his persistent question, "Is there a Mr. Wickel in the house?" When Mr. Wickel did appear, Ralph Edwards lost his composure sufficiently to become just a bit flustered and while giving Mr. Wickel the map that would show him where there was buried treasure to be found, he also revealed the location of the buried treasure to a few thousand residents of Holyoke, Mass. There was something rather like a stampede and a gold rush a few minutes after the broadcast, when the worthy citizens of Holyoke threw on their coats and grabbed their tools and went to work on the corner of Prospect and Walnut Streets.

Mr. Wickel, a resident of Verona, New Jersey, was still on a train headed for Holyoke, when two local boys located the $1,000 in coins. Under law, buried treasure belongs to the finder. Mr. Wickel got there too late.

Ralph Edwards heard from Mr. Wickel, of course, and had to think up a consolation prize. Mr. Edwards also heard from the Mayor of Holyoke and, one thing leading to another, Holyoke is getting a new park named Wickel Park, to cover up the territory dug up by the treasure hunters.

Still not satisfied or chastened, Ralph Edwards didn't give Mr. Wickel a prize without any strings attached. Mr. Wickel now has a check for a thousand dollars. In some bank, somewhere in the United States, there is a thousand dollars to cover that check. The only trouble with it all is that Mr. Wickel's check doesn't bear the name of the bank against which it is drawn.

We hope he finds the bank. Ourselves, we have enough trouble with checking accounts, even when all the information is staring us in the face.

* * *

The housing shortage is pretty desperate. Doubling up in apartments is a common thing. But Elaine Kent, radio lovely, has a new one. Her landlord decided that she had too much room, what with two floors in her duplex apartment. So, he calmly informed her that, henceforth, she had only one floor and proceeded to build a ceiling over the stairwell and staircase. Elaine isn't so upset about having to convoy her meals from a kitchen unit down the hall on a teawagon, since her upstairs kitchen has been cut off, as she is about the old friends who come to see her and unwittingly run up the stairs to powder their noses and run smack into the ceiling.

It's really Marlin Hurt below, but you know him best as Beulah on NBC's Fibber McGee and Molly.

Have you heard "My Christmas Song For You"? Deserves some bouquets. The lyrics were sent to Hoagy Carmichael from the Ansen Rest Home at Tucson, Arizona, last fall. Ordinarily, when a songwriter gets a lyric by mail from an unknown, the chances are a thousand to one that the lyric is lame, halt or blind or all three. This one, however, set tunes ringing in Hoagy's head and the song came out

Model Kay Westfall also acts—she plays Elsie Jones on the CBS serial Bachelor's Children.

and caught Kay Kyser's fancy. All of which is very nice for Furniss Peterson, the veteran newsman recuperating at the Tucson Rest Home.

* * *

The more you hear about the work of people in the Underground, the more your back straightens up. There's no end to the fortitude and courage of people when they are fighting and working for what they think is right.

Imagine being in momentary danger of your life and still finding ways and means to carry on the activities which would help to liberate your country. Artists in the French Underground never gave up their work for a solitary minute, while France was occupied by the Nazis. Michelle Trudel, who broadcasts in French every day from NBC International, recently received some of the posters turned out by these French artists. They're five color printing jobs and beautiful in conception and design. Several of them have been exhibited by the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

* * *

Fred Waring is branching out a good bit these days. Or maybe it's just that Broadway showmen are taking a serious listen to radio—their great so-called rival—and don't want to let the airwaves have anything they haven't got.

Anyway, two Broadway musicals, Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts" and the new Olsen and Johnson frenzy, "Laughing Room Only," are sporting smart singing choruses trained by none other than Fred Waring.

Singing choruses have been made something special by Waring. He's been training large choirs for more than twenty years, and he's reaped rich rewards. So have professional chorus singers, who have a union, now, and command large salaries. Fred Waring also owns a flourishing music publishing concern, Words and Music, Inc., which specializes in arrangements for large singing organizations. You might say Waring has almost cornered the chorus market, which is all right by us as long as he produces the smooth, colorful music that he does.

* * *

Quiz Kid Harve Fischman has kept a daily diary since he first appeared on

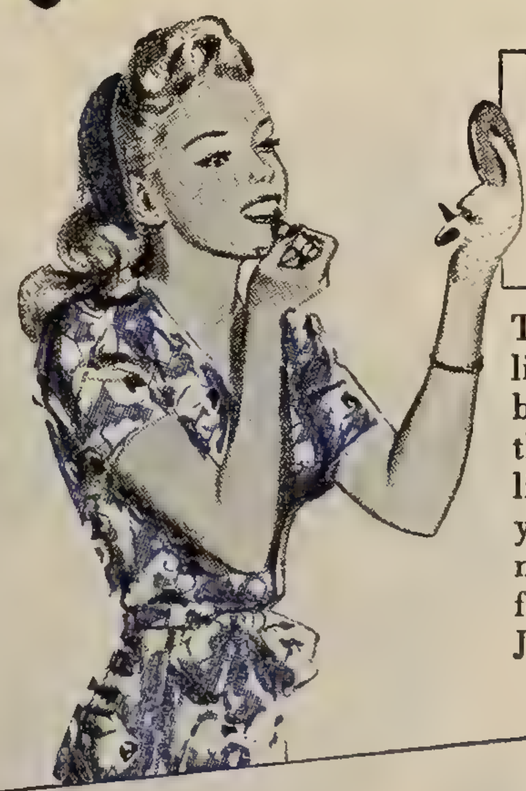
Are you in the know?

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—
- ☐ A Private
- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable *comfort* of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*

If your writing runs uphill, are you—
- ☐ Moody
- ☐ Indifferent to people
- ☐ An optimist

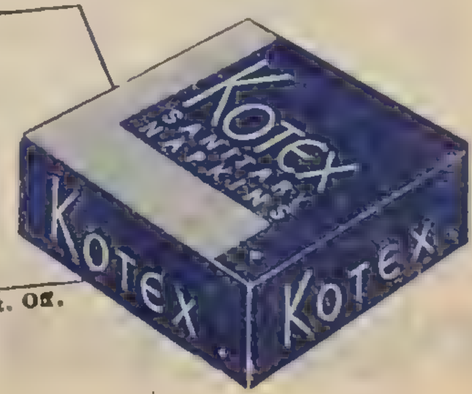
It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an *optimist*, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not *keep* that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that *4-ply safety center* keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—when you use Kotex.



Will lip rouge linger longer if you—
- ☐ Moisten the lips first
- ☐ Apply it over powder
- ☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge *before* powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

PRINCESS PAT

the air three years ago. Some of the entries give one to think and wonder. One of our favorites is this one—"The Hollywood Canteen looks like a girl in slacks—pretty from the front, awful from the rear."

* * *

Jerry Jerome, we would say, deserves some sort of distinction for the degree to which he got sidetracked. The musical director of the Finders Keepers show certainly stepped a long way off his originally chosen path. He put in seven years studying medicine at the Universities of Alabama and Michigan, and then his funds ran out. So he organized an orchestra to earn the tuition to finish his course—and then got so interested in music he never went back to college.

* * *

We, personally, like Yank, The Army Weekly, as a radio show. Maybe that's because it's as strictly GI as the letters we get from the various fronts and we like the idea that no officer can write or dictate as to the formula for the show, any more than is possible for the paper. This is something really of the boys, for the boys and by the boys.

* * *

Have you registered with Betty Crocker to become a member of her "Home Legion"? Not a bad idea, this—to give homemakers some sort of recognition for what isn't always the most highly recognized and rewarded work. Miss Crocker has the right slant when she says that the women, who are creating and maintaining the kind of homes to which our men overseas are dreaming about returning, ought to have some encouragement and credit.

* * *

What would you expect three worthy gentlemen like Jay Jostyn (Mr. District Attorney), Raymond Johnson (Raymond of "Inner Sanctum") and David Gothard (The Thin Man) to discuss when they get together? Murder—crime—horror and terror? A likely thing, indeed. The other day we spotted the three of them having cokes in a Radio City drugstore, and sidled up to hear what they were putting their heads together about. We heard—a serious argument about what they were going to plant in their Victory Gardens this year!

* * *

We hear from Sgt. Henry "Red" Stewart—former entertainer with the Grand Ole Opry show, who's now in New Guinea, that the name Minnie Pearl is getting around in the Army. The boys in the Army are using the name of Grand Ole Opry's girl reporter on the Grinder's Switch Gazette on munitions trucks. "MINNIE PEARL, SHE'S DYNAMITE," the signs painted on the trucks read.

* * *

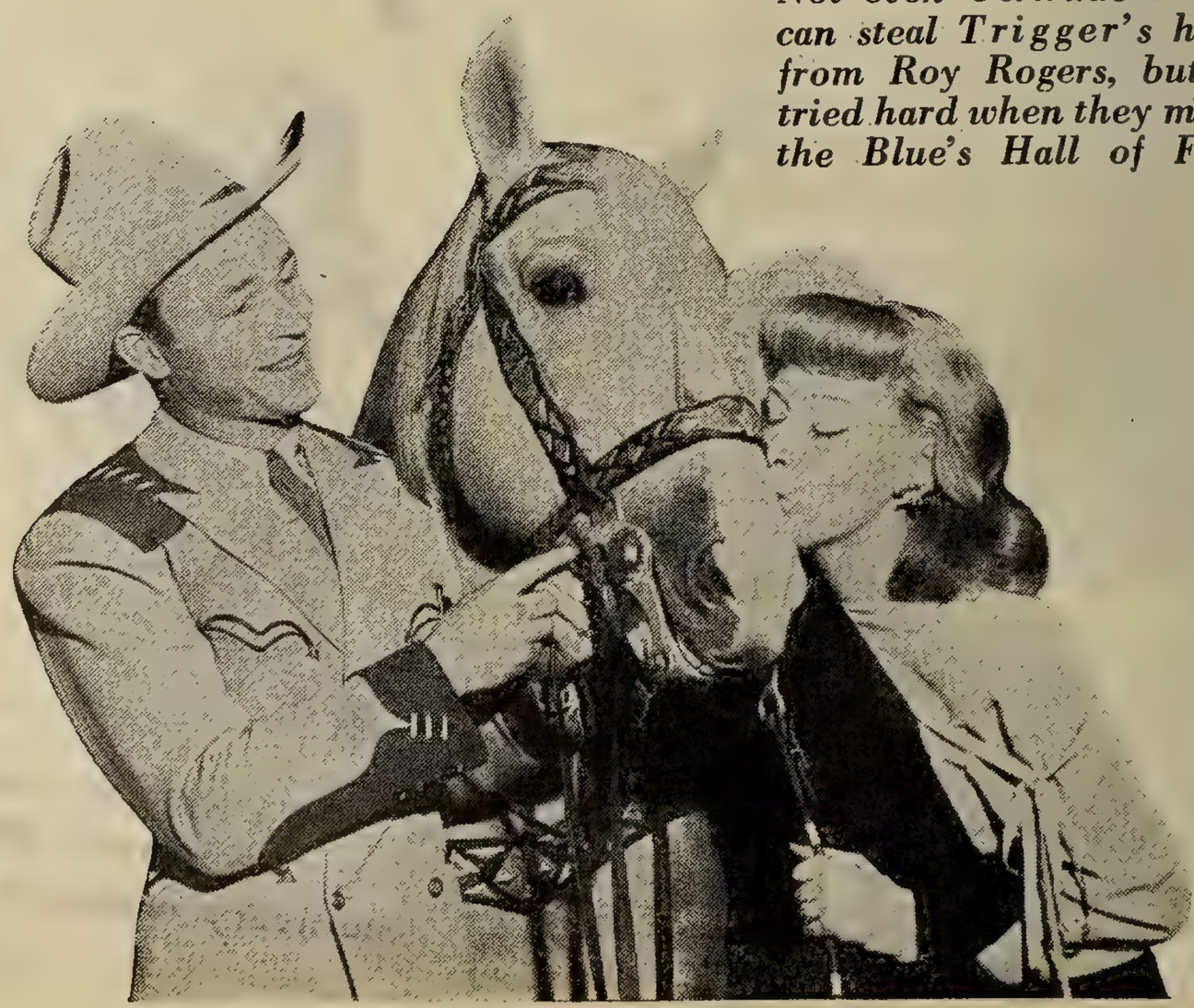
The response to NBC's Welcome Home Auditions idea has been so terrific and so successful that the network has had to set aside a second audition day every week to take care of all the applicants. Now, ex-servicemen and women can get a hearing on Wednesdays from nine A. M. to noon, as well as on Saturdays. According to reports, one out of every three veterans interviewed thus far has been found worthy of professional employment—a pretty good showing considering that in general auditions about one percent of the applicants pass.

* * *

Marion Loveridge is growing up in a big way. Any day now she'll appear as a full-fledged glamour girl. Sweet sixteen—she's been elected the official Sweetheart by the members of the Military Order of the Purple Heart and officiated as the Queen at their annual ball not long ago. This would seem to be a fine enough start for any glamour girl.

* * *

The picture painted by Ted Malone of some of the ways our boys have of amusing themselves overseas has been bothering us on off nights a bit. We keep thinking about those strange haircuts Ted described—the paratrooper with his head shaved except for a two-inch wide strip down the center from front to back, and the other one



Not even Gertrude Niessen can steal Trigger's heart from Roy Rogers, but she tried hard when they met on the Blue's Hall of Fame.

with his head shaved bald except for a fluffy fringe around the edges and the other weirdies. The toupee and wig makers will have a picnic if these boys find themselves with victory on their hands before their hair grows back in. We keep thinking of how their girl friends back home would feel the first look they got at them.

* * *

We liked Robert Magidoff's story about Pavel the Camel, the perambulating beast of burden attached to the Red Army in East Prussia and the first of his species in that Army to set his feet on the "Holy Soil of the Reich." We liked the story and kind of envied the camel.

In case you didn't hear, Pavel the Camel is quite a character. He's become bald in the service because of the change from his normal climate in Adkazakhstan. He's followed in the wake of the retreating Herrenvolk through the Volga Steppes and White Russian marshes. He hates enemy shells and snorts and snarls to show it. He knows about tucking his long legs and yellow hide into the nearest shell hole when the going gets rough. He gets homesick sometimes and his driver sings love songs to him to make him feel better.

According to Magidoff, Pavel is only one of 999,999 camels listed in the Russian census of military animals.

* * *

It's an old and friendly custom in theatrical circles for one performer to try, on special occasions like the last night of a show or something like that, to "break up," as they say, another performer. "Breakup" meaning, in this instance, make a performer laugh so hard he—or she—can't go on with the show. Some stars have such a good hold on themselves and their poise that this is very hard to do.

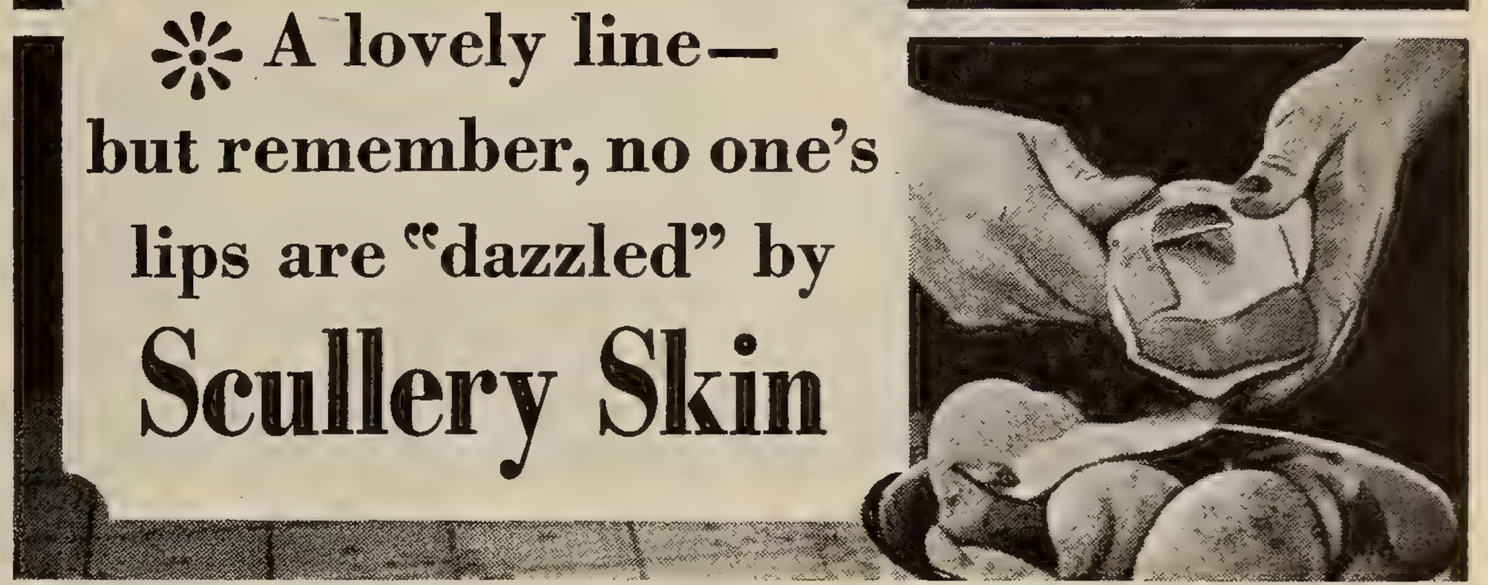
Kate Smith is one such star. In 14 years in the radio, Kate has never come near breaking up—not enough to ripple the nerves of the producer with his eyes on the stop watch and air time limits. That's what made it so funny when Shirley Booth, without even trying deliberately, burst into song and had Kate laughing so hard she could barely catch her breath when it was time for her to go into her next musical number. But then, Shirley Booth is funny enough for our money to break up anyone at any time.

* * *

After hearing countless stories about how hard it has been for how many actors, singers, musicians and sundry artists to break into the fields that later brought them success, we have a great respect for James Melton. There was one boy who wasn't to be deterred by refusals, closed doors, or no-saying secretaries.

Back in the very beginning, when he first came to New York, Jimmy tried to get an audition with Roxy Rothafel, the owner of the Roxy Theatre. He tried six times and couldn't get past the stony-faced secretary. The seventh time, he stormed past the secretary, almost knocking her over, stuck his foot in the door to keep it from being slammed and sang at the top of his lungs out in the hall. He made a lusty enough racket to bring Roxy running out of his office to see what was the matter.

Result—one contract, the very first, in Mr. Melton's pocket.



Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer... and closer... But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather... to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they *need* an effective cream.

Not sticky...not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"

BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

Parks Johnson and Warren Hull stop for breath as CBS' Vox Pop, traveling since 1940, piles up visits to war plants and army camps. Vox Pop is now in its 13th year. Below, Helen Shields, who schemes as Helene Hudson in NBC's story about life in wartime Washington, Lora Lawton.

New Center, Massachusetts, hasn't been the same since Harriett Gainsboro, officially named the nation's No. 1 Frank Sinatra Fan, returned to her home. Harriett's been glowing with such a light ever since she had a chance actually to sit and talk to the Voice that there must be quite a nimbus over the town by now.

The circumstances which resulted in her finally being brought face to face with Sinatra began last summer when Harriett was slow to recover from the effects of appendicitis. She wrote Frank about her illness and asked for an autographed picture. Somehow, her letter got Frank's personal attention and he sent her the photo, inscribing it, "For Harriett, get well, please, Frank Sinatra." Harriett got well, so fast it left her doctor gasping. She was anxious to take the picture to Weeks Junior High School and show it to the girls. And when she did—the resultant hysteria not only closed the school for the rest of the day but made the local front page. All this caught the eye and memory of a radio executive and later earned Harriett and her mother a trip to New York and a meeting with Frank.

* * *

Barry Wood by no means rests on his laurels. He's long been associated with the Treasury Department and active in all the Bond Sales. Now, he's really come forth as a first class and working citizen. He's been elected Justice of the Peace in East Haddam, Conn., where he has an 85-acre farm.

* * *

Charita Bauer's work and physical self are in New York, but her heart's back in California. The young actress had to leave her husband, Lt. Robert Crawford, USN, after a very short honeymoon, because of her radio commitments.

* * *

The Great Gildersleeve is enlarging his activities. You'll never guess how. Hal Peary, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve on the air, has recorded the age-old stories of Jack and the Beanstalk and other childhood tales for Capitol Records. They're out in an album and the kids should like them. Peary is an accomplished dialectician and character actor, although he's most familiar to radio audiences as Gildersleeve.

* * *

Alec Templeton's wonderful sense of satire reaches even as far as naming his pet. Alec has a beautiful cat, coal black and sleek, which he has named "Louis Armstrong." The cat's favorite perch is Alec's lap and Alec is so used to him he says he can't get started on a new composition unless Louis Armstrong is purring away on his knees.

* * *

At one time Hildegarde was one of the fixtures in Paris. So much so that not long ago, although she hasn't appeared in Paris for several years, and rumor has it that "memory is short," a Free French sailor spotted the chanteuse at a supper club and rushed over to her table. In very excited French he told her how much she was missed in the City of Light and almost lost his power of speech entirely—with delight—when Hildegarde told him that she might be going back to France in May, to appear at Les Ambassadeurs.

* * *

These surveys turn up some amazing things once in awhile. You'll never guess the name of the radio personality who boasts the most female listeners per radio set, according to the latest Hooper reports. It's not Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Herbert Marshall, Victor Jory or Bob Hope. Seems that by the figures, Sammy Kaye has more femme ears per set glued to his "Sunday Serenade" than any other air show.

* * *

The time we like Guy Lombardo's orchestra the best is when it isn't broad-

casting. That sounds ambiguous, but it isn't. You should hear those boys go to town after their rehearsals of the programs are finished. They sit around and send the stuff in real, easy, hot jive sessions, that might not appeal to Guy's regular listeners, but which sound swell to these ears that go for their music with all the stops out. Just goes to show that you can keep musicians toned down for only so long and then they have to break out.

* * *

Barbara Luddy is celebrating her thirteenth year in radio. Luckily, she's not superstitious, or she would never have reached this kind of maturity on the air. She started 13 years ago on November 13th and her first job would certainly have been a tough enough one to discourage a less hardy and determined soul. She played six days a week in a program that went on the air at 7:30 A.M.—at a salary of precisely nothing. Times have changed for Barbara.

* * *

Gracie Allen has discovered that it doesn't pay to brag about her prowess at gin rummy. Her claims of a previous night's success were taken up by Bill Goodwin, announcer on the George Burns and Gracie Allen show, and he casually suggested a game. Gracie fell into Bill's trap. By the time they were ready to go on the air, Gracie had not only gone through her dinner money, but she had found it necessary to go through husband George Burns' wallet as well. The evils of gambling . . .!

* * *

Singer Helen Forrest has a story she likes to tell, about her recent Army hospital tour. On one occasion she had dinner with the GI's in the mess hall, and watched with awed admiration while a young soldier speared his fifth pork chop and his seventh baked potato.

"Bud, you sure like your chow, don't you?" exclaimed the man next to him.

"Not particularly," answered the GI. "It just happens that I'm crazy about bicarbonate of soda."

* * *

The Aldrich Family celebrated its 300th broadcast in December. Three hundred escapades for Henry; and he's still getting into as interesting and exciting trouble as ever.

* * *

Dinah Shore has become so expert with her camera that she has been asked by a national magazine to "shoot" a layout for them. Dinah has been given the night clubs as her beat, and her job will be to take candid pictures of all the stars she runs into during her evening rounds.

* * *

It was at the Quick as a Flash program that two sailors spotted one another—it had been three years since they were buddies together, in boot camp, and the ends of the earth and the battles of Naples and Saipan had separated them since. They spied each other at the same moment, shortly before the show went on, and raced to meet in the center of the theater. Each held by the hand a recently-acquired bride. For the remaining ten minutes before show time, they talked fast and furiously of their respective engagements in the Pacific and European Mediterranean theaters of war, and planned to spend the remainder of their furloughs together.

* * *

Paul Douglas is a down-to-earth

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX

"Our husband belongs to us again!"

Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He's *mine*—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it's true, darling—except you mean he's OURS. It's US he's in love with, this time! I'm your smarter self . . . remember? *I'm* the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when *you* wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That's a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your . . . *our* marriage when he explained about the "one neglect".

Julie: But I never even *dreamed* that a wife can lose her husband's love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on *that*—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. "An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes" —that's what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I've found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And . . .

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND . . .

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I'll say it: *Our husband belongs to us again!*

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively*. **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE Lysol Disinfectant

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

guy—at least he was until he barged off to Never-never Land with Ed Wynn of the Blue's Happy Island show.

Now that Paul consorts on the program with Elsie the Cow, Elmer the Bull, and Beulah the Calf, he's come to like grazing in the fantasy pastures so much that his past as a football star and rough-and-ready sports announcer makes him feel, as he puts it, "like a bull in a china shop—with both horns caught in the doorway. I can bellow but I can't stampede."

Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and weighing over two-hundred pounds, Paul played professional football until he found that reporting sports is easier on the physique than competing. Having had some acting experience during four years of touring with summer stock companies, he qualified in 1929 to double as a sports announcer on a Philadelphia radio station and sports writer on the *Philadelphia News*.

When Douglas came to New York a few years later to look for a network job his popularity as a sportscaster had preceded him. By 1938 he had his six-a-week series of sports roundups, under the sponsorship of a tobacco company.

Early in 1943, Douglas went overseas for the OWI, on a special assignment with the Psychological Warfare Branch. His duties carried him through England, Ireland, North Africa and Italy. When he returned to this country late last year, he found the Blue Network Star for a Night series ready for him to take over as announcer and director. His present Happy Island assignment marks a debut into radio's comedy big time.

Off the radio, Paul is sports editor of Fox Movietone News, and is married to stage and screen star Virginia Field, who recently presented him with a daughter, Margaret.

* * *

Nigel Bruce took a nice ribbing during his recent guest appearance on Duffy's Tavern.

When Clifton Finnegan blurted out "Hey, Nigel, that's a pip of a corporation you got there on your stomach," Ed "Archie" Gardner offered this correction, "Finnegan, with a high-class Englishman, one does not refer to his corporation—one calls it his limited."

Susan Douglas, of the CBS Big Sister show, is a Czech—three years ago she spoke no English.

Jack Benny's gravel-throated Rochester tells a new story which is making the rounds.

It seems that Sam Jones was sitting weeping at his fireside one night when a neighbor of his, attracted by the sounds of woe, peeked in. "What's ailing you, man?" he asked. "What's wrong?"

"It's terrible, terrible," sobbed Sam. "Tom Jackson's wife done died."

"Well," said Sam's neighbor, "what's that to you? She's no relation of yours."

"I know that," wailed Sam, "but it looks like everybody's getting a change but me."

* * *

Gossip and stuff. . . . It's hard to believe, listening to him, that Larry Stevens, the new Jack Benny vocalist, has never had any previous professional experience . . . Kay Kyser had a whacky contract with his old sponsor which gives the sponsor the right to "recapture" the program from anybody who owns it. Which could be too bad, maybe . . . . . Mary Small, radio singer, and her husband, songwriter Vic Mizzy, who is now in service, are celebrating the arrival of a baby girl . . . The surprise response to the Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard comedy show leads us to believe that the rumors that Ozzie has kissed his baton goodbye are true . . . Although Jack Benny is leading Kate Smith in the listener ratings, it's Kate who still draws the heaviest studio audience of any air program.

At the program I attended not long ago I counted well over a hundred standees . . .

Did you ever notice that Sammy Kaye never uses a baton when leading his band, although he's given away thousands of batons on his "So You Want To Lead a Band"? . . . Dick Brown, recently screen tested, seems to be that way about Candy Jones, the Conover model . . . Good luck to Jimmy Wallington, who had to give up his announcing stints and move to the West Coast for his health. We'll miss him . . . Phil Spitalny and his Hour of Charm girls have been busy in Hollywood, working in the new Abbott and Costello picture, "The Co-Eds Are Coming" . . . Bing Crosby will soon be on his way to the South Pacific . . . Good listening until next time!

Commentator Morgan Beatty daily interprets news from the nation's capital on NBC.

See THE DIFFERENCE! *Feel* THE DIFFERENCE!

My one cream instantly beautifies your skin — and the *"Patch Test"* proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) *It softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the *"Patch Test"* Tonight!

See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and *compare!*

Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**

Frances Langford, of the NBC Bob Hope Show, has traveled nearly 100,000 miles entertaining troops, knows how the soldiers like their girls.

THEY DREAM OF HOME

And the GI's dream of the girls back home, too—beautiful girls who wear feminine clothes and smell sweetly of perfumed soaps and cosmetics

BY PAULINE SWANSON

AS EVERY feminine psychologist, every beauty expert, and every fashion designer knows, women make themselves beautiful for one reason: to please their men.

Today, when so many of those men are thousands of miles away—in the Philippines, in Germany and Italy, or even farther afield—these same psychologists, experts and designers are in a serious quandary. What, they wonder, do men *want* their girls to look like?

They needn't look farther for an answer than to Miss Frances Langford, of NBC's Bob Hope show, who—after travelling nearly 100,000 miles to entertain troops in the South Pacific, the Aleutians, North Africa, and Italy, England and other way-stations of the war—is an undisputed authority on what the American G. I. wants in his women folk.

"Our boys, thinking of their girls back home, aren't longing for mere chic," Frances reports. "They are remembering how clean and scrubbed American girls are, how sweet they smell—how *healthy* they are. They have been shocked and appalled, seeing the poverty and filth and malnutrition which have denied women in the war zones even a chance of beauty. They will never believe again that beauty comes out of a make-up box."

The inconveniences that Frances experienced were many. Limited in her baggage, she couldn't take many of the "necessities" with which beauty-conscious women travel. She washed her hair with pieces of bar soap and dried it in the sun. She took showers in washrooms that had to be cleared and have a sentry out front. In Algiers her hotel was bombed. She went through several shows with artillery fire in the background. She had to sing loudly many times to drown out the roar of planes above which were acting as a protective umbrella. She narrowly escaped injury when a piece of flak fell near her.

There were a lot of such "extra" performances that Frances and the men gave. They were the times that Frances would call on her unusually large repertoire that began even before Rudy Vallee discovered her about 1930. The men not unstrangely asked for the old favorites—Night and Day, and Star Dust and You Made Me Love You. But on a regularly scheduled performance too, Frances sang You Made Me Love You, Night and Day (or Black Magic—whatever her mood of the moment), Tangerine, Embraceable You and As Time Goes By. Always As Time Goes By. It was the favorite then.

Next to singing, Frances' willingness to act as an emissary endeared her to the men. They were anxious to contact their loved ones at home and they plied Frances with personal messages and mementoes to take to them. The personal, unwritten messages usually went: "Tell her I love her and that I am well." And there were notes written on five franc bills, on pieces of clothing, on odd scraps of paper. Captain Richard Headrick of Pasadena, Calif. once loaned her a pair of his G. I. trousers to wear for a performance. (The wind was so terrific that Frances always wore slacks at outdoor shows, but this was an unscheduled one and she had on a dress.) He sent them home to his mother by her. A colonel sent his watch back for repairs. A lieutenant gave her $500 to deposit for him in a Phoenix, Arizona bank. A soldier gave her a champagne cork to give to his wife. "We had champagne at our wedding reception," he explained.

Frances hasn't been to France as yet, although she is looking forward to a trip in that direction very soon. But she knows how pleased and touched American (*Continued on page* 54)

Do you remember—?

TEN years ago, a voice familiar to NBC listeners was that of Ethel Hague Rea. She was a soloist on a number of big shows in those days.

What's become of her? Several years before the war she left radio, but when World War II blew up in America's face, Miss Rea decided that after all she was an entertainer at heart, and that she must come out of retirement and serve. She was one of the first American Red Cross hospital recreations workers slated for overseas duty. In those early days of the war, October 1941, she was prepared for a land with no supplies or recreational facilities, a land of blowing gales and tense troops waiting for action from the enemy.

"How much equipment will I be allowed to take?" she asked, and was told that there was plenty of room. So aboard the ship bound for Iceland she came, with three trunks and fourteen pieces of hand luggage. In those well-stuffed bags were a radio, a phonograph, 250 records, an ironing board, a folding chair, a bedside chest of drawers filled with woolen clothing, recreational games of all sorts and shapes, song sheets, even 25 dollars' worth of crepe paper brought for wounded men to fashion into artificial flowers, but used for decorations.

Primitive life in the nissen huts on the outskirts of Reykjavik was the daily fare. Sidewalks were completely non-existent. For showers the American Red Cross workers had to walk a block through the snow.

They learned what waiting means! Until May they tried to find suitable club rooms. During that time they traveled by jeep, twenty or thirty miles in a day, to lonely outposts to put on special shows. Finally four rooms of a school building were rented and made homelike by chintz curtains, billiard and ping pong tables, piano, and a snack bar for doughnuts and coffee. The dances for the G.I.'s were aptly called "Rat Races."

After 21 months in the cold climate of Iceland, Miss Rea was transferred back to the States and for a few weeks assisted in the orientation course for American Red Cross trainees in Washington, D. C. Then overseas again! This time from the cold to the tropics. She sailed from San Francisco in November 1943, for the South Sea Islands.

A month of travel and waiting in Australia, and a delay in New Caledonia because of a hurricane, slowed up the next assignment in New Zealand. Continuing her luck of novel jobs, she was offered a position in Rotoroa, a thermal region much like a miniature Yellowstone National Park. In this region where sulphur steam gushes up out of the earth and dark-skinned natives live in huts, washing their clothes and cooking their food in the pools, she and her staff entertained thousands of curious visiting servicemen. All sports from fishing in the many lakes to wild boar hunting in the bush were available. And the Maoris gave unique poi dances and sang their beautiful native songs.

With the recent reduction of New Zealand Red Cross programs due to the northward movement of the war, Miss Rea recently headed for new adventures along the road to the Philippines.

new

Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look . . .

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and *you!* For that screen-glamour-look you cherish! New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades*, smoother *new texture* that *clings*, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from *eight* film-star shades!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'LL BE SEEING YOU". Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1 . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get *your* glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge . . . *at no extra cost.* No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax

Woodbury Film Finish Powder

No other charm can quite compare *With the allure of lustrous hair!*

No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

BACK-VIEW glamour—in this lovely, new evening hair-do! The back hair is set as for a page boy, then pulled together with the stunning beaded hair ornament. The shining smoothness of her hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓*Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓*Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓*Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Our love was new

Could Ann keep this stranger from her heart—keep safe the structure of her love for Chet?

WHAT is there to believe in if you can't believe your own heart? What is left for a woman in this crazy, mixed-up, war-torn world, if there is nothing steadfast in her own emotions? What do you do when you are torn between an old love and a new?

I didn't believe that it could happen to me. The love between Chet and me had been such a perfect thing, so whole, so—so unassailable. We had met when I'd come West to work in the huge ordnance plant in the coast city where Chet was stationed with the Army, and we had known instantly, finally, that we belonged to each other. Nothing else mattered, not the little time we had together, nor long separation before us, nor the uncertainties and anxieties that come to everyone in war time. Our love was the only certainty we needed. We were married after we'd known each other only a week, and we rented a little house near the plant. When, less than a month later, Chet was shipped out, we weren't really separated. We still belonged to each other. We always would.

It was that way even after the black day when the telegram came, saying that Chet was missing. After the first shock, I went on living as if there had been no telegram, as if at any time I could expect Chet to come home. I kept my job at the plant; I kept the little house that held the shining memory of our happiness, and my heart was a fortress-city, where everything that was my husband's was locked away from the world, safe and inviolate until he came to claim it.

Because he would come back. I believed that—not desperately, because I had to believe it, but simply because it seemed to be true. If Chet had been killed, my heart would have known it.

I was so sure . . . How then, could a stranger walk into my life, into my thoughts, to shatter the safe structure of my love and leave me exposed and vulnerable?

It happened on the most brisk and business-like of days, on Monday morning. The plant had advertised for workers in the Sunday paper, and I was busy taking the names of the applicants, filtering them through to Personnel. The feeling that I was being stared at made me look up and around the room. One of the men was gazing at me intently. He looked quickly away as our eyes met, and I turned back to my appointment book, but not before I'd had a good look at his face —a nice face (*Continued on page* 94)

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by "Love's Hypothesis," by Bill Telaak, heard on Stars over Hollywood, Saturdays, CBS

Perhaps you, like Betty, have waited all your life for the fulfillment of a dream. Perhaps, when your wish comes true, it will come to you strangely, as Betty's did. Will you have her courage in facing it?

Moon of

SOMETIMES, now, when I'm hoping for something terribly important —something connected with Ted and me—I remember that dreams have a funny way of coming true without bringing pleasure at all. The facts will all be there just the way you dreamed them—you get the invitation or the man or the dress—and then after you have everything you prayed for, you realize that you didn't want it this way at all. When that happens, I lash out at Fate—I cry wildly inside of me, "All right, maybe I did ask for this—maybe I did want these things—but I didn't know you'd mix everything all up like this. I didn't want it this way."

Those are the words that were bottled up inside of me the night Ted took me to the Full Moon Club's bobsled party. Here was my answer to the silent prayer which had filled me for months—the secret hope I knew every time I sat with Ted as he waited in our little front parlor while Ellen finished dressing upstairs. I would be talking to him about his new job at Lee's Store, or the fishing trip he'd just come back from, or any of the impersonal things men talk about to girls they never think about falling in love with, when the wish would spring up in me. I would stare silently at his lean, handsome face and think, "If he would take me some place just once—if I could walk into this little room and see his face light up the way it does when Ellen comes in—if we could leave together for a Full Moon Club party the way he and my sister are going to do tonight, that's all I'd ask of life, ever."

But Ted had no thought for me. I had always known that it was Ellen he loved. I knew it again, now, as we sat casually talking, from the way he watched the stairs down which, in a moment, she would come—from the way he broke off in the middle of a word as he heard her steps. Knew it, above everything, as I watched while Ellen told him she couldn't go with him to the party.

I had known about it, of course—had wondered, as I sat talking with him, if I should make his disappointment easier by hinting some way that I had heard Ellen on the telephone the week before, accepting Dick Cooper's invitation for tonight. But Ellen, smiling, confident, lovely, came in before I could frame the words, and told him herself.

I have to be fair to Ellen. I have to be honest and say that she wasn't mean, or even consciously selfish. But she just never seemed to see how people feel about things. Maybe if you've never been hurt, you can't understand how anyone feels when he is hurt. If she had loved Ted she would have known that she was going to hurt him, as I knew; but she didn't love him. I think she was really surprised when

Ellen hesitated. I knew why it was, and so did Ted. I could tell from the way his body grew tense beside me.

fulfillment

she saw his face. And then she put the responsibility on him, the way girls always do.

"You didn't ask me, Ted. And this is Saturday."

"Did I have to ask, Ellen?" I knew he was trying, but he couldn't keep a faint reproach out of his voice. "You knew I would. We've never missed a Full Moon party together."

She began to sound a little apologetic, a little hesitant, then. "But Dick Cooper asked me long ago—last week. You can get another date, Ted, even this late." And she might have said, instead, "You can get another dream, Ted." Because, whether she knew it or not, she was turning away from him. I don't know if Ted realized it then, but I did. I had been convinced ever since Ellen had her first date with Dick Cooper the Sunday night before that she was more interested in him than she had ever been in anyone.

I'll always be fond of Dick, of course. If he hadn't fallen in love with Ellen, I probably never would have had a date with Ted in my life, because Ellen would have gone with Ted to the Full Moon Club's bobsled party. But I wasn't fond of him at that moment, as I watched Ted's disappointment. I sat there, unnoticed, crying inside myself the way you do when someone you love is terribly hurt.

"I don't want another date, Ellen," Ted said stubbornly. "The Full Moon Club doesn't mean anything to me without you. But I guess it's my own fault—I should have asked you for this party long ago. Only we've always gone to them together. I thought we always would."

That part was true. Ellen had gone with other boys to movies and dances and parties—but never to the Full Moon Club parties. Those dates belonged to Ted.

She looked worried now and a little frightened. I think she was realizing then that Ted was going to be hurt. And it isn't fun to hurt someone you've been awfully fond of. That's when she looked at me and suggested the idea which excited and frightened me all at the same time, "Ted, take Betty, why don't you? She loves parties and the outdoors, too. She'd have a wonderful time on a sleighride. And you and Betty are such good friends."

Ted smiled wryly. "She's putting you out in the cold, too, Betty. But do you want to go?"

AND so, you see, there was the climax . . . the fulfillment of my secret dream.

One time, many many years ago, when Ellen was a little girl, she gave me a cloth doll I had worshipped for years. And I loved that doll dearly even if it was a cast-off—that part didn't matter. Ellen's beautiful doll was mine. She had given it to me—the way she gave me her coats and mittens and skirts which never showed that they had been worn at all. But you can't give a man away the way you can give away a coat you've outgrown or a doll you're too old for. Not a man like Ted, you can't—a man made from flesh and blood, not sawdust—a man whose heart still beats for the girl in his dream. But Ellen didn't see that, not because she was selfish, really, but because she simply couldn't understand anyone as intense as Ted.

If ever I have a little girl, I'll never make the same mistake with her that my mother and father made with me. I suppose they didn't know they were being unkind. They loved me—I know that now. But I was a slim, wiry little girl with pigtails, and Ellen was so pretty—so soft and smooth-skinned, her blonde hair curling so perfectly—the kind of little girl who couldn't stand dirt on her hands even when she was very tiny. Naturally, a child like that makes an active little kid with freckles brushed across the bridge of her plain little nose seem just—well, ordinary. That's the way I did feel, and that's where I blame my parents a little bit. They should have made

me realize my good points, too. They should have reminded me that my thick, black hair was pretty even if it wasn't curly like Ellen's. They should have complimented me for my good sportsmanship in the games we played—for the better-than-passing marks I got in school. But they didn't bother about that, and I grew up in Ellen's shadow, always believing that she was destined to reach for the stars —that I must be content with lesser things. That's why the dream—my dream concerning a man already in love with Ellen—was so preposterous. That kind of man asking me to a Full Moon Club party was silly, and, in my saner moments, I knew it.

Everyone in Watertown knew about the Full Moon Club—they grew up knowing about it, because it was as much a part of our town as the cannon in the court house square. The club was organized when my father was a boy—formed by a dozen older boys just out of City High. Right from the first they called it the Full Moon Club —because they had their parties only when there was a full moon. The parties didn't change much through the years. In the summer, there were moonlight picnics by Stockwell's Bridge, or canoe trips on the Cedar, or hayrides. In the winter there were parties in private homes. A long time ago they stood around the piano and sang, and now they dance to the radio, but the invitation means just as much. Why, a Full Moon Club weiner roast means more to a girl in Watertown than a bid to the fanciest ball in New York means to a debutante.

I remember the first time Ellen went to a Full Moon Club party. It was Commencement night and she was graduating and I was a high school junior. She sang a song that night wearing her long, white dress, and she looked like an angel. I sat watching her, thinking to myself, "A year from tonight I'll be graduating, and probably I'll be going on to a Full Moon Club open air dance afterward with someone like Ted Donaldson." And then, when I looked at Ellen again and noticed her soft, appealing wistfulness, I was afraid that I never could be like her—that no one like Ted ever would ask me to go anywhere. I became frightened that life would pass me by.

All of my senior year when Ellen was going to business college, the fear persisted. It wasn't that I wasn't well-liked by my classmates. I went to all the school parties and basketball games and picnics. It was just when I compared myself with Ellen that I was dissatisfied. It wasn't anything she did —it was something that she was. And the boys who brought her home from downtown, and asked her for dates, and called her on the telephone, were so much more adult than the kids who walked home from school with me. The boys who looked at her as if she were a starry-eyed princess already had jobs—good jobs like the one Ted had in the shoe department of Lee's Dry Goods Store.

It was that year when I first began being afraid that I was doomed to a life of loneliness that I began making up the dream—that I withdrew to a kinder world of Make Believe. I chose Ted Donaldson from Ellen's admirers and pretended that he belonged to me. I would make believe that I was going with him to a Full Moon roller-skating party or a picnic in the woods. In my daydreams, tall, rangy, handsome Ted devoured me hungrily with his dark, intense eyes the way he looked at Ellen. And, sometimes, in my imagination, he whispered, "I love you, Betty." But I knew that dream couldn't come true —even as I clung to it all that spring and summer and fall.

I SUPPOSE a psychologist who knows all about your mind and your emotions and your personality would say that I was subconsciously jealous of Ellen and didn't know it. You see, there was nothing about her to dislike. That was the trouble—everything about her was just right. Uncle Tom and Aunt Bertha favored her because she never forgot to say please and thank you. Mother and Dad were delighted with her because she always kept her room so neat, and because their friends admired her prettiness and her nice singing voice. And men fell in love with her because her hair was beautiful and her smile was sweet and her skin so soft and smooth.

I was terribly proud of being her sister. But maybe I was jealous, too. (You can be, you know, of someone you love.) I suppose I envied the things she had—admiration, beauty, popularity—things I wanted desperately but was afraid I never could have. I wanted friends like her friends —a man in my life like Ted. And yet when Ellen turned from Ted to Dick Cooper, I was sorry for the man who had had first place in her heart. It was I, Betty, who loved him, who wanted Ellen to love him, too, so that he wouldn't be hurt.

I'll never forget that first date with Ted, nor any part of that sleighride planned for gay, lighthearted young people intent only upon having fun. Every time I see red-faced Joe Carlson in town I remember the night when he guided his hay-filled sleigh through a still, beautiful, star-filled winter wonderland. And I think of how I huddled in that circle of warmth under the heavy blankets, completely miserable on my first date with a man I had loved for a year. And I remember, too, that fist-sized star I noticed in the dark sky and how I looked at it and chanted under my breath:—

"Star bright—star light
First star I see tonight.
Wish I may—wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

And I wished a silly, girlish wish, which I would have been embarrassed to confess to anyone but the star, gleaming impersonally in the sky above.

"Please let him kiss me tonight," I whispered under my breath as I felt the strength of him beside me in the circle of young people. And, then, when that wish came true, that didn't mean anything, either.

Johnny James was the clown in the gang, and he was acting silly and fell off the sleigh. Joe Carlson slowed the horses down, but Johnny kept slipping and sliding on the ice behind us. I remember how Mary Milton giggled and said, "Don't let him in—he'll just tickle me some more," and I remember how he did get in and Mary's shrill squeals in the night. And then, suddenly, the way it happens in a crowd sometimes, the beauty of the night pressed around us, and the mood changed suddenly. The laughter ceased, and we were quiet as we slipped through a world of enchantment, and then one of the boys said, "Ellen, sing, will you? You haven't sung tonight."

And Dick Cooper said, "Go on, Ellen.

I wanted to tell him that I did kno

Sing, *I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire.*"

Ellen hesitated. I knew why and so did Ted. I could tell he knew from the way his body grew tense beside me.

The song was their song—Ellen's and Ted's. He whistled it every time he came in our squeaking front gate. And Dad used to kid him about it and say, "You won't set it on fire much—if you spend all your time on our front porch."

That's what I was remembering and that was the reason for Ellen's hesitation and Ted's stiff quietness. But the gang persisted, "Go on, Ellen—sing that one!"

And then she was singing. At first her voice had kind of a wistful, remembering note in it, and I knew she was considering Ted and what this was doing to him. And then her voice changed and I knew that Dick had kissed her. We didn't see him, but the friendly, nostalgic note went out of her voice, and the song was heavy with a new emotion. That must have been when Ted realized for the first time that he was losing Ellen forever. It must have come over him right then that his love for Ellen was something he would have to fight. Because her heart was being won by Dick Cooper—Dick, who had grown up with all of us in Watertown and who would live out his life in this quiet little river town.

And right then is when I got my answer to that wish I made on the star. Ted kissed me. He just turned suddenly and hurt my lips with hard, hungry excitement—kissed me violently and left me weak and a little frightened. And, then, he seemed to realize that I was Betty, Ellen's sister—and not the kind of girl he could turn to for a temporary answer to his pent-up emotion—not the kind of woman a man could go to for a little while to erase his bitterness and loneliness and disillusionment.

"I'm sorry, Betty—forgive me," he said and turned away toward the night.

We dropped Ellen and Dick off at our house, and Ted and I went on with the gang to Charlie's Place for chili. But we didn't sit at the big center table with the rest of them. We sat alone in the back booth—away from the circle of noisy gaiety in the middle of the restaurant.

"I'm losing her, Betty," Ted told me as we waited. "You know it and I know it." He hesitated then. "And I don't see how I can take it. You see, Betty, she's everything I've dreamed of. The roses and the moon and my grandchildren." He smiled at me. "Someday you'll know what that can mean, Betty."

I wanted to tell him then that I did know—that he was all those things to me—but I didn't because he shifted quickly into another mood.

"This is terrible for you, Betty," he said, forcing a smile. "Your first Full Moon party, and this kind of an evening." He looked into my eyes with extreme kindness. "They tell me all the girls look forward to their first Full Moon party. Did you?"

I was afraid the tears that dimmed my eyes would spill out on my cheeks and give away my secret, but I controlled them as I nodded slowly.

He touched my hand on the table and his fingers were gentle.

"I'm sorry your first party was a flop. But next time you'll have fun."

I looked at him quickly, wondering if he meant that he planned to take me again. But he smiled the way Uncle Tom does when he looks at Ellen.

"Some nice fellow is going to fall hard for you some day," he said sincerely. "You're pretty, and you're a nice girl, too."

If Ted had wanted to hurt me, had tried deliberately to show me once and for all the hopelessness of my feeling for him, he had used just the right words. But I knew that he hadn't tried, and his very unconsciousness was a more bitter hurt. I was a nice girl, a pleasant, friendly, unexciting companion, a girl who would understand that the moment in the sleigh, when his lips bruised mine and his arms tightened round me, didn't exist for him. I knew how he felt about it, and I tried hard to forget about it, too, because if he didn't remember it I didn't want it to have any meaning for me either. He had been kissing Ellen, I told myself; but still the memory of his closeness set my heart wildly pounding. I wanted that kiss to have been given to me, to Betty—not to an Ellen who had turned from him, whom he could not stop loving.

But I didn't (*Continued on page* 65)

it he was all those things to me. But I didn't have the courage to do it.

One doesn't erase overnight the carelessness of years.

THERE was a time when I thought I hated Margaret Haldane.

We had been friends until the thing happened which made my husband Jay want to divorce me, made him want to divorce me and marry Margaret—*that* was what hurt. When I thought that happened, I turned on Margaret with such loathing as only a woman can experience who feels herself betrayed by another.

To me, in the moment of revulsion when it seemed to me that Jay loved Margaret, she became a "bad" woman—a woman who was willfully and wickedly trying to break up my home. No one could have convinced me then that she was anything better.

It seems strange in the light of what happened later that Jay and I started seeing Margaret because we were sorry for her.

She was a new secretary in the advertising firm for which Jay worked. Although she worked at her job with enthusiasm and good cheer—or perhaps because she *was* so cheerful—everyone in the office felt that there was something pathetic about her. Her husband, they knew, hadn't been home in two years—he was in the South Pacific aboard a Coast Guard destroyer escort. And she seemed to have no other family, and no friends at all.

Jay told me about her while we were sitting talking one evening before dinner.

"She's desperately lonesome," he said. "You can tell by the way she works. She's always there first in the morning, hard at it, and she stays late at night—works hours after everyone else has gone."

"Maybe she's just ambitious," I said.

"No pretty young girl is ambitious enough to want to spend every evening of her life all alone in an office typing stacks of dull reports," Jay replied. "I think she's sick and tired of looking at the four walls of a hotel room, and works because there is nothing else to do."

"Hotel room?" I gasped. "Hasn't the girl any home?"

"She's just come to Cleveland," Jay said. "Hasn't been able to find an apartment. Her family's all down south somewhere—Tennessee, I think."

The picture Jay painted of this lonely girl's life made me suddenly

Second Chance

I don't have to act a part to hold Jay, Janet told herself. I've been a good companion, a good wife—he likes me just the way I am now. Besides, Jay has never looked at another woman . . .

very ashamed. The war hadn't touched us at all. Oh, we had put up with the usual rationing problems—I stood in line for butter and bacon, and then sometimes didn't get it, but what is that in a period when millions of people all over the world are starving? We had curtailed our week-end trips when the gasoline shortage became acute. We had bought War Bonds, and paid higher taxes—but what is that, when other people are fighting and dying far away from home?

Jay, called early in the war for his draft physical, had been rejected—he would never have to be away from me, or in danger. We had our home, our friends, our pleasures—just as always. Surely, my conscience told me, we could share our happiness with a girl who had been asked to give up so much.

I had been silent for several minutes, deep in thought, and Jay turned to the sports page of his evening newspaper. He was a little startled when I ran across the room to him and with a note of urgency in my voice begged him to telephone Margaret Haldane, and ask her to dinner with us.

"Tonight?" he asked, with surprise.

"Yes, tonight," I said. "Call her right away. She's probably still at the office."

"But will dinner keep?" he asked, frowning. Jay's routine had fallen, in the seven years of our marriage, into such a pattern (home from the office at six, out in the garden for a little spading just for exercise, then —coat off, easy slippers on—a few moments with the newspaper or the radio, then a quiet dinner) that any such unexpected departure from the schedule upset him. He felt sorry for Margaret Haldane, too, but it hadn't occurred to him that we could do anything about her problems—certainly not on the spur of the moment.

I assured him that dinner could wait long enough for our guest to arrive. "I haven't even beaten the eggs for the Yorkshire pudding," I said, "and the roast will keep warm for another hour. Call her up," I prodded him again.

Groaning a little, Jay phoned the office. Margaret was still working. She would be delighted to come for dinner, she said. She'd come right out.

JAY was still frowning. He wasn't at all sure that he liked this sudden change in program. He was used to relaxing when he came home. Now, I supposed, he thought he was in for an evening of shop talk. Resignedly he put back on his coat, and sat down to wait. The doorbell rang almost before he was settled in the chair.

Jay ushered Margaret Haldane into our living room.

"My wife," Jay began tactlessly, "thought you might be lonely."

"Nothing of the sort," I said hurriedly. "I've wanted to meet you, Mrs. Haldane, ever since Jay told me you had joined the firm — and tonight seemed as good a time as any. We're so glad you weren't busy."

"I'm never busy," she said, and laughed frankly. "And I *was* lonely—it was good of you to ask me."

Her dark, rather brooding eyes seemed to fill with light when she smiled, and I realized, with some surprise, that she was beautiful.

I suppose all non-working wives have the tendency I used to have to consider all women in their husband's offices as efficient, sometimes handsome machines . . . handsome, but never beautiful.

Margaret Haldane had seemed merely handsome when she walked into the room. Her dark hair was demurely neat in a low knot on her neck, and her quiet grey suit was not designed for glamour. But her smile changed one's whole impression.

Once the mold of the machine was broken it was easy to see that she was lovely—even the businesslike suit couldn't hide the feminine contours of her figure, and that smile did something to her face.

I was aware of a sudden uneasiness. I was prepared to entertain a *machine*. But this girl was a person. Jay, too, seemed suddenly speechless.

"Well, Jay," I said, "aren't you going to take Mrs. Haldane's hat?"

The mundane question broke the tension, and Jay rushed about stowing away our guest's hat and gloves, finding a chair for her, and talking to her about the office.

I slipped away to the kitchen to look at the roast, relieved somehow to be away from Margaret's well-groomed presence. I felt suddenly shabby in my old jersey dress, and peered anxiously in the kitchen mirror, wishing I had done something about my hair.

By the time dinner was ready, Jay and Margaret were chatting like old friends. My roast was withered but Margaret ate hungrily. Her appetite was really flattering.

"I haven't had a home-cooked meal for so long," she said, half-apologizing. "And your Yorkshire pudding is wonderful—just like my mother's."

She talked animatedly and well. Jay laughed delightedly over her stories

of her struggles with the clients. This was shop talk, all right, but it was amusing—and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He was still laughing to himself, long after Margaret left.

"She's a clever girl," he said once, yawning.

I should have heard right then the faint rumbles of approaching trouble. But I was sleepy, too.

And I was so ridiculously sure of Jay. We had been married for seven years—our whole relationship was a pleasant, lazy habit.

I SCARCELY could remember now the struggles of our early years of marriage. Jay hadn't had his good job then. Sometimes, indeed, he had had no job at all. We had lived in a one-room and kitchenette apartment, and had to scrape for the rent many a time at that. But we had been happy, just the same. I didn't realize—for I didn't remember—that we had weathered those early storms because we were so dependent on one another, so interested in one another, and so passionately in love. Even if I had remembered, I suppose, I would have shrugged off the thought.

It's different now, I would have admitted. But why shouldn't it be? We're older. And, besides, Jay had never looked at another woman. . . .

We saw Margaret Haldane frequently after that. Jay asked her to lunch one day and she read him excerpts from her husband's letters, which she carried in a bundle in her purse. And she told Jay, with tears in her eyes, how much she missed her Bob—and her family, too, and all her friends. When Jay wondered aloud why she had left the South—when her family and friends, and her husband's friends, were there—she dodged the question.

Oh, she said vaguely, she guessed she was restless. Jay didn't press the question. But he somehow felt sorrier for her than ever. He phoned me frequently from the office after that to ask if he could bring Margaret home for dinner. We took her along when we went to the movies. We introduced her to all our friends.

Margaret seemed genuinely grateful. She tried in a thousand ways that I realized later were pathetic, to make me like her. She would bring me flowers when she came to dinner, or send a grateful little note of thanks after a happy evening with us at a theatre or a dance. I enjoyed being with her. Having an extra woman on our hands was not awkward—every hostess expects extra women in wartime. I sometimes missed the cozy, intimate talks I had had with Jay when we had more time to ourselves, but I honestly was not jealous.

It was blind of me not to be jealous, or at least on guard, for Jay was changing. And if I hadn't been so smugly sure of him, I would have realized that it was Margaret's constant presence in our lives which was responsible for the change.

That change was apparent in just little things at first. When Margaret was expected for dinner, Jay would find time to shave and put on a clean white shirt before she arrived. If we were dining alone, Jay preferred to spend his leisure moments catching up on the news, or listening to the radio. At those times, *one* shave, *one* shirt were enough for any one day.

When Margaret was with us, Jay found it easy to stay up half the night. He wasn't tired, he would complain when I pleaded exhaustion after a long evening of dancing or cards. But when we spent an evening alone, on the other hand, Jay was ready enough to drag off to his bed at ten o'clock.

I *still* didn't understand. Or rather, I was satisfied that Jay could let down—be himself, I thought—when he was alone with me. I was as unprepared for the blow as though there had been no handwriting on the wall. . . .

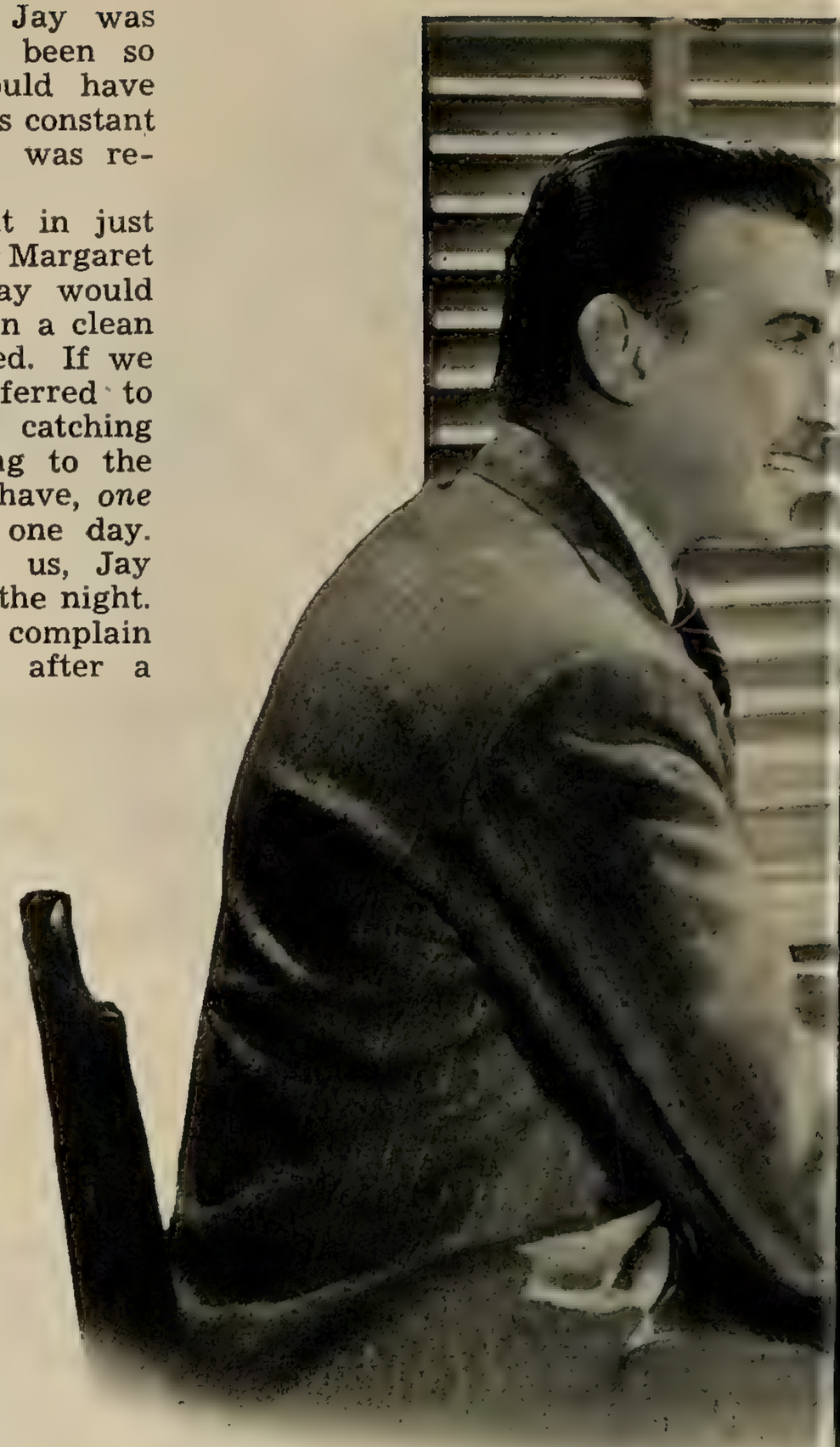
For several summers, Jay and I had spent our annual two-weeks' vacation in northern Minnesota, camping and fishing in the lake country. It was a change for Jay—he liked getting into old clothes, escaping the telephone and business pressure for a few days. We both looked forward to our July "break" all through the year.

The summer after Margaret Haldane came to Cleveland, I made plans as usual to close up the house for two weeks, turn my back on my household chores, and play.

There wasn't much planning to do, of course, it was pretty much a routine—just deciding when we would go, deciding what old clothes would still be usable, leaving a note for the milkman and the paper-boy, and going. But I started early in June because I knew from experience that it took a long time to get Jay to make these little bothersome decisions.

This time, though, it seemed impossible to get him to think about our plans at all. "Plenty of time, plenty of time," he said whenever I brought it up.

I called him up one morning to find out what he wanted to do about his broken-down old suitcase. "It's pretty bad, you know," I reminded him, as I had last year and the year before. "Don't you think you could stand a new one? It might fall apart right in the middle of the street!"



His voice came hesitantly over the wire. "I'm—pretty busy. Let's talk about it when I get home—I can look at it then."

I hung up with a sigh. No use waiting for Jay to "talk about it." Apparently he was just going to put it off until there was no time left at all! There was only one way to get him to make up his mind—I would make it up for him. I went downtown that afternoon and came home, just in time to get dinner, with a sturdy new suitcase for him, one that I was sure he would like because it was almost a duplicate of the ancient worn-out one.

After dinner I led him upstairs and produced it with a flourish. He stared at it for a moment in silence, and when he turned to me I suddenly realized that, for some peculiar reason, he was embarrassed. I laughed in surprise. "Well—can't I buy my husband a gift after all these years?" I teased. "And a nice one too, if I may say so."

"Yes," Jay said slowly, "it is a nice one. Too nice for me—you ought to use it."

I fastened the straps and tested the

A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR

Suggested by a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour.

I know now that I was blind, but even then I was not too blind to realize that Jay was changing.

lock. "No doubt I will have to put a few odds and ends into it, but it's all yours," I told him firmly.

Jay shook his head, still with the odd embarrassment that was beginning really to puzzle me. "You ought to take it and go off to some nice hotel and have yourself a real vacation," he insisted.

"Nice hotels aren't any fun—you know that. Too many people, and having to put on a different outfit for breakfast, lunch and dinner—I'd much rather just lie around in old slacks and go fishing. Wouldn't you?"

"Well . . . as a matter of fact . . ." Jay said, and stopped. "I kind of think I'd like to play a little golf this year, instead. You know—just for a change?"

There was a silence, while I tried to decide whether I was annoyed or just disappointed. More annoyed, I thought. Jay knew perfectly well that I didn't play golf—what in the world would I do for two weeks? I said it aloud, my annoyance clear in my tone. "Is that what you call a change, sitting around for two weeks while you play golf?"

"You don't understand," Jay said, hastily. "You can still go fishing—or . . . well, the point is, it's a sort of stag affair. Just a few of us at the office, just men—we thought it might be fun to go down to this little town in Kentucky and just do nothing but golf for a couple of weeks. Get our minds off . . ." his apologetic voice trailed into silence.

So this was what had been bothering him. I understood his embarrassment now, but that was all I understood. I didn't want to take my vacation without Jay—I couldn't imagine why he should make such a suggestion. I couldn't think of any reason for this strange upsetting of an arrangement I had taken for granted. "Was it something you couldn't get out of—is that it?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Well, yes and no," Jay answered; then suddenly he looked at me for the first time and his tone became more deliberate, as if he at last had found the words he had needed. "No. Not really. I think perhaps it's a good thing for married people to take some time off now and then. Get away from one another once in a while. You get a better . . . perspective . . . on things."

I made no further protests, but I was hurt . . . bitterly hurt. I didn't then associate Jay's wish to be alone with Margaret Haldane. The possibility didn't yet occur to me that he wanted to be *alone with her*. That additional knife-stab came later.

After Jay had packed his bags and gone off "with the gang," I wandered about our house like a lost soul. All the rooms looked strange and unfamiliar to me. I didn't know how to live in that house, alone.

Jay had urged me to go somewhere —to go visit my parents, or an old school friend. Anywhere, it seemed to me, just so I'd get the sick look off my face and get off his conscience. But I had nowhere to go. There was nowhere I wanted to go—or be—without Jay.

After a day or two of utter misery —I went to the movies once, and left before the feature was half through; I tried going to bed early but lay awake tossing all night—I knew I had to see someone, to talk to someone, or go crazy.

I DECIDED to telephone Margaret Haldane, to invite her to lunch. I called her hotel. Mrs. Haldane was out of the city.

"When will she be back?" I asked.

"Not until the first of August," the clerk replied.

"Oh," I said, and an ugly thought began to knock at the back of my mind. "Do you know where she's gone?"

"To her home in Tennessee, I think," the clerk said. "We are forwarding her mail there, in care of her parents."

"Thank you," I said, and hung up the receiver.

Now, I realized, I knew.

Tennessee. And Jay had gone to Kentucky. That was why he had decided not to go fishing this year. That was why he didn't want me to go with him. It was Margaret. He wanted to be near Margaret.

For the remainder of the two weeks Jay was away I lived in such torment as I would never wish for another human soul. I tried writing to Jay, but tore up the letters. I knew the scalding, angry words would drive him away from me forever, and I wanted him to come back. I would suffer any humiliation, I thought, pretend not to see, not to notice, if only he would come back. For I loved Jay. No matter *why* he was away from me, I loved him. And I hated Margaret Haldane.

I had very little energy left after my aching, and hating, and loving. A last ounce of wisdom whispered that I must make myself attractive for Jay's homecoming, that I must do *something* if I wanted him to come home to stay —but I was too spent from anger and tears to make the necessary effort.

Jay must have been shocked when I met him at the door when he arrived, wearing a wrinkled house-dress and no make-up, my neglected hair pulled into a tight roll. He looked at me for a moment as though he didn't know me. (*Continued on page* 81)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

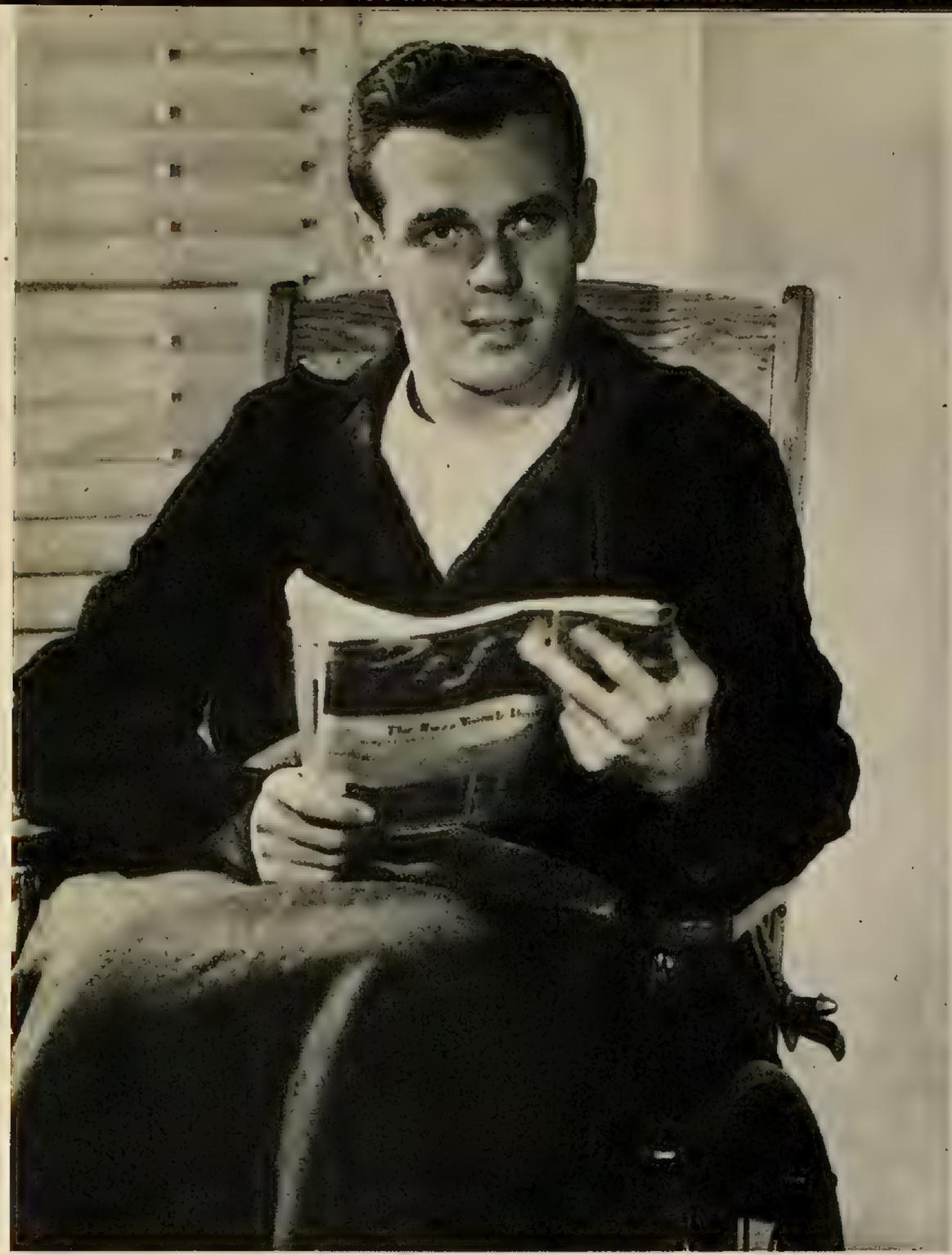
Stella Dallas

These are the friends you have made, sharing their joys and problems as you listen each day to this exciting story of a woman's loving sacrifice

LAUREL GROSVENOR, Stella Dallas' daughter, lives in Washington. After her young husband Dick was sent overseas, Laurel felt that she must learn to face the separation in the way that other young American women were courageously facing separations from their loved ones. She knew too that she must have the fortitude Stella expected her to have, so Laurel bravely tested herself and taught herself confidence and a new fortitude. For the past few months she has held a confidential position in the War Department.
(Played by Vivian Smolen)

Stella Dallas, based on the famous novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, is written by Anne Hummert and heard Mondays through Fridays, at 4:15 PM EWT, on NBC

STELLA DALLAS, whose faith, courage and understanding are a never-failing source of strength to her loved ones, works in a large munitions plant in Boston. Her common sense and very human philosophy often play a tremendous part in the destiny of others. But Stella's deepest love is for her daughter Laurel. When Laurel married into wealth and society, Stella realized the difference in their tastes and worlds and quietly took herself out of her daughter's life. But war has brought many changes. Though Laurel and her little daughter live in Washington with her mother-in-law, Stella has been with them in heart and spirit since Laurel's husband, Dick Grosvenor, enlisted in the Air Corps.
(Played by Anne Elstner)

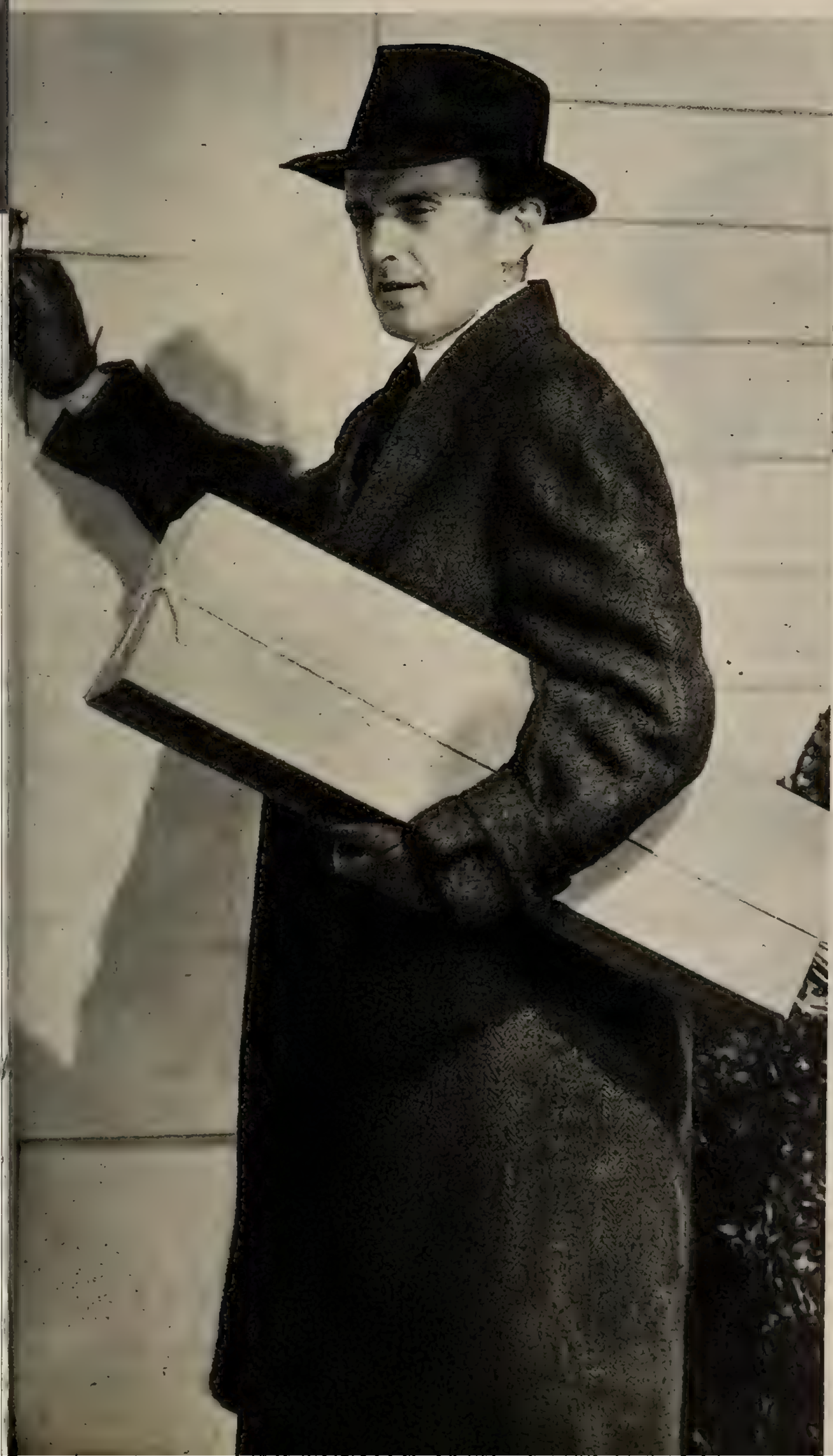


DICK GROSVENOR, now a Captain, handsome, wealthy, socially prominent, is Laurel's husband. Unlike his mother, Dick always had a tender feeling for Stella, and deep understanding has grown between them. Dick was shot down over Germany and taken prisoner. He escaped, and is now in an Army hospital recovering from plastic surgery operations.
(Played by George Lambert)

MRS. GROSVENOR, Dick's mother, has shared her Washington home with Laurel, to whom she has been devoted since Dick first fell in love with her. At one time Mrs. Grosvenor bitterly resented Stella, but her life and point of view have been deeply affected by the war. In the past few months she has learned to lean on Stella for strength and faith.
(Played by Jane Houston)

STELLA LOUISE, Dick's and Laurel's daughter, played happily in her grandmother's Washington home, unmindful of the crisis in her parents' lives—Dick refused to see Laurel until his facial operations proved successful.

MINNIE GRADY, lovable, Irish, is Stella's closest friend. She and her husband Gus have a cottage near the munitions plant where Stella works. Minnie, though warm of heart and always ready to help those in trouble, has a caustic tongue. She uses it on Stella when she thinks that Stella is giving too much of her time and strength to helping others. She can't understand Stella's refusal to marry wealthy Philip Baxter, for Min's one desire in life is to see Stella rich and comfortably settled as Phil's wife.
(Played by Grace Valentine)



PHILIP BAXTER has been one of Boston's most attractive and richest widowers for years. Unhappy in his daughter-in-law's home, he took a job at the munitions plant, where he met Stella and almost at once determined to marry her. Philip received enthusiastic encouragement from Minnie, who unknowingly put Stella in a difficult position by convincing Phil that there was hope for him as far as Stella was concerned. Now Phil understands that he and Stella can only be friends, but he values her friendship.
(Played by Bill Smith)

Do you know what it is like to be afraid of the man you love? Mary knew, but her lo

DO YOU know what it is like to be afraid of the man you love? Not afraid that he will do violence to you directly, but that he will harm someone else, and so destroy both himself and you. You love him; your love is a chain that binds you to him, and you cannot break it. All you can do is stay with him and watch and wait and pray that somehow, someway, the inevitable may not happen.

We were so different, Ted and I, of such different backgrounds—his full of struggle and hardship, without any softening influences, and mine peaceful and sheltered, with all of the loving guidance that wise and understanding parents can give. We both worked at Skyview Airlines, where Ted was a transport pilot and I was secretary to the airport manager. I saw him several times before we actually met, but only at a distance, when he came into the outer office to turn in his log. Even at a distance he was something to make a woman's heart turn—very tall, with a reckless thrust to his chin, and vigorous movements, and a quick, brilliant smile that made you think, somehow, that he had never found a great deal to smile about and must enjoy what he did find with double intensity.

The other girls laughed at me when I looked up from my typing to watch him until he had left the room. "You'll never get anywhere with Ted Jordan, Mary," they told me. "He's too wrapped up in his brother to know that women exist. Better not get any ideas."

as an unbreakable chain, binding her to him.

Afraid...!

I'd seen Ted's brother, Billy, a slim, handsome boy, as fair as Ted was dark, with Ted's piercing gray eyes. He went to high school in town, but he'd just got his private license, and he was at the field every afternoon when school was out, whether it was his day to fly or not. I liked Ted all the more for his devotion to his brother, and I didn't try to explain to the girls that I didn't particularly want to "get anywhere" with him—that I was contented at home with my parents, with my work, with an occasional date with Wade McCrary, one of the instructors at the field. Ted simply added a little extra brilliance to life. I thought that he was a splendid person; the glimpses I caught of him were pleasantly exciting, and he figured vaguely, with a kind of hazy brightness, in my dreams.

Then one night, abruptly, rudely, he came into sharper focus.

I had worked late at the office, and I had a half-hour's wait for the next bus into town. I was tired and hungry, and I stopped at the airport lunchroom for a snack. I had finished my sandwich and was drinking my coffee slowly, trying to use up my half-hour's wait, when Ted Jordan came in. He looked tired; his mouth was straight and tight with fatigue, and I guessed that he must have been on one of the special runs that were ordered so often these days. He didn't see me at all; he swung himself onto a stool and said wearily to the counter girl, "Hot ham sandwich."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, noticing how bold and strongly cut his profile was, how crisp and dark his hair. I wanted to touch it, to smooth it—and I pulled my thoughts up short, telling myself that it was fortunate that I seldom saw him up close.

The girl set a plate before him and he sat back to eat, and I looked quickly at my own plate. A second later I jumped as a voice snapped, "Hey, this isn't what I ordered! I didn't ask for gravy."

The counter girl left off cleaning the coffee urns and turned languidly toward him. "You said a hot ham sandwich. Hot ham always comes with gravy."

"Not for me, it doesn't," Ted said. "You ought to know that by now."

Her mouth tightened. "I can't remember everything you fellows like and don't like. You got the regular—"

"Never mind that! Take this back and give me the same without the gravy."

"There isn't any more. You got the last ham in the place. Unless you want something else—"

Ted picked up the plate, turned on the stool, and dropped the plate to the floor. His water glass, his bread and butter plate went crashing after it.

The girl leaned across the counter to peer at the mess. "Now look what you've done!" she complained tearfully. "I'll have to pay for those dishes—"

Ted took a bill from his pocket, and laid it on the counter. He was stalking out when I heard my own voice cry sharply, "You come back and clean up that mess!"

He spun around, came over to me. For a moment, from the look in his eyes, I was afraid that he was going to pick me up and do with me as he'd done with the dishes. But he laughed. "Well, listen to the cricket giving orders! Who's going to clean it up?"

"You are," I said firmly. "Every little bit of it." Inside, I was shaking. I could have wept with anger and disappointment. It had been such a disgraceful performance by the man I'd admired so much that I could no more keep down my hurt than I could have kept from speaking my mind.

He looked at me for a moment, and then he stooped and began to pick up the pieces of crockery. He did a good job of it, too, even wiping up the floor with a damp cloth the counter girl handed him. Unwillingly, I felt my former liking for him coming back. It was disarming of him, after his display of bad temper, to give in so gracefully.

Before he was quite through I paid my check and went out. I

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by an original radio play, "Star Over Jordan" by Paul West, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at noon, on CBS.

hadn't gone a dozen feet before I heard footsteps, and a tall figure loomed beside me. "Wait a minute," he said. "I picked up those dishes to please you; you can at least tell me your name."

"Mary Lane," I said faintly. "I'm Mr. Barnes' secretary." Out here, under the stars, with the great dark bulks of the hangars standing silent in the flat lands all around the field, it was hard to remember how badly he'd behaved. It was easier to remember his smile and his crisp, dark hair, and how much I'd wanted to touch it.

"I've seen you around the office," he said. "I guess you don't think much of me for what I just did, do you?"

"Well," I temporized, "it was certainly small-souled of you to take out your temper on the waitress."

He stopped and stared in astonishment. "It was—*what*—of me?"

I glanced at him quickly, as quickly glanced away. His face was shadowed in the starlight, but something about it told me all that was important to know about him. I had a sudden mental picture of my own home as I'd known it since childhood—Mother darning stockings on one side of the living room table in the evenings, Dad reading on the other, and neither of them too busy, ever, to smooth out childish troubles, to answer the most far-fetched question. It stood for more than material security, that home of mine; it stood for inner security and the balance that keeps you at peace with yourself and the world. Words like love and faith were used respectfully and frequently in our house, and we spoke of the human soul as matter-of-factly as we spoke of the iris on the lawn. Somehow, I sensed that it wasn't at all the kind of home Ted had had. "Small-souled," I said again. "It was a very little thing to get so excited about. I think you behaved badly."

It was touching to see how proud Ted was of his young brother Bill

"Maybe it was," he admitted. "But I can't stand it when I think someone is trying to put something over on me. She just figured I was sucker enough to take whatever she handed me—"

I walked on disgustedly toward the bus stop on the highway. After a second he caught up with me. "Wait," he said meekly. "I know I was wrong. I'm wrong a lot of times. But maybe if you stuck around, Cricket, and chirped whenever I started to fly off the handle, I'd reform. How about letting me drive you home?"

I HAD to laugh. It was such a small mild voice to come from the big, bold-looking man, and as for his calling me Cricket—well, I'd never thought of it before, but I supposed that I did look like one—small and dark, with my hair very smooth and shiny. I'm afraid I sounded like one when I was angry, or when excitement reduced my voice to a sharp little chirp.

I rode home with Ted Jordan that night, and I found out a great deal about him—enough to sound a warning counterpoint to the song of happiness that was already rising, unbidden, in my heart. Ted's mother had died when his brother was born, and a year later his father had left them—simply walked off and left them with one of the women in the neighborhood, together with a small sum of money and the promise to send more when that ran out. Neither Ted nor the Mrs. Malloy into whose care he and Billy had been given ever heard from his father again. "I found out later he'd remarried," Ted said grimly, "and figured he couldn't afford to support us and a new family, too. I was grown up by that time and able to take care of Bill, so I didn't do anything about it But it sure made me sore, not on my own account, but on Bill's. I was eleven when he left, and I figured I was old enough to take care of myself, but Bill was just a baby. Mrs. Malloy couldn't take care of us unless some money came in, and I was determined that Bill and I weren't going to an institution, not if I had to sweep out every store in the neighborhood."

"Oh," I asked, my voice tight with pity, "what did you do?"

"Swept out stores," said Ted briefly.

Bit by bit, I got the rest of the story out of him, a story of years of doing any jobs, of paper routes and delivering groceries and stoking furnaces and cutting lawns, of an irresistible interest in airplanes that made him work all the harder for money for lessons and flying time, of constant battling and constant watchfulness lest each hard-won gain be taken away from him.

I learned other things, too—that Ted didn't tell me in words. He couldn't bear to have a car pass him on the road; twice I held my breath while we raced the other cars and re-passed them; the third time I asked Ted just what he had against the man in the car ahead of us. He looked irritated for a moment, and then he laughed and slowed down—and he conscientiously refrained from chasing the next car that passed us in a hurry.

I was shocked at the way he spoke of Lucille Myers, the switchboard operator in the outer office. "She's stuck-up," he said. "Her face would crack if she smiled."

"Lucille isn't stuck-up," I protested. "She's shy, Ted. She's very young, and she's new at the job, and she's scared half to death that she won't please everybody."

He thought about it, and then he admitted that I might be right. "You see, Cricket, how you can straighten me out? Why don't you have dinner with me tonight, and we can go into it more thoroughly? I'll get cleaned up, and call for you in about an hour."

I hesitated, strongly tempted, and Ted interpreted my hesitation in his own way. "You've got another date," he said resentfully.

"I have and I haven't," I replied. "Wade McCrary usually comes over on Wednesdays. It isn't really a date, but it's more or less understood, and I'd hate to disappoint him if he does come."

There was a silence, and then Ted burst out, "You mean that you sit around and wait for McCrary to turn up in his own good time? He must be awfully important to you—"

I tried to explain that it was because Wade was not important to me—not in the way Ted meant—that I could make such loose arrangements to see him. Wade and I liked each other, enjoyed each other's company, but we weren't in the least in love with each other. I was pleased when he came to take me out, but I wasn't hurt or disappointed when he did not come. I couldn't have done a good job of explaining it to Ted, however, because he was quiet for a while after I finished, and then he said suddenly, in an almost fatherly tone, "You know, Mary, Wade's a good scout. I like him better than anyone else at the field, and he's the best instructor out there. But—he's kind of old for you. You ought to be seeing younger fellows—"

I laughed at him, but I was touched, too. He was trying so hard to be calm and reasonable. "Wade's thirty-two," I said lightly, "and I'm twenty-four. That's not a great difference in ages, is it?"

"No," he said, and he added conclusively, "but mine's a lot closer."

Wade was waiting for me when I reached home; it was he who opened the door for us. "Hello, Mary," he said. "Your parents just went out—" And then he saw Ted on the porch and he grinned broadly. "Well, Jordan!" he exclaimed. "Aren't you getting a little out of line, bringing my girl home?"

Wade was joking, but Ted was not. I knew it by the pin-point of light that leaped into his eyes—a kind of fighting light. "You're the one who's out of line. Mary's my girl, and I've got a date with her tonight."

"I'm sorry," Wade said instantly. "I'll clear out, of course—" And I quickly put my hand on his arm.

"Don't go, Wade. I haven't got a date with Ted. (*Continued on page* 60)

Their one perfect day has stretched into years of happiness for the Westropes —and they owe it all to a sly old horse named Meanie

"One perfect day"

By NAN GREY

NO one ever heard of inviting a horse to a wedding, but if I had had a smattering of proper gratitude I would have invited a certain horse to mine.

For it was a horse, Meanie, a mare of no particular beauty or fame, but a good horse nonetheless, who introduced me to Jackie Westrope—when I was twelve and he was fifteen—and who conspired with Jackie to make that meeting so memorable that I married the man five years later, almost to the day.

It has been a very unusual romance, I think. I've played the part of Kathy Foster in NBC's radio serial Those We Love for the past five years, and in all that time I know we have never unfolded a stranger love story than Jackie's and mine has been. But I can vouch that every word of it is true.

It was on a beautiful spring day in 1933 when Meanie, and Jackie Westrope, entered my life. My parents, as a special treat, had taken me to Epsom Downs, in Houston, for my first look at a race track. My father had agreed that I might spend my entire week's allowance—one dollar—in a bet on one race. I could pick the entry myself.

For the first five or six races, I sat quietly, clutching my dollar bill, and listened to the adults' conversation.

Everyone, it seemed, was talking about a jockey named Jackie Westrope. Jackie was still just a kid, but that year he had become the No. 1 American rider—with 301 winners in a single season.

Bookmakers all over America had gone broke, to hear the grown-ups tell it, because so many people had stopped picking their horses on points and simply bet on every Westrope mount to win.

Jackie was to ride in the seventh race, and my father was uncertain whether to bet on Jackie, and a horse he had never heard of, or on Fairhead, the favorite.

It was time, I decided, for me to go straight to the horse's mouth.

I found a girl friend, and took her with me to the paddock. We looked over the horses first. Fairhead certainly looked a better horse—to my twelve-year-old eyes — than Meanie. But Meanie looked at me knowingly as though urging me to think twice.

"Remember," those big eyes seemed to say, "Westrope is riding me."

On an impulse I called out to one of the grooms and asked where I could find Jackie Westrope.

"You can't talk to him, girlie," the groom warned me, "but if you just want to look at him—why, that's him over there leaning out the jockey room window."

I called out to Jackie, scorning the groom's warning. I didn't know jockeys weren't allowed to discuss the impending race.

"Hey, Jackie," I called, "are you going to win the next race?"

He didn't answer, of course. *He* knew the rules. But he smiled broadly. I smiled frankly back. I felt very grown up. I was only twelve, but a man—a very famous man—was flirting with me!

At that moment, Jackie's valet leaned out the window, winked at me, and said, "Sure, he's going to win. Westrope always wins."

That was enough for me. Grabbing my girl friend by the hand, I rushed for the betting windows. There, with my dollar, and another my friend was hoarding for *her* big plunge, we bet $2 on the nose on Meanie.

WE hurried back to the stands, trembling with excitement. Our conservative fathers both had bet on Fairhead, and laughed condescendingly when we reported our choice.

"Wait and see," I said hotly, "Westrope will win." Because, I thought, he had promised me he would. Almost.

Westrope *did* win, in a spine-curdling last-second dash which would have called for a photo-finish if that modern technique had been invented at the time. Our $2 ticket paid off $20.20 —more money than I had ever seen at one time in my life.

I felt I had to go back to the paddock to thank Jackie for winning for me, and I thought it equally proper to invite the amazing young man whose wizardry had made me suddenly rich to "come up and see me some time."

I was surprised, and awfully pleased, when he came. My parents were just surprised. They thought I was a little young to be entertaining young men—no matter how benevolent the young man happened to be. They couldn't know then that ten years later Jackie and I would be a respectable old married couple with two beautiful daughters.

But they liked Jackie enormously, and were as sorry as I was when his commitments took him away from Houston shortly after that, first to Dallas for a meet, then on to Chicago and eastern tracks.

We left Houston ourselves soon after to spend—we thought—a short vacation in Hollywood.

The first person we called on in the film colony was a woman who had been my mother's agent when she had appeared in silent films. She startled both mother and me with a firm announcement that *I* should be in pictures.

"But she's just thirteen," mother said.

"She looks sixteen," the agent replied. Two weeks later I was under contract to Warner brothers.

I have been in Hollywood most of the time since—six years in pictures, at Warners and Universal, and, since 1938, playing Kathy Foster in "Those We Love" on NBC.

Fortunately for me—and for Meanie's hunch—Jackie frequented Hollywood often, too, riding at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Often enough to confirm my conviction that I had fallen in love with him at first sight—and long enough for him to find out that I meant business, and that he might as well propose to me and get it over with!

The first time he came to the West Coast after I had moved there, I wrote him a note, signing my real name, Eschol Miller, urging him, if he remembered me, to meet me after the last race. He remembered.

We met after many last races, after that, until 1938. Then, when he came to town unexpectedly once, I broke a date with Alfred Vanderbilt to see him—begging off on the grounds (a fib!) that I had a sore throat. That did it. Jackie was overwhelmed.

"Any girl who will turn down a millionaire to go out with me," he said, "is crazy or in love." And then he added softly, "I guess I'll have to marry you."

"I guess you will," I said.

That was in the fall of 1938. I was just seventeen. We planned to be married at once—but it was impossible to find a date when both of our schedules would permit a honeymoon. We postponed the ceremony three times, then finally set the date for May 4, in the spring of 1939. Universal had promised me two weeks' vacation at that time, and Jackie was about to move east, after the close of the Hollywood season. We decided to be married in Phoenix, go on to visit with father in Dallas for a few days, and then to squander the rest of our two precious weeks together in New York.

The first section of the plan worked beautifully.

WE drove to Phoenix with mother, my stand-in, Josephine Kamm, and Jackie's agent, Bill Gillespie. We arranged with Dr. Merrill to be married in the First Methodist Church. We had planned a quiet ceremony, with just the six of us present, but somehow the hour and place were announced in advance over the radio. When we arrived at the church, we found it packed with people we had never seen before in our lives.

I had not been nervous until then. I had worried about Jackie—I was an actress. I would keep my equilibrium —but Jackie had had the jitters. At rehearsal that morning I had reminded him, "Remember, dear, you're supposed to kiss me after the minister pronounces us man and wife."

As the real ceremony proceeded I could hear mother weeping. I don't know why mothers always weep at weddings, but they do.

When Dr. Merrill said, "Then I pronounce you man and wife," I could think of nothing except to get to mother quickly to console her. I turned toward her, my own eyes spilling over with tears.

"Mother," I choked.

"Hey, honey," Jackie whispered, dragging me back to the altar, "don't forget you're supposed to kiss me."

It was a lovely wedding, for all the tears. I wore a street-length powder-blue chiffon dress, with slippers and a hair bow to match. I carried my white prayer book, and a beautiful bouquet of orchids.

Every year, on the anniversary of our wedding, I would get that exquisite blue dress out of the cedar closet, where I kept it safely hung away throughout the rest of the year, and wear it once more, for the sake of sentiment.

On every May fourth, that is, except the fourth of May last year. Then our anniversary fell just four days before the arrival of our second daughter, Jan, and I spent the day in the hospital wearing a nightgown and bedjacket instead—and very proudly and happily, too.

We were married on Thursday, and that night we took a plane to Dallas, where my father met us at the airport.

Jackie and I had planned to spend Friday and Saturday with Dad, and then to leave by airliner some time on Sunday, for New York. Friday and part of Saturday went according to schedule. Then I had a wire from Dan Kelley, who was head of the talent department at Universal Pictures—which ordered me to report to work in Hollywood the following Monday morning at eight o'clock.

There went our plans. No honeymoon in New York for Jackie and me. It was a terrible blow, especially since we had postponed our marriage for nine long months, waiting for that "one perfect day"—the day when we could begin the wonderful, leisurely, perfect honeymoon we had both dreamed of and planned for so long.

Jackie and I were a desolate pair when we waited together at the airport that Sunday night. I was to take a 1:50 A. M. plane for Hollywood, and Jackie had reservations on the 2:10 for New York.

That parting seemed to be an omen of what the years of our marriage would be like—brief months or even short weeks of being together, with long, long stretches of separation in between.

And yet, except for these periods of separation, our life together has been a very good one.

Even our "black" year, 1942, was only bad in a way. And very good in another. That was the year when so many race tracks were closed, and Jackie could find nothing to do. I went on a sympathy strike, I guess, because I was too ill to do either my work in pictures or on the radio. In spite of all that, in spite of the penny-pinching we had to do, it *was* a good year for the Westropes. We weren't working much at the time, and so our work didn't keep us apart—we were able to be together almost all of the time.

Pamela's arrival on April 14 made 1943 a banner year for the Westropes too. And Jan Anna, who arrived the eighth of last May, spelled out 1944 in red letters for us.

All in all, I think that Meanie would be very well satisfied with the romance she started that lovely, sunny day at Epsom Downs, if she could see Jackie and the girls and me together now. And I'm still sorry I didn't invite her to the wedding. She deserved to be an honor guest.

Nan's parents were surprised when fifteen-year-old Jackie Westrope came calling on their twelve-year-old daughter. They couldn't know that ten brief years later Nan and Jackie would be an old married pair with wonderful daughters of their own—Pamela, almost two, and Jan Anna, almost one

Lee asked only happiness of life—but how could she know where happin

MOODILY, rebelliously, I gave the scoop-shaped sundae dishes a last emphatic rinsing and deposited them alongside the other wet and gleaming glassware to dry. The fountain shone. The big mirror in back was spotless. I had spent the morning spring-cleaning the drug store, in a desperate effort to work off some of my unhappiness. It was no use.... but it was the only outlet I had.

At home—just the thought of Mother and Dad moving around within those quiet walls like ghosts, heart-broken and grief-stricken—and I could feel my spirits shrivel. What right did I have to be alive and vibrantly young—when Bill was dead?

There was a sharp catch in my throat as I busied myself making a pyramid of glasses on the mirror shelf.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall—who is the fairest one of all? And will the princess mind fixing me a malt? Chocolate, if you please." There was only one person to whom that mocking, self-assured voice could belong and that was Jules Saybrook. I turned around. And was struck, once again, with his resemblance to a painting I had seen of a swashbuckling pirate. Same arrogant, humorous mouth; same cool, unruffled eye—which could change so quickly from laughter to deadly threat. Same slim, dark, handsome jauntiness.

"Aren't you slipping a little—going in for malts? I thought you were strictly a drinking man, Jules," marvelling a little at my daring. Usually I reserved a very prim "hello" for the notorious Jules Saybrook, the "bad boy" of Four Points. He was only a few years older than I, but I'd heard whispers of his exploits and the mysterious circles in which he moved.

I knew that he was surprised, too, at my olive branch. I could see one of his dark, pointed eyebrows scale upward in amused surprise.

"Well, you see—*Lee*—it's a shameful weakness known only to me and your father—and now to you. It's my sweet tooth. Up till now I've been careful to go 'round the back so your dad could slip me a sundae at night, when the darkness could cover my shame. But today, my weakness overpowered me ... and here I am." It was nonsense and not especially funny, but I was laughing... giggling. And I was shocked at the strange sound of my own laughter ... it had been so long.

"Just think what it would do to your reputation, if the news ever got out that Jules Saybrook had a yen for banana splits!" I retorted, and was pleased to see him grin in return.

He reached for a paper napkin, rose, and then stood leaning against the counter. His face had suddenly sobered. "I was sorry to hear about your brother. He was one of the best. It must have been a terrible shock to your folks—but I hear they're taking it very well, with their chins up." There was an odd note in his voice and I wondered—wondered if Jules' keen eyes hadn't seen the truth.... that beyond that proud, rigid,

We were quietly happy, Jimmy and I—and that made the world right for me, somehow.

y? With Jules, who gave her laughter, or with Jimmy, who gave her tears?

tearless facade my parents were two broken, stricken people, crushed by their tragedy. "Is that Bill's picture—behind you?" he went on, indicating the tiny snapshot propped on a tray.

I picked it up and gave it to him. I couldn't speak.

"You look a lot like him, Lee. Same twinkle in your eyes, same supercharged vitality." Perhaps he saw the quick tears rising to my eyes, because he changed the subject immediately. "Who's the rugged-looking guy with him? Friend of yours?"

"No. That is, he's Jimmy Whitney, a friend of Bill's. But he may be coming here on furlough. He was with Bill when—when Bill was killed—and he hasn't any family of his own so he's kind of adopted us." It sounded casual enough, saying it like that.

But you couldn't say—to Jules—*"That's Jimmy Whitney and I've never met him, but I think I'm in love with him. With a picture of a man who has big shoulders braced against the wind, and grey eyes that are steady and tender, and a square jaw that is strong and so intensely masculine."* No, I couldn't tell anyone that Jimmy was special—a dream locked away. Nor that my heart stood on tiptoe when I looked at his picture, poised in wonder, shaken with a sweet, startled delight. I longed for his coming . . . . and I was sure, from his letters, that he wasn't thinking of me only as Bill's little sister.

Sometimes, too, I wondered—desperately, hopefully—if his coming might not ease the dark suffering that so piteously shadowed those two at home.

Jules handed back the snapshot. "Speaking of reputations—do you think yours would be permanently ruined if you came to a party with me tonight?" I think he must have been as surprised as I, when the words were out.

I almost refused. Automatically the polite rebuff rose to my lips—but then I remembered the lonely, silent, ghost-ridden house where I had spent every evening for the past month. I couldn't face them—my parents or that house! I had to get away, if only for a few hours.

"I—I'd love to go, Jules," stammering, "I'll be through work by seven."

"I'll pick you up *here!*" The grimness in his voice told me he knew well that Jules Saybrook wasn't welcomed by the more respectable parents of Four Points.

After he had gone—with my promise to be waiting for him—I realized with a shock what I had done. To go to a party with Jules Saybrook! Two months ago—a week ago—I wouldn't have dreamed of accepting his invitation. Even now I hesitated. I could still break the date.

And if I went—what would Mother and Dad think? Would they be shocked? Or would they just look at me and through me with that distant, shut-off, tragic incomprehension as if they couldn't believe there were still people who could go to parties—and laugh—

We had been such a closely united family. So happy, so sure that nothing

could ever disturb that happiness. Even when Bill left for the Army we talked about him as though he had just left for a short trip and would be back soon. He was so wonderful, so much above the average: brilliant, talented, yet with an almost-unbelievable steady balance.

I think that was partly why the blow had been so crushing for Mother and Dad. Bill wasn't just ordinary. They'd built such plans and hopes for him! He was the triumph of their own love for each other. And so great was their pain that now, after that first incredulous moment when they'd received the official telegram, they had not even turned to each other for comfort. Mother was wrapped up in her own shell of grief, and Dad—just to see him, still so straight, so erect, but with eyes stricken and defenceless! It was more than I could bear to look at them so, day after day.

HOW could I, just an average girl—pretty enough, bright enough—but with none of Bill's favored-of-fortune personality—ever hope to make up their loss, to fill his place?

There was nothing I could do for them, except to restrain my own youth and health and vitality as much as possible so it wouldn't be a constant reminder of Bill. My own sorrow had been wild and tearing and passionate. But it had spent itself gradually in the very violence of its torrents; the sharp cutting edge of rebellious grief had gradually blurred, leaving me with only lovely memories of my brother to fill that void, that aching spot in my heart.

It had been over two months now. And I was beginning to feel frightened and hurt. Would nothing happen to comfort Mother and Dad? Weren't they ever going to remember there was ambition and work ahead of them, and kind friends who wanted to help share their burdens, and laughter and tears to make them feel again? And a daughter who needed them?

The tears that filled my eyes weren't from self-pity. They needed me, too. We could help each other, if only they would let me try. I picked up that snapshot of Jimmy Whitney.

"What am I going to do, Jimmy?" I whispered to him. "You haven't even answered my last letter. Is it wrong of me to want to live and be happy again? I feel so lost and insecure. I used to think that Mother and Dad were so strong; that they would never change—and now I'm scared. If there were only something I could do!" His eyes in the picture seemed to have a trick of changing. Now they were tender and comforting and reassuring; what were they trying to tell me?

But it was only a picture, after all. And when I put it back on the tray I knew, suddenly, that I was going to keep that date with Jules. Because I was lonely and starved for companionship and fun.

He was there, at seven, when I turned around after locking the drug store. Something tightened inside me, on guard.

But his smile was merely friendly. "Hungry?" he asked, as we moved away down the twilight-shaded street. Spring was here, reflected in the brave little shoots of green sprouting on the lawns, and in the tiny, dirty puddles that had collected in every earth-hollow. "I know a little place—nothing fancy, but the food's good. The only thing is, it's quite a walk from here to that part of town."

"I'd like to walk. It feels good to be outside and warm, after all the snow we've had." Strangely shy, I could think of nothing better to talk about than the weather.

But I couldn't stay shy for long. Jules, himself, was so completely at ease, so sure of himself, so much the master of any situation. The "little place" he spoke of turned out to be an Italian restaurant and Jules was evidently very well known there because the proprietor, Monetti, came waddling out from his kitchen to welcome us and see that we were well taken care of. And such food!

"Oh—I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner more!" I exclaimed, shaking my head as Jules suggested more. "Why didn't I ever know about this place before?"

"Wrong side of the tracks, maybe. Monetti's isn't on the route your gang travels. Me, I was born right in the next block and Monetti used to feed me and give me jobs after my folks died." There was something about the way he said it that refused pity. Jules would have just cocked an eyebrow and smiled, at any hint that he wasn't sufficient unto himself. "But—speaking of your gang—how come you're not out for the evening with them?"

"Well"—how could I explain that Mother and Dad, unintentionally, had chilled and embarrassed those of my friends who had timidly ventured to call on me?—"I guess they want to give me time—leave me alone—for awhile. And I don't feel very natural around them anymore."

He shook his head, almost irritably. "Moping won't get you anywhere. When it comes you have to take it on the chin. I *know*."

That was our only serious moment. The rest of the evening was a blur, strange and unreal and bewildering—and yet, somehow, exhilarating.

The party was in full swing when we climbed breathlessly up the two steep flights of stairs that led to a big, gaudily-decorated apartment. A large living-room, but cramped with so many restless people in it, heavy with smoke. Music blared from the radio. Shouts greeted our arrival and faces, flushed and excited, pressed in upon us. Someone took my coat. Someone else ushered me to the sofa where I found myself crowded in between two men whom everyone called "Slim" and "Mac." They set about entertaining me, amusing themselves watching my bewilderment at their swift, wise-cracking patter. I knew they were laughing a little at my naivete, but I didn't care. I was grateful to them for making *me* laugh.

Jules paid little attention to me. Obviously he expected me to adapt myself to his friends. But, oddly enough, whenever I needed him—whenever someone became insistent that I sample a drink—Jules was always there, beside me. And it only needed his quiet "Can I get you something?" to instantly subdue the most persistent. These people respected him.

Before the party was over I almost lost the feeling of being a child at a grown-ups' affair. Three men insisted I join their quartette and we had fun singing "Home On The Range" and other old favorites.

But, once in a while, a look, a too-familiar hand on my arm, a slyness peeping out from behind the glaze of a furtive smile—and I would search, panic-stricken, for the protection of Jules' broad shoulders. Once, coming through the kitchen's swinging door, I overheard a snatch of conversation. It wasn't so much the words—something about someone running a "crooked wheel"—as it was the menacing undertone of the speaker's voice that wrapped

icy tentacles of fear around my heart, because it was Jules Saybrook speaking! But when he saw me standing there, his expression changed instantly to his usual half-smiling, half-mocking friendliness. Perhaps—had I imagined the other?

Just before we left, one of the women wandered into the bedroom where I was putting on my coat.

"Have you known Jules long?" and when I shook my head, she went on, "I didn't think so. I just wanted to warn you—don't ask him why he's not in the Army. He nearly broke his neck trying to get in and when they turned him down because of typhoid he'd had as a kid—well, it nearly broke him up. I just thought I'd let you know." I smiled my gratitude at her.

Whether it was that—or whether I'd been affected by the others' admiration for him—I found myself looking at Jules with different eyes, as we strolled homewards, almost without speaking. His own code might be peculiar, but he was no coward, not a person to be lightly treated or easily forgotten.

At the picket gate he paused.

"You're a good sport, Lee." His lean, dark face was intent. "I played a dirty trick on you—I wanted to give you a taste of my kind of life. I'm sorry, because you deserve better than that. That was a pretty rough crowd, tonight, but you took them right in your stride. Next time—well, I do have *some* nice friends. I won't let you in for anything like that again."

"I don't think—I'm afraid there won't be a next time, Jules," I told him as gently as I could. "I don't think I fit into your life very well. But thank you for the party—it helped me forget my troubles for a while. And the dinner was wonderful."

"Just as you say. But I'll be in the store tomorrow. If you change your mind—let me know." And he was gone.

I walked reluctantly into the house.

"Is that you, Lee?" The gentle voice came from the living-room. Through the arch I could see Mother's head resting against the white doily on the back of her chair. Opposite her Dad's brooding eyes were on the fire, his unread book slipping from his lap. "You're late, dear." Her voice stirred Dad from his apathy and he looked up at me with a small ghost of a smile.

"Yes—I—" did I dare? The mention of Jules' name would shock them! Would it be cruel—or would it be a good thing—? I plunged in—"I had a date with Jules Saybrook. We went to visit some of his friends." I held my breath.

Dad's smile remained on his face, as meaningless, as kindly abstracted as before. The name had meant nothing! Was this the same hearty, robust man who had so lovingly busied himself with my affairs since my pigtail days?

Mother's smile was a pathetic effort. "I hope you (*Continued on page* 72)

Evenings with Jules were strangely exciting.

GRACIE FIELDS, who started singing for pennies in the streets of her native Lancashire town when she was so young that a truant officer waited for her round every corner . . . who, years later, raised her comically plaintive soprano so piercingly above the din of the cottonmill where she worked that fellow employees were convulsed, and she was fired . . . whose brilliant mimicry and broad Lancashire accent have made her one of the most beloved of English comediennes . . . who has sung herself through two World Wars into the hearts of two generations of men in uniform. Americans, too, have found her irresistible as she sings old, new, funnier-than-ever songs on her own Blue network starring show, heard Tuesdays at 9:00 PM, EWT.

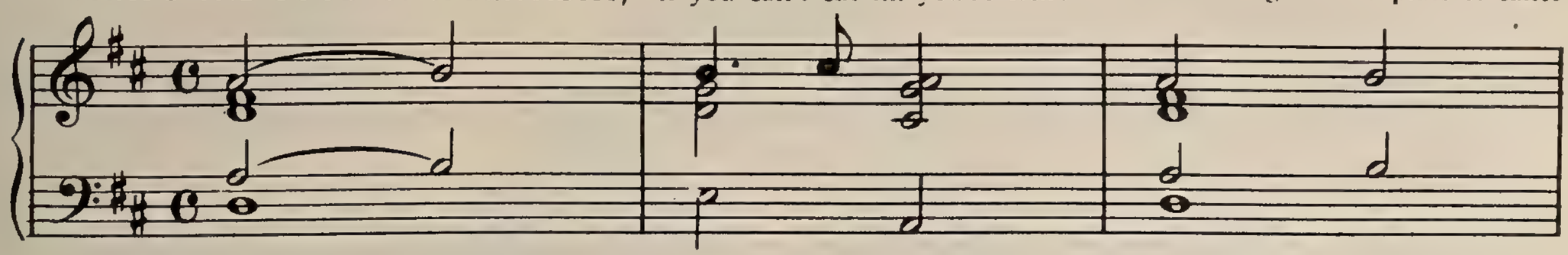
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY?

You'll have almost as much fun singing this yourself as you will when you hear Gracie Fields do it on her new show, Tuesdays, over the Blue

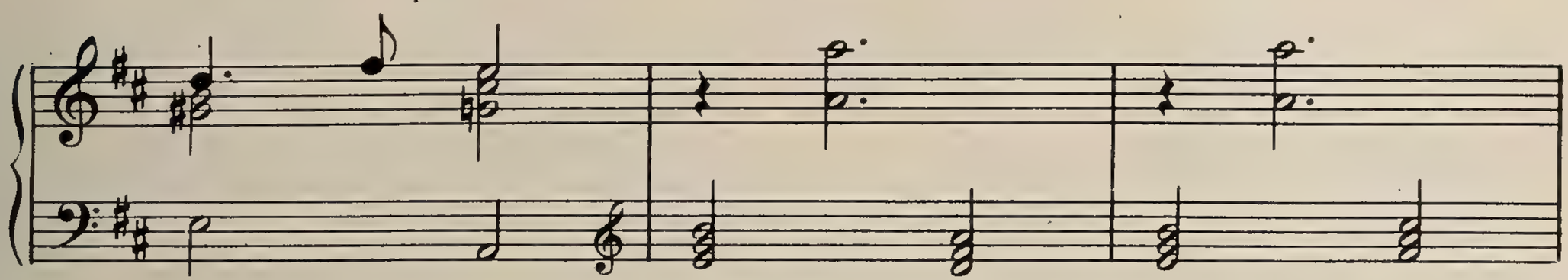
Chorus

Music by Harry Sosnick

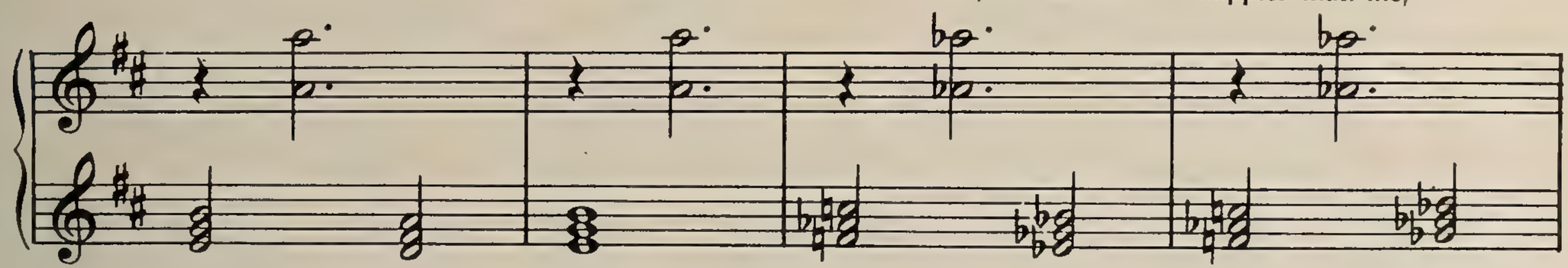
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY, if you can't have what you like? What's the good of a handkerchief
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY, if you can't eat till you're sick? What's the good of a plate of cakes



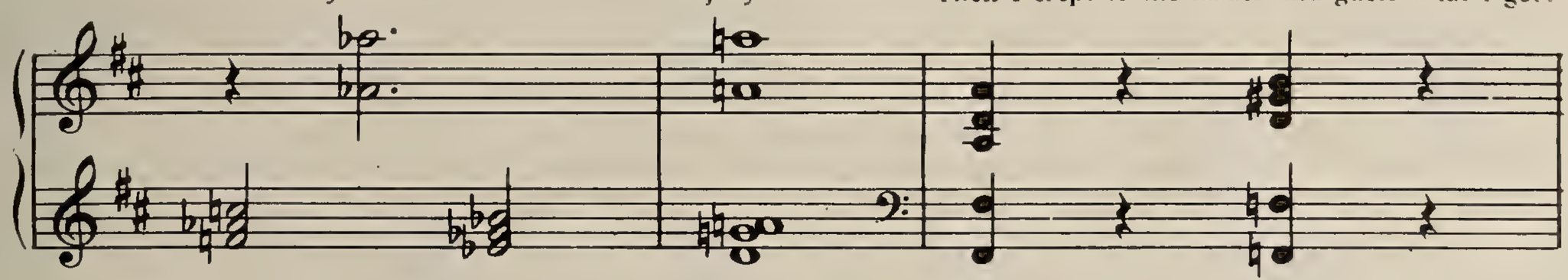
to a fellow who wants a bike? They gave me a brush to clean my teeth,
if a fellow can't have his pick? They told me I'd be a P.I.G.



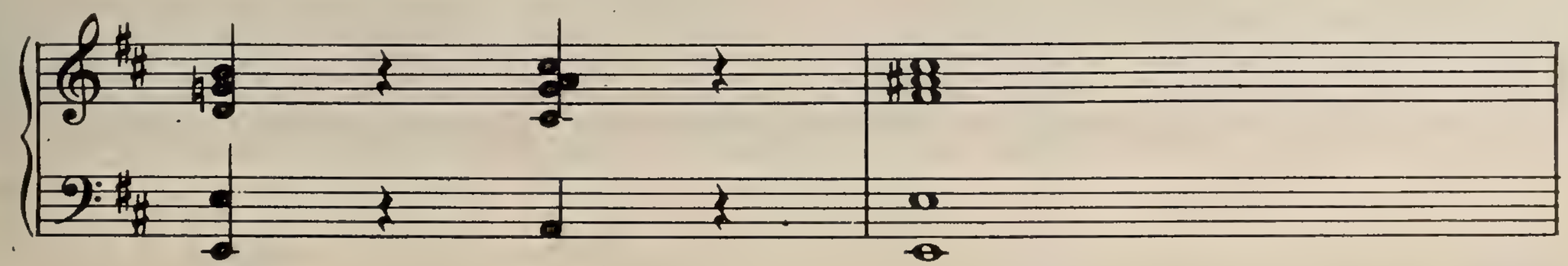
and a tube of paste as well. It isn't the paste with the peppermint-taste,
and they said I'd best beware. I said, P.I.G.'s are happier than me,



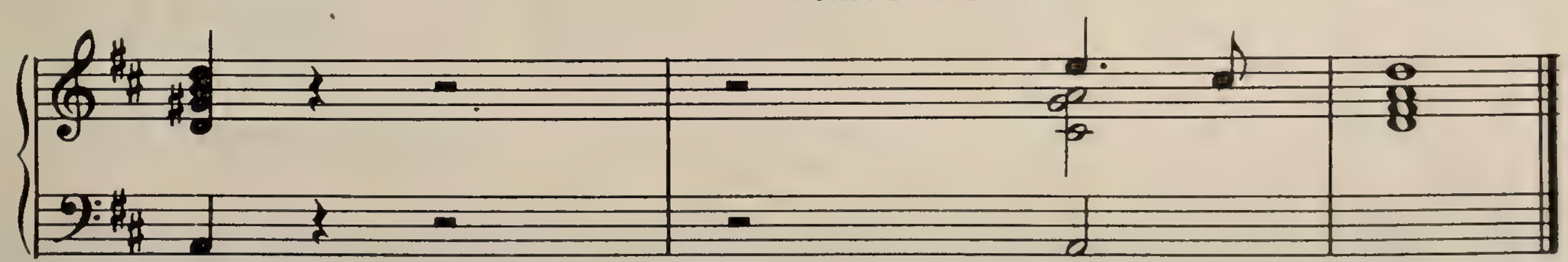
it's a nasty car— bolicky smell; So I squeezed all the paste on the carpet for fun
so why should I jolly well care? Then I crept to the larder and guess what I got?



I stamped on the tooth-brush, so *that* present's done. I won't use the hanky—
A tin of sardines and I ate all the lot. Then I showed them if I



I'll just let it run. WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY?
could be sick or not. WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY?



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Paying our way

Just as a wise housekeeper does, Uncle Sam budgets for his big family—and radio's famous young woman lawyer explains just how and why he exacts from each member of that family a just share of the household expenses

By PORTIA BLAKE

THIS is a big house—a big house with 130 million people living in it. This is a big house with vast gardens in which grow the fruits to nourish its family. Joining the gardens are thousands of ribboning roads and gleaming steel rails, threading over high mountains and down through deep and wide green valleys. Here and there, the gardens are studded with monuments, monuments of steel and glass and stone, thrusting upward toward the sky like man's dreams for tomorrow. And in other parts of the gardens are barns and tool sheds and smithies and mills of gigantic size, big enough to fill the needs of this vast family—and more.

This is the way I think of America. As a big house. I think of the way it is run—efficiently, so smoothly sometimes that many of the people living in it are hardly aware of all the effort and thought and care that goes into keeping them secure. I think of all the offices in Washington and throughout the rest of the country, staffed with the most expert workers in their fields, keeping records, filing information, giving directions. I think of the laboratories where selfless scientists work constantly and alertly to insure as high a health standard as possible for the whole country. I think of the schools where men and women are trained in the ways to protect the lives and property of our citizens. And, in the past few years, I think of the planning, the work, the men and women and the materials that have gone into the bigger job of protecting all of us from the most hateful enemies in the world.

I'm not being romantic when I think of these things. I'm being very practical, as befits a woman and a lawyer. I'm sure that every housewife who has had to struggle with a budget, and worry about making ends meet, will think just as practically and realistically. It costs money to run a house. The larger the house, the more money it takes. The larger the family, the more money it takes.

In a home, getting the money is fairly simple. The man of the house—sometimes, now, it is the woman of the house—brings home the pay envelope. If there are sons and daughters of a working age, they bring home their pay envelopes. The budgeter—mother, father, or whoever runs the house—collects the money, gives each of the contributors his or her share for the week or month and then apportions the rest for household expenses. So much for rent, so much for food, so much for this and that and the other.

In a house as large as the United States, it is done very much the same way, on a much larger scale. Every year a budget is made out. The cost of running the administrative, legislative and judicial branches of the government is estimated, the needs of the entire nation—whether in peace or in war—are carefully calculated and taxes are levied. Some of these taxes take the form of Income Tax.

Which brings us to the subject at hand.

I know perfectly well that March 15th has come to be a black, nerve-wracking and ominous day for nearly everybody. Unfortunately, there are people among us who don't think the taxes are fair. Among such people there are some who merely grumble, some who spend a great deal of time and money looking for loopholes in the tax laws and others who spend time and money trying to fight the tax laws and get them revised before the next March 15th rolls around. Everyone knows of such people.

Most Americans, however, understand the necessity for supporting the government financially, as well as in spirit and in work. To these millions, March 15th means a bit of confusion, a bit of terror in the face of what seem to be incredibly obscure instructions and forms, a bit of worry about percentages and normal taxes and surtaxes and a good deal of nervousness about whether they have figured their taxes correctly and filled out the forms properly.

This year, March 15th need not be a day of nerves and chaos. Because most of us—including the government officials who formerly were many more in number—have so many very important things to do to speed the winning of the war, the payment of Income Taxes and their collection has been simplified to such an extent that we can all go sailing through the day, almost without being aware that we're paying our taxes.

For one thing, workers who have been paying a Withholding Tax for the past year and whose income has been less than $5,000 won't have to compute their tax, at all. It will be done for them by the Collector of Internal Revenue Office. Such workers have nothing to do but fill out a very small and very simple form called a Withholding Receipt, getting part of their information from their employers. On the first page of the receipt there is room only for the following information—the Employer's name and address, the Employee's name and address, the total wages earned during the year, the total taxes withheld during the year and a very simple test for making sure that this form is all the worker need file. On the second page of the form is space for information concerning the worker's exemptions and a place for his signature. And that is all there is to it. This form is to be mailed to the Collector of Internal Revenue and, if the tax withheld during the year has been too much, a refund will be mailed to the worker; if too little the worker will receive a bill for the balance.

Probably, by next year, even part of this work will have been eliminated. To help bring this about, this year, employees will be required to file a Withholding Exemption Certificate with their employers. The Withholding Exemption Certificate is a very simple form on which you claim the number of exemptions allowed to you under the new tax law. This will enable (*Continued on page* 71)

PORTIA BLAKE is particularly equipped to understand and explain the problems of the nation's taxes, which are really the problems of any home budget on a larger and more complicated scale. Portia is not only a successful lawyer, but a successful and conscientious mother and housewife as well. She manages to fit into her busy days a sensible balance of time between her work and her duties to her household, making sure always that she gives her young son the companionship and guidance that she knows is every mother's first duty. Portia Faces Life is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 PM, EWT, NBC. Portia Blake is played by Lucille Wall.

When did I lose you?

Home was only a house to Myra—for she didn't know, until her happiness lay in ruins, that her real home was in Walter's arms

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

WHEN I was a little girl, and I saw a person, or a dog, or something on the street that frightened me, I'd stand very still, and shut my eyes very tight, sure that that way I was invisible, and that the thing that frightened me couldn't see me, and so would go away.

I stood that way now, my eyes tightly closed against what I had just seen—closed to shut out the sight of a ramshackle old house, drab beyond belief, its paint scaling miserably from its huddled-together old sides, its front steps sagging disconsolately into a mass of weeds that strove valiantly to hide the shamefacedness of them, its filthy windows, with the shades hopelessly askew, its scabrous patch of chokegrass that was the front lawn, its half-crumbled chimney cowering against a roof so patched you couldn't tell what the original had been. It seemed to be a place without hope—this house in which I was to live for Heaven knew how long.

I remembered the house I had left this morning, the lovely little white house in Scarsmount that was my home. It wasn't a big house, or a pretentious one, but oh, it presented such a proud, happy, shining face to the world! Its paint glistened white, its windows shone like stars, its lawn was green velvet with scarlet geraniums flaming a border for the front walk, and white petunias in a frill against the foundation, for all the world like a little gentlewoman's soft lace collar. That was home; and how I hated to leave it! And how it seemed to hate to have us leave! You could almost hear it saying, as our reluctant feet went down the walk between the geraniums, *Don't go away. Hurry back—hurry home!*

The time since we had left had been a nightmare. It had been bad enough getting on the crowded train, Ginny and Walter and I, with all our bags and bundles. But getting off—! That I shall never forget. *Laurel Park*—it had sounded so pretty, when Walter had told me the name of the town we were moving to. But there wasn't a single pretty thing about it that I could see; it was just a flat, sprawling boomtown, belching smoke and cinders over everything in a dismal grey haze.

Everyone had to help us off the train—we were in the way. Ginny tripped as another contribution to a dreadful day, and crushed my hat box. I could have cried—in fact, I think I began to. And then Walter put his arm around me, and kissed me, right there on the grimy platform, surrounded by our bags and baggage. Perhaps that's nothing wonderful—your husband kissing you. But if, after nineteen years of married life his kiss still has the power to make you forget even such misery

as I knew in that moment, and if he still knows when *is* the right moment—when you're sunk and miserable and need comforting—that really is wonderful!

"Well, Walter?" I straightened my hat and looked about me again. "What now?"

"We'll get a cab," he replied. "Where's Ginny gone—oh, there she is."

Ginny was loping toward us from the far end of the platform with all the energy of her almost-sixteen years. "I've been trying to find a cab," she announced. "Daddy, there are only three, and you have to share them."

Walter shook his head impatiently. "All right—so we'll share one."

"But, Daddy—they've already gone! And they only come to meet the trains, and the next train won't be for—"

"We'll take a bus, then," Walter said grimly.

"A bus? With all that stuff, Daddy? They're full of war workers here, and they'll never let us on with all our things—I asked the station man. They're awfully crowded!"

Walter shifted his weight from one foot to the other, uneasily. Then he looked at me, and tried to smile. "Well—it can't be far. This is only a little town. If we can't ride, we can walk. Here—help me, Ginny. I just want to get this big suitcase on my shoulder. The other one I'll—hold—like this. Now! We can check the other big things until tomorrow, and you and Mummy can take the light stuff."

And that was the way we entered Laurel Park, a gloomy, heavily-laden

It seemed to be a place without hope—this house in which I was to live for Heaven knew how long!

trio, trudging along the grimy streets. After a little we stopped and asked directions—and then, when it became apparent that the directions given us were wrong, we asked again. But most of the people here seemed to be like ourselves, people who had come to Laurel Park to work in the big munitions factory, and who knew little about the town. Finally we found what seemed to be the town's lone policeman.

"North Street? North Street!" he snorted. "You don't mean North Street, lady. Why, that's way off in the Polish district!"

Walter and I looked at each other. His face was haggard. I must have looked dreadful myself, for he tried to smile to comfort me. But there was no mistake. We *were* looking for North Street.

And at last we found it. And I stood very still and closed my eyes

very tightly, and hoped that it wouldn't be there when I opened them again. I think I even prayed a little, *Don't let it be this one . . . let there be some mistake . . . please don't let it be this one!*

I felt the touch of Walter's hand on my arm, and I had to open my eyes. Yes, there it was, in all its ugliness, the place where we were going to live. Not a place, like our home in Scarsmount, which cried an invitation to enter, but a place which seemed to say, *Go away. Don't come in—just leave me alone to die in peace!*

"Well, here we are," Ginny cried, tossing back her blonde curls and mopping her face with her handkerchief. "Let's go in and have the butler serve dinner and the maid draw hot baths all around, and . . ." But her voice faded away. Even her exuberant spirits were dampened in the face of this.

"Yes, here we are," Walter echoed. "Come on, honey." His hand on my arm led me up the crumbling walk. Tears blinded me. On the porch, Walter fumbled for the key that had been mailed to us by the real estate agent who had found us this monstrosity. Then we were inside.

"It looks like—like the houses in horror movies," Ginny said, breaking the silence with a high, hysterical little giggle.

It did. The furnishings were nothing more than broken-down junk. Drab mohair the moths had been feeding on for twenty years, mouse-colored and sagging wearily in every spring. A rickety table . . . a threadbare rug. . . .

I moved slowly, as if in a dream, out to the kitchen. Might as well see it all at once. Might as well get the whole shock over with. It was an oversized closet, that kitchen. There was a three-burner stove with no oven, a couple of wobbly chairs and a kitchen table with a cracked enamel top, some mis-matched dime store dishes, chipped and cracked.

Was this what I had come five hundred miles for? Was this why I had rented my lovely little house to strangers, left my old friends? Was it for this that Walter had given up his pleasant peace-time job?

And it was only the beginning. There was only an old broom for cleaning. I couldn't bake without an oven—in fact, I could barely cook on that uncertain stove without burning everything, myself included. So this was what taking a war job, doing your part, meant!

There were no baths that first night, tired and dirty as we were. We discovered that heating the water was a slow process. It took all night to get enough hot water for Walter's bath in the morning. By noon the next day there was enough for me. By suppertime it was Ginny's turn.

Even now I hate to talk about those first few weeks. Walt going away early in the morning, coming home late almost every night. I, wandering like a lost soul around the house, not quite sure where to begin, taking almost all day to prepare the simplest meal. Ginny and I practically camping out so that things would be ready and comfortable for Walt after a hard day's work at the plant. The work was new to him, and it took time to adjust from his simple, peace-time job as manager of Marshall's sporting goods store back home to his new training to be a foreman at the plant. Then he'd been a white collar man in a white collar job. Now he came home smelling of grease and oil, his hands filthy, his work clothes too black for me ever to get really clean. Even if I had had a washer, that is. But the wash tub was in the kitchen, and wash day was also "no bath day"—there wasn't enough hot water for both.

And to make matters worse, it rained—how it rained! The very skies seemed to be sympathizing, crying along with me the way I was crying inside myself every moment of those days. Ginny and I soon found that the patches on that awful roof didn't do their work too well. As soon as the first of those showers came tattooing down, I heard Ginny cry, from the kitchen, "Mummy—the roof leaks in the corner by the window!" Before I could get out there, I heard her adding, "And over the stove—and in the—"

After that, Ginny and I raced around emptying pans as fast as they filled up.

Later in the afternoon, while Ginny made the rounds of the livingroom and bedroom, I remembered that there must be dinner for Walter when he got home, and I started down cellar after potatoes. And then I knew that those leaks in the roof were nothing. It seemed as if all the angry waters of that storm had gathered in our basement.

For a moment I stood, half-way down the stairs, stunned, looking at the wreckage. My things were down there—the things I loved so much—*the things from home!*

I had rented my house furnished, but there were some things I could not bear to part with—some bric-a-brac, a few pictures, lamps, my lovely blue porcelain vase I treasured so much, some odds and ends with which I had intended to make the strange place we were going to into a home. I hadn't known, then, that the place we were going was the sort I wouldn't even want to try to make home-like. The things had arrived by freight, along with my winter clothes, and I had had everything put down in the cellar, not wanting even to look at them, and be reminded of the little white house in Scarsmount. And now there they were, immersed in the lazily-moving flood in the cellar! My treasures—the few things I cherished most in the world!

I sat down then, on the cellar steps, burying my face in my hands. I didn't know that I was crying until my fingers touched my wet cheeks, and even so it didn't seem strange—I had cried so much, had had so much to cry about, lately. It seemed to me that I just wanted to sit there forever, never uncover my eyes again, never again have to face that house up above me, the dreadful mess in the cellar below. And so I sat, bitterly mourning the lovely life that seemed lost for good, until I heard Ginny's light steps in the kitchen above, her voice from the top of the stairs.

"Mother—are you there? Whatever is the matter?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't.

Ginny came down the stairs and looked past me at the water, at the disintegrating cardboard cartons floating in it, spilling out their sodden contents.

"Well, that's a pretty mess, isn't it?"

Still I swallowed tears, unable to answer. She looked at me sharply in the half-gloom, and said a strange thing to me. "Stop it, Mother—you've become the world's worst weeper!"

Her tone was half-bantering, but I could hear a genuine concern, a genuine rebuke, behind it. She edged past me, and down the stairs to the water line, and then turned back to look up at me. I stared back, too apathetic even to be angry at what she had said.

"It doesn't do any good to sit and cry, Mummy darling. That doesn't make things better. You have to pitch in and fix things, when they go wrong. Things could be a lot worse, you know!"

That stung me to reply, at last. "Worse! How could they be worse? This may be fun for you, Ginny, this camping-out life, but it's not for me. I'm not a child any more—I don't think things like this are funny. I don't think it's funny to have to give up all you've worked hard for, all your life—all the things you've done to make a house into a home, and come to live like this—to live like a—a pig! How could things be any worse, I'd like to know?"

Ginny smiled a little, and all of a sudden she seemed more grown-up to me than she ever had before. "I'm not such a child, Mother. I guess we're all growing up fast, nowadays. And I know it isn't fun, or funny. It isn't fun

Inspired by "Mrs. Miniver Jones," by Mildred Hark and Noel McQueen, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M., over CBS

for Dad, either, to have to learn a whole new way of living, a whole new way of working, at his age. But he feels that he has to—he has to do what he can, because he can't fight. He has to help the boys who can fight, like Jimmy. It isn't fun for Jimmy, either, I guess, to find himself suddenly not a schoolboy any more, but going off to fight a war, instead."

The mention of Jimmy brought the tears to my eyes once more. "I'm glad," I cried childishly, "I'm glad that your brother's in the army, so he doesn't have to live in this shoebox, too! At least he's safe and warm and taken care of. He'll never have to go overseas. The war'll be over before he's through training, and—"

Ginny looked at me steadily. "I wouldn't be too sure of that, Mother. Then she deliberately turned her back, took off her stockings and shoes, pulled her skirts up out of harm's way, and waded into the water. In a moment she was back with an armful of salvaged things which she put on the steps. After a little, the steps were covered. Most of the things were ruined—dresses shrunk to child size, pictures sodden, draperies water-stained beyond repair. But we managed to rescue a few things, and among them was my lovely blue porcelain vase.

His grey eyes were full of surprise and hurt. "Why, honey, what's the matter?" he asked.

I don't know what I would have done if that had been broken. It was an inexpensive thing, but to me it was simply priceless. Walter had given it to me on our first anniversary, and in my mind it had become the symbol of our married happiness. I hugged the vase to me, and took it upstairs myself.

Walter came home tired and hungry—perversely on time, on this of all days. And supper, of course, wasn't ready. He fiddled with his newspaper, but I could see that he was restless.

"You'll just have to wait," I told him.

"All right, darling, all right." He smiled patiently. "What's this Ginny's been telling me—have a flood?"

I turned on him. "Yes we did—but it's all over now, and it didn't bother you, did it? Nothing about this place bothers you, because you don't have to stay in this little crackerbox day in and day out. You don't have to try to make something out of nothing, and cook on a stove that came over in the Ark, and—and you're in a nice, dry factory all day long, working hard, but at least having the proper things to work with! You—"

Walter threw down his paper and got up quickly. "Myra, for the love of—Myra, darling, what's got into you lately? Ever since we moved to Laurel Park you've—" (*Continued on page* 86)

Quick Work!

Good work, too—these tempting casserole combinations add up to fewer ration stamps, more interesting meals.

THE next time you find yourself struggling to make your meat ration stamps and your family's taste preferences and vitamin requirements add up to a satisfying meal, consider a one-dish dinner. There is almost no end to the ways of varying these meat and vegetable casserole combinations which, with a fruit or vegetable juice appetizer, salad or simple dessert make up a complete, well-balanced meal. Further good news about them is that many of them call for no rationed foods whatever and many offer new answers to the problem of leftovers. Best of all, though, they are, all of them, in the good-to-eat class, whether they are the quickly prepared corned beef hash casserole or the more elaborate chicken casserole.

Corned Beef Hash Casserole

1 medium onion, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
3 tbls. drippings
1 lb. corned beef hash, canned or frozen
2 eggs, 2 tomatoes

Sautee onion and green pepper in 2 tbls. drippings, stir into corned beef hash. Turn into buttered casserole and cook in 350 degree oven until hash is piping hot—20 to 30 minutes. Take from oven, make six indentations in surface. Break eggs carefully into two indentations and place a tomato half (cut tomatoes crosswise) in each of the remaining ones, cut side up. Brush tomatoes with remaining drippings, sprinkle salt and pepper over eggs and tomatoes and continue cooking until tomatoes are tender and eggs firm—about 15 minutes.

Oyster and Celery Pie

1 doz. oysters with liquor
Milk
2 tbls. margarine
4 tbls. cracker crumbs
½ tsp. salt
Pinch each paprika and nutmeg
¼ tsp. curry powder (optional)
1 cup celery, chopped
1 tbl. parsley, minced
1 hard-cooked egg, mashed
Biscuit dough

Drain oysters and arrange in buttered casserole. Add to oyster liquor sufficient milk to make 1 cup liquid. Add margarine, cracker crumbs, seasonings and celery and simmer over low flame 5 minutes. Stir in parsley and hard-cooked egg and pour over oysters. Top with biscuit crust made by mixing 1 cup of prepared biscuit mix with sufficient milk to make soft, but not sticky, dough. Slit dough or prick with fork to allow steam to escape and bake in 375 degree oven about 30 minutes, or until the dough is crisply browned and the oyster mixture thoroughly heated. Serve with green salad.

Oyster and Spinach Casserole

1 doz. oysters with liquor
4 cups cooked, drained spinach
1 tbl. minced onion
1 tsp. margarine
¼ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1 tbl. top milk
1 egg
1 lb. cooked noodles
½ cup buttered crumbs

Chop two or three oysters and scald, together with whole oysters, in their own liquor. Chop spinach fine, stir in onion, margarine, salt, pepper, milk, oysters and egg, which has been well beaten. Place half the noodles in buttered casserole, cover with half the oyster-spinach mixture. Repeat layers, top with buttered crumbs and bake in 350 degree oven until mixture is firm and piping hot—about 30 minutes.

Frankfurter One-Dish Dinner

2 cups cooked rice
4 to 6 frankfurters
1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
1 cup cooked or canned string beans, drained
1 tbl. margarine or drippings
Salt and pepper to taste

Place rice in buttered casserole and arrange frankfurters, ends toward center of dish in pinwheel fashion. Fill openings between frankfurters alternately with string beans and corn. Dot with margarine or drippings, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook in 350 degree oven about 30 minutes. If mixture gets too dry, baste with a little of the liquor drained from the canned corn or the string beans.

(*Continued on page* 64)

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNCELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7 EWT.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Josephine Houston, Soprano
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Diary Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
11:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Matinee Theater, Victor Jory
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
		2:55	CBS:	Olive Downes
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:30	Blue:	World of Song
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Music America Loves
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
		5:30	Blue:	Hot Copy
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Fannie Brice
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Kate Smith
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
		7:45	MBS:	Samuel Grafton
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashion Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Tune
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBS:	Goodwill Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
		10:30	Blue:	Keeping Up With the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Vera Brodsky, pianist
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	The Jack Pepper Show

PINT SIZE—BUT POWERFUL . . .

Unique is the word for Johnny. Johnny is radio's only vocal trademark. Johnny is the only holder of a life-time contract in the history of radio. Johnny is only 47 inches high and weighs only 59 pounds. Johnny is the only name he goes by—and to millions of Americans. That's right—Johnny is the lad who three times a week gives his famous call over two of our major networks.

For a little man, Johnny isn't doing badly. His job pays him $20,000 a year, plus a good deal of fame. The audition which netted him all this was just as unique as his career. Johnny was a bellhop in a New York hotel. Eleven years ago, a certain Milton Biow—advertising man and genius of a sort—passed through the hotel and got an idea. He had Johnny page a non-existent Mr. Philip Morris. Of course, Johnny paged Mr. Morris without results, but when he reported his failure to Mr. Biow—he found it turned into phenomenal success. He got the contract for the cigarette account, which Mr. Biow handles.

Like all celebrities, Johnny has had to make personal appearances. These turned out to be so successful that the demands for him got a bit out of hand and the agency was forced to hire a whole corps of "stand-ins" for Johnny. They're called "Johnny Juniors" and are all trained by Johnny himself, before they are sent out as substitutes for the one and only original. Probably the most outstanding of Johnny's understudies is the Johnny Jr. who, each Tuesday night, steps before the Hollywood microphone to introduce the Ginny Simms program. Each Friday and Sunday night Johnny himself—in person and really—has to introduce It Pays to be Ignorant and The Crime Doctor.

Johnny lives in Brooklyn, his exact address being a carefully guarded secret. Like most of his fellow-dwellers in that borough, Johnny's a rabid Dodger fan. All the members of Johnny's family, except for himself, are of normal size.

One of Johnny's main concerns is his health, especially the health of his throat. He loves hot dogs and hamburgers and never has any trouble with his digestion. He's never been seriously ill in his life and, during the past eleven years on the air, he has never missed more than one broadcast each year. He worries most about colds and sore throats and guards against them by loading himself with vitamin pills.

Johnny may be small, but there are probably very few big men who can look forward to a guaranteed job that lasts for life. It must be a nice thing to have—and we wish for Johnny that he will be paging Philip Morris for many years to come.

MONDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	This Changing World
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
3:30	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Jack Berch, Songs
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Galmour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Walter Kiernan, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:00	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	Blue:	Appointment With Life
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:25	4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
2:15	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Henry J. Taylor, News
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	P.W.	T.	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Horace Heidt's Orch.
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Ted Malone—from England
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Johnny Morgan Show
		10:30	Blue:	Melody in the Night
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
	8:00	8:30	Blue:	News
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	This Changing World
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Jack Berch, Songs
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	On Target—Variety
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Walter Kiernan, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:30	Blue:	Appointment with Life
		3:30	CBS:	High Places
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:25		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Ross Sisters
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC.	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Henry J. Taylor, News
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Side Show—Dave Elman
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Martin Block
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Theater of Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Big Town
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Burns and Allen
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
9:30		10:15	Blue:	From Europe, George Hicks
10:30		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
7:30	10:30		NBC:	Hildegarde
10:00	10:30	10:30	Blue:	Let Yourself Go—Berle
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		11:30	NBC:	Words at War

NO TIME ON HER HANDS . . .

So young—and so pretty—that no one would blame her if she just wanted to have fun, Beryl Vaughn is a young lady who wastes no time. What's more, she hasn't wasted much time since she was twelve. That's when her career started.

Beryl, whom you hear as Norma Starr on Bachelor's Children over CBS, Monday through Friday at 10:45 AM, was born in Detroit. What she did to keep herself busy before she was twelve is somewhat of a mystery, but after that, her life's an open radio switch. She made her radio debut on the "Lone Ranger", originating from the automobile metropolis. That wasn't enough for very long, however, and soon she took over the assistant director's chores on WXYX's Children's Theatre of the Air. For this, she and her young associates won the Variety Showmanship award in 1936. The next year, she lined up with WWJ and became its Children's Director.

In 1940, she went to Hollywood, which was to be expected, and was signed for a leading role in Columbia's "Girls Under 21", which she says was a female version of the "Dead End Kids". After that she did a small part in RKO's "Let's Make Music". While in Hollywood, Beryl took a fling at the theatre, too, appearing in a play called, "Every Man For Himself", and travelled east to the Guild Theatre in New York with the show. Unfortunately, the play had a whirlwind visit on New York's boards and in a very short time Beryl found herself back in Hollywood and in front of a microphone.

Most radio actors and actresses find that the theatre has a strange and irresistible fascination. Beryl is no exception. She could have gone on and on working on the Lux and Screen Guild shows on the air from Hollywood. But she didn't. An agent whispered enticingly in her ear that a Chicago company of "Claudia" was being cast and that she should be perfect for the lead. It turned out that the agent's rumor was a little late. By the time she got to Chicago, the show was ready to open—without her.

Chicago is a big radio town, though, and Beryl didn't have to beg for work. She auditioned for Mutual and that was all that was necessary. She played the parts of Holly Emerson on Helpmate, Eunice Powell on Helen Trent, Faith Richards on Road to Life and scores of other parts.

Beryl also does fashion modelling whenever she gets a chance, which is pretty often.

Maybe it's remembrance of her theatre days, but Beryl likes to have an audience in the studio when she's acting. She likes to feel the reaction of the listeners. She also likes dogs, babies, music and sailing. She has three major ambitions—to produce a top-flight children's show some day, to write a first-rate play and to make a trip to South America. Being a diligent young person with ideas in her head, she's very likely to realize all three of these—and then will probably assign herself a few more.

WEDNESDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:10	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	This Changing World
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road to Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Jack Berch, Songs
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	1:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
		2:00	Blue:	Walter Kiernan, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		3:30	Blue:	Appointment with Life
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:15	3:16	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portai Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Encore Appearance
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Henry J. Taylor, News
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	PWT		CBS:	JACK KIRKWOOD
	1:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Martin Block
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Take a Card
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	My Best Girl, Drama
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henny Youngman—Carol Bruce
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Joseph Dunninger
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Which is Which
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	College of Musical Knowledge
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Ted Malone—from England
7:30			CBS:	Nelson Eddy
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz

THURSDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
		10:30	CBS:	This Changing World
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Jack Berch, Songs
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Standard School Broadcast
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Walter Kiernan, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:25	CBS:	News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Henry J. Taylor, News
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Martin Block
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00		10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	From London—George Hicks
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

PRINCESS PAT . . .

No matter how you look at it, Patrice Munsel is a remarkable girl. She's very young—nineteen to be exact—very attractive and alive and bright and she has a voice like a dream. At nineteen, she's the star of a big radio program, the Sunday afternoon Family Hour. At eighteen, she was the youngest star ever to have been signed by the Metropolitan Opera Association. And she has already signed a Hollywood contract to appear in musical films in the near future.

Oddly enough, Patrice's musical career began with lessons in "rhythmic whistling"—an odd sort of thing at best. When Patrice was twelve, however, her teacher discovered her singing voice and whistling lessons became a thing of the past. Patrice found singing lessons and music lessons much more interesting, so much so that two years later she was appearing at a summer music school concert and Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, the Conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, introduced her after the concert as "a little fourteen-year-old girl who has the most beautiful voice I have ever heard in a singer so young." That made music the serious business of Patrice's life.

In 1940, Patrice and her mother arrived in New York so Patrice could study for the Opera. They dropped their bags at their hotel and went straight to the Metropolitan, to stand for four hours in the top gallery listening to Flagstad and Melchior in "Parsifal"—Patrice's first Metropolitan opera.

It took only four years to get Patrice from that top gallery down to the stage—and into the hearts of millions of Americans. They weren't easy years. They were filled with a tough and steady program of vocal, foreign language and dramatic lessons and hours and hours of practicing and rehearsing. But Patrice was rewarded for her hard work by winning one of the awards of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air and then making her debut on the gold-curtained stage in the role of Philine in "Mignon."

Soon after her first opera season, Patrice set off on an extensive concert tour, making her home town of Spokane, Washington, the first stop. She wanted to make her concert debut there. She also wanted to see her father, a successful and busy dentist, whom she had only glimpsed for a few days at a time during four years of rigorous training.

Patrice is really an American singer, through and through. Unlike many others, she has had all her training here and is proof that music has come of age in the United States. Not that the old seats of culture have to be snubbed—Patrice would be the last to think such a thing.

This year, Patrice will again fit a heavy concert schedule into her commitments to the Metropolitan Opera and her regular Sunday afternoon appearances on the Family Hour. She's planning to appear in the major cities in the United States and Canada. Her accompanist at the concerts will be the well known pianist Stuart Ross.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:10	010:0	0CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	This Changing World
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:10	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Jack Berch, Songs
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Walter Kernan, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:00	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Tena and Tim
		3:30	Blue:	Appointment with Life
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:25	CBS:	News
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Frong Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Henry J. Taylor, News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch, Wash., D.C.
		7:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		8:30	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
		8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	It Pays To Be Ignorant
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Hour
		10:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Ted Malone—From England
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal, Burl Ives
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fanny Hurst Presents
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Grantland Rice, Sports Stories
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:15	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London-New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Swing Shift Frolics
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Sez You
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Yank, the Army Weekly
		1:30	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Country Journal
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	James Abbe Pictures the News
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Musicana
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:00			NBC:	Opportunity Theater
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Wilbur Swingletta
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00	3:00	11:30	NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
12:30	3:30		NBC:	Music on Display
1:00	3:00	5:30	NBC:	Rupert Hughes
1:00		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
1:35	3:35	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Curt Massey, Vagabonds
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	World's Great Novels
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
	7:00	7:30	CBS:	Mrs. Miniver
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gaieties with Beatrice Kay
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Cisco Kid
8:00		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequence
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Palmolive Party
		10:15	CBS:	Correction Please
		10:30	Blue:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	1:130	Blue	Hoosier Hop

They Dream of Home

(*Continued from page* 16)

soldiers must have been when the grateful Parisiennes tore up fine damask tablecloths, window curtains and their grandmothers' wedding gowns to bedeck themselves suitably to greet their Yankee and British liberators.

First and foremost, Frances says, the G. I. approves clothes which make his girl look like a *girl.* They don't like slacks. "What do girls have pretty legs *for,*" the fellows wonder out loud, "if they're going to cover them up in men's pants?"

At some points on Frances' tours skirts were simply not practical. At those times, Frances' G. I. audiences were gracious about her slacks—but they were grateful that she didn't carry the mannish style too far. Her slacks were pale blue or pink—not navy or khaki. Never khaki, please!

"I always managed to look *feminine,* even in the jungle," she said. She'd wear flowers in her hair—in the South Pacific *real* flowers plucked by admiring G.I.'s from surrounding shrubs—jewelry, and a feminine blouse or bra-top sweater.

"G.I's *love* sweaters," Frances revealed. Her fluffy, angora ones were whistled at, cheered and applauded from New Guinea to Sicily.

But she doesn't think they'd whistle over a Sloppy Joe. Why hide feminine curves in flour sacks?

What the soldier remembers with most longing about his American girl, Frances confides after talking with thousands of them, is *how good she smelled!* That's why she recommends skimping on the clothes budget, if necessary, to buy an ounce or two of good perfume.

So many of the women our service men have seen in their travels have not been able (a few of them didn't care or try) to be scrubbed and clean and sweet-smelling, that every penny you spend for perfumed bath oils, colognes, and sachet will be romance insurance, Frances believes.

The only American girls our boys have seen since they left home—except for a few dropper-inners like Frances—are the nurses, Red Cross workers, and U. S. O. hostesses. These brave women will be forever loved and revered by the boys to whom they have brought a touch of home. On the other hand, says Frances, our boys will not want to see women in uniform when they come home to stay. The farther we can go from the mannish cut uniform type of suit, the better.

"And don't cut your hair," she adds. "The nurses and Red Cross girls *have* to be content with short cropped bobs, but they will be the first to grow long, *feminine* tresses when they get home, and the boys will applaud while they do it."

Frances' own technique in dressing for the boys is rich in hints for pleasing the American male.

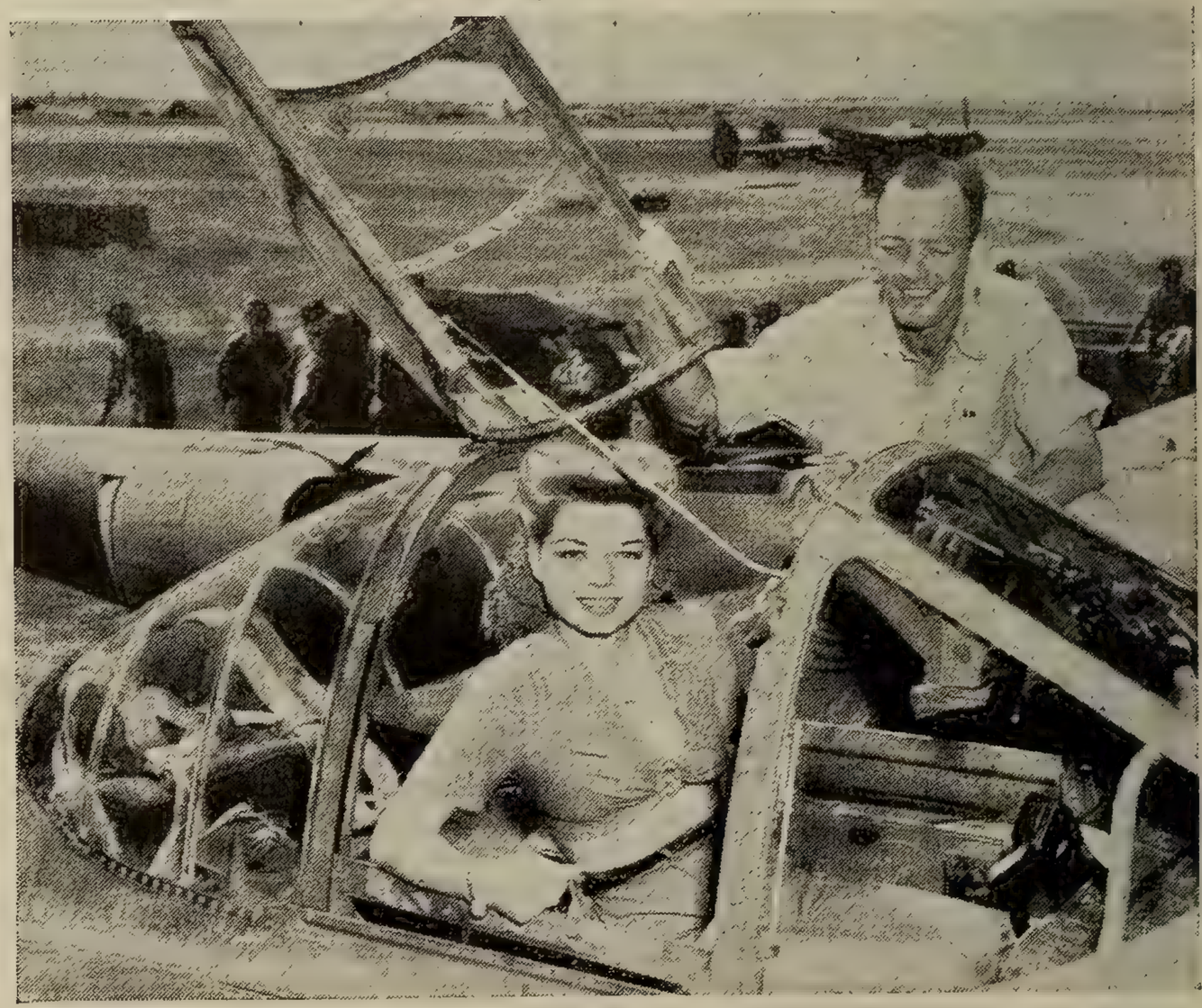
In addition to her "feminized" slacks and sweaters her compact, air-light luggage always included two or three *short* evening dresses—bright with sequins and spangles and lace.

The biggest hit of her camp-show wardrobe was an evening dress of black fringe over flesh-colored silk—with flesh-colored stuff at the waist. Where the silk appeared, with no covering of fringe, the boys could squint slightly and feel sure they were seeing skin!

That dress was such a sensational success that when, during a hazardous flight in a storm, the entire company was ordered to dump their luggage overboard, Frances retrieved it from her dressing case, wadded it into a make-up kit, and brought it through.

"Bob Hope was furious," she laughs. "He dumped everything—including his shaving kit and many other precious things—and I landed smugly with my 'whistle-dress' all ready, with a little pressing, for the next performance.

"I wouldn't trade those experiences—and what they've taught me—for all the money in the world."



Frances, on her trips, wanted to try everything. This time it was the cockpit of a plane at an air base in North Africa.

Daughter of a Major overseas, Patricia Ann Jones, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard P. Jones of Nyack, New York, engaged to Charles Roebling Meissner, Jr. of the U.S. Navy.

It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is *so* lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown . . . rich, glossy hair . . . and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and *loved* it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to *respect* Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin *really* clean and *really* smooth!"

Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

CHARLES CHOSE this square-cut, beautifully mounted 2½-carat diamond for Patricia.

AT THE STATION, Patricia and Charles silently share the memory of wonderful days together. Till Victory, Patricia is writing for *The Nyack U.S.O. Councilor,* servicemen's newspaper.

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening. Tissues off. "My *double* Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give *your* face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big* jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious *big* jar!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

THE LADY MORRIS

GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO

R
M

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!

Try Glover's Famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.

2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.

3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

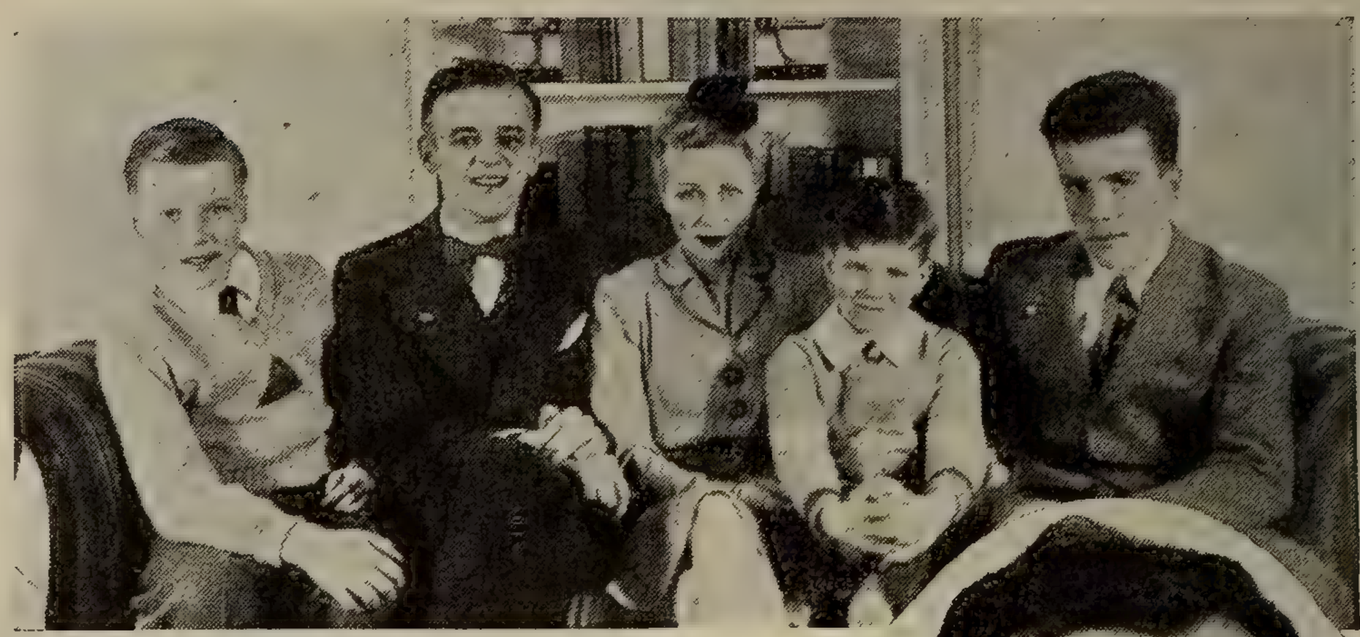
Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 552, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

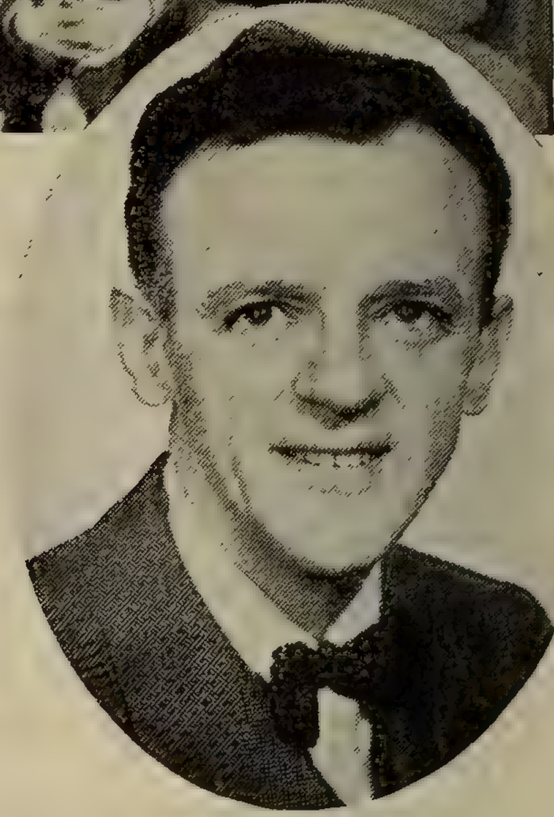
Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

Here's the whole Bob White family at home—from left to right, Bradley, 12; Bob himself; Betsy; Evan, 7; and Bob Junior, 15.



DEADLINE ROMANCE


Deadline Drama man, Bob White.

EVERYONE who listens to Bob White's "Deadline Dramas" on Sunday night on the Blue Network asks "How *does* he do it?" It is a little flabbergasting to hear Bob and his company present a ten minute playlet, complete with dialogue and sound effects, after a two minute consideration of some twenty word theme presented by someone in their studio audience.

It has taken years of hard work, which Bob for the most part has thoroughly enjoyed, and an early apprenticeship served at the justly famous Hedgerow Theater to make Bob so sensationally able.

He reached New York, after leaving Hedgerow, determined to make his stand on Broadway. He undoubtedly would have done this too, with less happy results perhaps, if Betsy hadn't come along. . . .

Although he was broke when a friend, directing a road company of "Three Wise Fools," offered him the lead he turned it down cold. "I'm bound to stay in New York and play on Broadway," he explained. However, as a favor, he agreed to read the part at rehearsal the next day. The producer was to be there and it was important there be a full company.

Bob paused outside of a church in the Forties. Rehearsal was to be held here, in the basement. Betsy came up behind him. "Could you tell me," she asked "if this is where they're rehearsing 'Three Wise Fools?'" They went in together, as if that were sufficient introduction for anyone.

When the rehearsal was over that day Bob said to the director "What does this job pay anyway? I might be interested. And don't ask me what made me change my mind!"

Five members of the company, including Betsy sitting in front beside Bob, travelled by car. Their luggage was strapped on the running-board and on the rear. To reach the next town they were to play they often started driving before dawn. They drove through spring rains and were trapped in the mud of thawing roads. In Iowa they were so badly bogged that Bob had to hire a team of horses to pull the car out and draw it up an incline.

"Would anyone prefer to get out and take the train?" he asked.

All of his passengers, except Betsy, decided the train would be best.

"I'm staying," she said. To prove it she settled herself more comfortably beside him.

All night they drove to make up the hours they had been trapped in the mud. "You'll have to drink coffee," Betsy told him. "Otherwise you'll never keep awake."

He never had liked coffee but he took her advice. He pulled up at the next diner, his eyes red from the strain of so much driving and his face grey.

"Know what I wish," he said, "I wish you'd marry me. . . ."

Betsy smiled and shook her head. "We don't know each other . . ."

"I know you," he protested. "You're the kind that sticks, that can take it—smiling! Anything else I might learn about you wouldn't be too important—comparatively!"

"Let's wait," Betty told him, "and see if you feel the same way tomorrow—when you have worked off your coffee jag . . ."

They reached the next theater on their schedule eight hours and fifty-five minutes late. But the audience had waited. And a local critic commented especially on the love scenes.

At Grinnel, Iowa, the whole town turned out to see Betsy. After the theater Doctor Evan Evans, who had brought her up, gave a big party.

"I'm going to marry Betsy," Bob told him.

"I'm not (*Continued on page* 58)

NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT
2. STANDARD MODESS

HERE'S MODESS with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Tried out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer Modess—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

49,701 women stated that they switched to Modess because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of Modess cost the same. But—to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be *sure* to ask for Modess!

TODAY... Ask for MODESS

STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT

*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

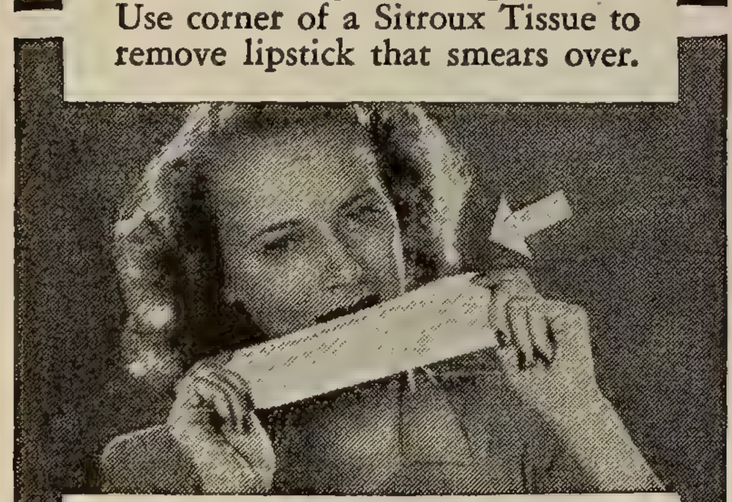
1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.

2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.

3. *Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.*

4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.

Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.



Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)

Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux*) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TRUE

(*Continued from page* 56)

worried about it at all," the doctor said. "For I don't think you are. There were a couple of other fellows who had the same idea."

Nothing discouraged Bob, however. By the time they reached McCook, Nebraska—because Betsy wasn't quite as definite when she said "No" and because her attitude when he took her in his arms seemed to indicate "Yes"—Bob was in such a glow that he made a wrong turn. During the two hours and more it took him to travel thirty miles in the wrong direction and find his way back again three hundred and twenty dollars' worth of audience waited. The management in New York, hearing of this, was not amused. "Get another actor to play Gordon Schuyler," they wired. "Be sure he can drive a car and also read a road map."

Bob was given his notice. He and Betsy had little time left together.

Autumn was late that year, 1927. The trees, touched by frost one October night, shone scarlet and gold in a warm Indian summer haze. Under the golden canopy of a maple, on a river bank, Bob and Betsy stretched out in the sun all one morning. He read to her from the book he had carried in his pocket, frequently interrupting the author to warn Betsy that unless she married him so he could go his way and get other work and send for her to join him, he would follow "The Three Wise Fools" company and embarrass her no end, since it wouldn't be long before he would be starving and threadbare. But she still said no.

Back at the hotel he threw himself down on his bed to devise ways and means. The time left them together was so short it frightened him. He could not and he would not, he told himself, leave without her promise.

His telephone rang. It was a local paper. Betsy, he discovered, had suggested they call and arrange to photograph him. "Stay in your office until I can get down to see you," he told the editor. "With your help I'll be able to give you a real story, I hope—front page stuff—with photographs. . . ."

Within the same half hour he was in the editor's office telling his story.

The editor was enthusiastic. "If you could get her to the State Capitol on the pretense of looking at our fine murals it would be simple enough to arrange for a license," he said.

Bob was off like a shot. At the hotel he hurried to find Betsy.

"I want you to come down to the State Capitol with me right away," he said. "The murals are magnificent. . . ."

It was easy enough for Betsy to see that Bob had more than the murals on his mind.

"Surely all this hurry and excitement has more than murals behind it," she said. "What else do you do at the State Capitol?"

"You get a wedding license," he said.

She refused to budge. "I've told you—a hundred times—that I'm not marrying you."

"You have no confidence in me, that's it," he said. "I've been fired. I'm broke. You're afraid, aren't you? Afraid to take a chance?"

"You can't say that to me," she insisted. She began brushing her hair and powdering her nose and rouging her lips and adjusting her hat. He was afraid, for the first few minutes, to believe she actually was going for a license with him.

They were married on the stage of the Apollo Theater that night, a Presbyterian minister officiating. It was Hallowe'en. Following the ceremony, flashlight bulbs popped and reporters and sob sisters besieged them for every detail of their romance. And later, when the curtain went up for the evening performance, the orchestra played the wedding march and the audience, informed of what had happened, applauded loud and long.

A few days later Bob went his own way, towards Chicago. "As soon as I land a job I'll send for you," he told Betsy, who continued south with "The Three Wise Fools." He did, too. And she played Pete, the child of Nature, in the road company of "Shepherd of the Hills" in which he starred, until it became evident she was not a child but a woman approaching maternity.

Doctor Evan Evans, back in Iowa, brought their first son, Bob Junior, fifteen now, into the world. Three years later Bradley arrived, when Bob was doing radio work in Chicago. And within another four years Evan, named after Betsy's guardian but never called anything but Skipper, joined them.

Some of their years have been rich. Some of their years have been lean. But there has never been a year, a month, a week, or a day in which Bob and Betsy haven't been glad that she finally said yes.

Can six dates lead to a lasting marriage?

TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"

If you like True Story Magazine . . . you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

EVERY MORNING
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BLUE NETWORK STATIONS

YOU MAY WIN LOVELIER SKIN THE ACTIVE-LATHER WAY!

Tests show these Beauty Facials really make skin softer, smoother!

MERLE OBERON

starring in Columbia Pictures' "A SONG TO REMEMBER"

In recent tests of Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time! Lovely Merle Oberon tells you, "My Lux Soap beauty facials really make skin lovelier—leave it feeling wonderfully smooth and soft—looking so fresh!"

You want the loveliness that wins romance. So take Hollywood's tip—give *your* skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care!

★ ★ FIGHT WASTE ★ ★

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Now try the kind that's easy to use!

FIBS Tampons have rounded ends to make insertion easy!

"I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that *any* tampon could be so *easy to use* . . . until I first tried Fibs Tampons!"

Instantly YOU will appreciate this difference between Fibs and ordinary tampons. For only Fibs of all leading brands have gently *rounded ends*—tapered to make insertion easy.

And only Fibs are "quilted" to give you greater comfort, greater safety.

So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Afraid—!

Continued from page 34

I was expecting you." I turned to Ted. "Some other night," I began, but Ted was marching off the porch, down the walk to his car. I stepped into the house and shut the door.

"I balled things up for you," Wade said after a keen glance at me. "Why didn't you go out with him if you wanted to?"

I shook my head. "You didn't do anything. It was Ted himself and the way he—took charge of things. He has to learn to get along with people—"

"I'd say he gets along pretty well," said Wade mildly. "Everybody at the field likes him. Of course, he's a bit hot tempered, but that's just youth and high spirits. He'll get over it—"

"Let's not talk about it," I said shortly. "Let's just have a good time."

BUT we didn't have a very good time that evening. We went to one of my favorite restaurants, and Wade danced more than he cared to dance, to please me, and he brought out the best stories he knew to keep me entertained. Still, I wasn't dancing with Wade at all, but with a tall young man with a quick smile and a bold, strong face; I didn't hear half of what Wade was saying. "It isn't any good, is it, Mary?" he said finally.

I looked up at him. "I'm sorry, Wade."

"Don't worry about me," he said cheerfully. "And don't worry about Ted, either. Are you afraid he's not going to speak to you again?"

"No," I answered, but I lied. I was terribly afraid that I'd lost Ted as quickly as I'd found him, terribly afraid that he'd taken offense and wouldn't come near me again. And I wanted to see him—in spite of knowing that I was right and that he'd been wrong and rude and childish. And, thinking ahead, dreaming of future meetings, I was glad that Mother and Dad hadn't been at home to see him stalk off the porch. I wanted so much for them to have a good impression of him . . .

My feelings must have shown, because Wade said comfortingly, "He'll be around tomorrow, and he'll do his best to make up with you. He flares up fast, but he cools off in a hurry, too."

Wade was right to the letter. Ted was waiting at my desk when I came in the next morning, hours before he had to be at the field. He was smiling, but the brightness in his eyes wasn't laughter—it was a kind of pleading. "Mary," he said, "I'm sorry. I guess I'll never learn."

And then, contrarily, I was defending him. "I don't see why you shouldn't," I said snappishly to cover up the racket my heart was making. "You're old enough to have a little common sense—"

He shook his head, and his smile widened. I couldn't fool him; he knew perfectly well he was forgiven. "Not without you, Cricket. I told you you'd have to stick around and chirp at me. Will you try it for a while, and see if I improve?"

What could I say? What could I do, but agree to try it for a while—knowing in my heart that it would be for always?

I could tell you about the weeks that followed. I remember every detail of them, every place Ted and I went, every conversation word for word—but they are the minute, personal memories that are important only to those who have lived the events. The most commonplace evening at a movie, the most casual exchange of information—about a new dress I'd bought, about Ted's daily run—were exciting and wonderful to us. Sometimes when we went out, Billy went with us, but not often, because Billy was in his last year of high school, and he was taken up with school affairs and with his real love—flying. Billy would never be an Army flier, as he wanted to be—an old injury to his knee prevented that—but he was determined to be the best civilian pilot there was. It was touching to see how proud Ted was of Billy, of his marks at school, of the blunt, sincere words of praise Wade McCrary gave him. "He's a natural, Ted," Wade would say. "He'll go on to the really fancy stuff, while you and I still plug along on the bread-and-butter line." And Ted's dark face would glow, and he would look happy—yes, happier in a way than when I was with him. I couldn't be hurt about it. Billy was not only a beloved brother to him, Billy was living the kind of life that had been beyond Ted's reach when he was Billy's age. There was no drudgery for Billy; when his serious work was done, he had the dates and the dancing and the girls that Ted had missed. And I, too, loved Billy—because he was a gentler replica of Ted, for his own charm and his good nature—even if he did sometimes call me, affectionately and embarrassingly, Sis.

In Billy's mind it was settled that I was going to marry his brother. It was settled in Ted's mind also. Every date ended with an argument over my putting him off, ended with my evading his arms.

OH, I was sure that I loved him. I'd been sure that I could love him from the first day he walked into the office; I'd begun to love him the moment we had stood together on the gravel path outside the airport lunchroom, and my love for him had grown until cutting Ted out of my life would have been like cutting off part of myself. He had changed a great deal since I first met him. He no longer felt that he had to pass every car on the road; he no longer took offense at imagined slights; he no longer felt that he had to repay in kind the smallest injury. Still, I wasn't convinced that the change was final. The years that had gone into making him the fighting, tempestuous man he was when I'd first met him had been long; the weeks we had been together were short; and I was afraid sometimes that he was—well, on good behavior. I couldn't dismiss his temper lightly as Wade had dismissed it by crediting it to youth and high spirits. I sensed that it was something more than that, something deeper, something that stemmed from a defensive, intensely personal view of life that had once been necessary to him for his survival. I had seen him react violently in small things; how would he face the big disappointments that life brings to everyone?

It was Billy who finally decided me. He came to the house one evening when Ted was on a night flight. His face was very sober; he sat uncomfortably on the edge of the couch, an-

swering with difficulty the questions Mother and Dad put to him. Yes, he was going to the graduation dance, he told Mother, and yes, the school year had gone well . . . "Too well," he added, almost inaudibly. Then he said in a strained voice, "Mary, I wanted to ask you something—"

Mother picked up her book and looked at Dad, and they went out through the dining room to that old-fashioned blessing, the old-fashioned back parlor.

"What is it, Billy?" I asked.

"This." He handed me a folded sheet of paper.

It was beautifully engraved; it looked like an invitation, and it was couched in such dignified and scholarly language that I read it twice before I got the sense of it. It was an invitation—a scholarship to one of the most famous scientific schools in the East.

"Why, Billy, that's wonderful!" I cried. "I didn't dream you were working for anything like this!"

"I didn't dream I'd get it," he said soberly, but with a tinge of awe, as if his own accomplishment overwhelmed him. "I didn't even tell Ted I'd entered competition—because what that school has to offer seemed beyond me. It isn't just aeronautics—I'll get everything, including all of the new stuff, like electronics."

HE wasn't smiling. I asked incredulously, "Aren't you pleased about it?"

"I'm proud of it," he said briefly. "But how is Ted going to feel?"

I just stared at him, thinking of all that Ted had hoped for his brother; he'd never imagined anything as good as this. "He'll be so proud—"

"Sure he'll be proud," said Billy. "But how's he going to feel otherwise? I mean, this is intensive stuff, and I've got to crack down to keep the scholarship. There won't be any long vacations for me. I don't know whether to tell him about it or not."

"Not tell him! You mean that you may not accept it? That's foolish—"

"It isn't," said Billy painfully. "You know he's counted on my working along with him when I got through school. We had it planned that I'd take some business courses at the University—but I'd be a pilot for a few years anyway, like him. He didn't expect anything else, and I didn't want anything else, until this came along."

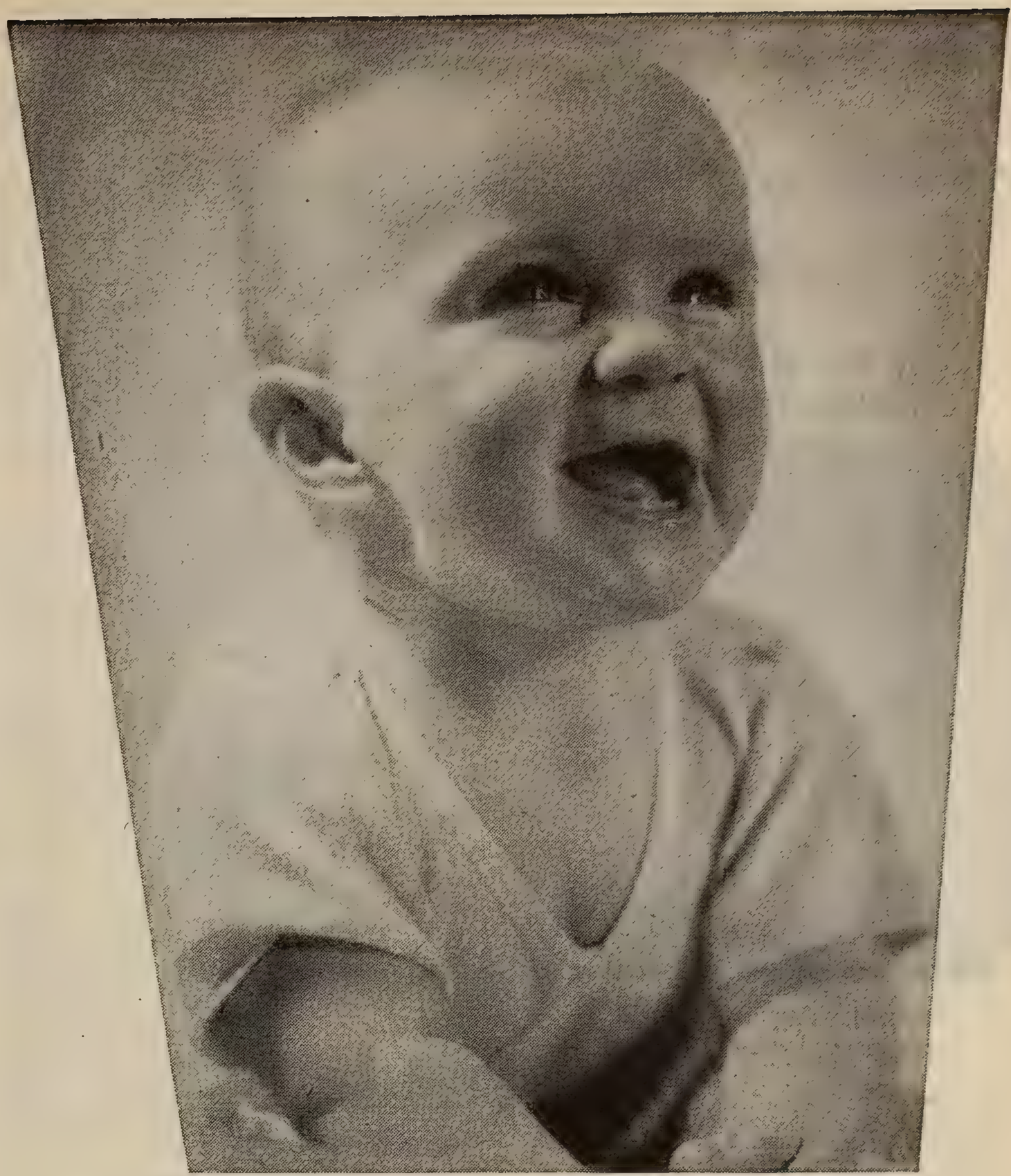
I began to see what he was trying to tell me. Billy would be separated from Ted not only for the school years, but for the years after, as well. His future was being taken out of Ted's hands, was being moulded into something very different from Ted's. Billy's life would be in laboratories and offices, and Ted's would be very much as it was now, where he was happy. I thought of Ted, flying at this moment somewhere high above us, and I felt closer to him than even Billy could be, sure of him suddenly, as I'd never been sure before.

"Of course you'll tell him," I said quietly. "Ted will be glad, Billy—glad clear through. Even if you were on the other side of the world from him, he'd still have an interest in everything you did, every achievement of yours would be an achievement of his. You'll be letting him down if you don't take it, as much as you'll be letting yourself down."

"Do you really believe that, Mary?"

"I believe it with all my heart."

He leaned forward and kissed me quickly, shyly. "Thanks," he said

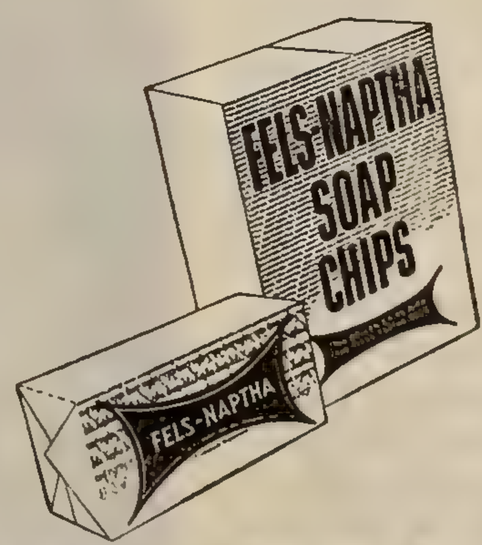


"Wot a Soap!"

"Wot mildness . . . wot speed . . . it's soap-erlative!"

Young man, you took the words right out of our mouth —except that you didn't say, "It's Fels-Naptha!"

But that almost goes *without* saying, if letters from Fels-Naptha users are proof. These women tell us that golden Fels-Naptha is the best laundry soap they ever used. That it gives them whiter washes. With less hard work. In less time. That it saves wear and tear on fine fabrics.



N.B.—Since so many experienced housekeepers agree about Fels-Naptha Soap, why don't you try it yourself?

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

This higher type of *Intimate Feminine Hygiene*

Widely Used In U. S. Among Intelligent Women

Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication

Zonitors are very popular among highly intelligent and exacting women who for a long time have wanted a higher standard of antiseptic feminine cleanliness — easier, daintier, more convenient — *powerfully germicidal* yet *harmless.*

Thanks to Zonitors—these women no longer use weak, homemade mixtures or overstrong harmful poisons!

So Powerful Yet So Harmless
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huskily. "I—I won't tell him just yet. I'll leave it for a surprise when I graduate."

I was with Ted on the night of Billy's graduation, and I saw my judgment vindicated. Ted sat proudly through the ceremony, his face glowing as if it were his own graduation. When the announcements of the scholarship came and Billy walked forward to receive his certificate, Ted straightened in his seat, and the look on his face—well, it was indescribable, but never have I seen in anyone such unalloyed joy and happiness and pride. Billy's eyes flashed in the footlights as he looked toward us, and Ted tried to raise his hand in recognition, but the gesture was incomplete. He was just too happy to move.

THE ceremony went on. I don't think Ted heard a word of the rest of it, saw anything that happened on the stage. I felt him stir after a few minutes, felt his hand close over mine. "Let's get out of here," he whispered. "I can't sit still."

We picked our way out of the auditorium, out into the deserted halls. Ted looked down at me. "You knew about it," he said—not resentfully, but as if he were glad that I'd known.

"Yes," I said. "He asked me if he should accept it. He didn't want to leave you—"

"If he should accept—" He looked at me blankly, and then his laughter rang so loudly that a startled usher poked his head around the auditorium door. "What does he think I am?" Ted exploded. "An old hen who has to keep her chickens around her? Why, if they offered him a trip to the moon, I'd tell him to go ahead." After a moment he added, almost reverently, "And it is kind of a trip to the moon, at that."

I was proud of Billy that night, but I was prouder of his brother.

Billy took the car to go on to the graduation dance, and Ted and I walked home through streets dappled with moonlight. Ted was silent, and his face wore a sober, exalted look that made its strong, high planes beautiful. At my porch steps we stopped—where, every night when he brought me home we had the usual argument about whether or not I would marry him. Tonight there would be no argument. I knew it, and from the way I turned to him, Ted knew it, too.

"Mary," he said unsteadily, "don't tell me now. It would be too much, on top of the other—"

I nodded mutely up at him. I didn't have to tell him. Ted's arms reached out for me; Ted's mouth came closer, and everything was fired suddenly into a blinding radiance. The depths I had sensed in him, the fierceness—I gloried in them now, in his arms that were hurting and tender, in the passionate searching of his mouth.

Ted didn't ask why I'd made up my mind so suddenly. I was glad that he didn't, because I wouldn't have known exactly what to tell him. I was confused about my own reasons. Perhaps I was tired of holding out against my love for him; perhaps, after seeing him accept his brother's good fortune with no thought of his own personal loss and disappointment, all of my doubts seemed petty and fault-finding.

HAPPINESS? Do you know what happiness means to me—the kind of happiness that is fresh and new and unscarred, untoughened by life? It is the splash of morning sunlight on a linoleum floor, the smell of bacon mingling with a spring breeze, and nasturtiums nodding in the window box. Ted and I bought a house near the airport, and Billy moved in with us to stay until fall, when he would leave for school. In spite of Ted's objections, I kept my job—it was silly not to, so long as he was on a daytime schedule and we could ride home together in the afternoons. Billy was at the field day and night, putting in as many hours of flying time as possible before he settled down to books in the fall. There were many happinesses in the house overlooking the green fields and the airport. There was Billy's teasing, "Okay, Mom," when I called him, Ted's pointing out that we were certainly lucky to be starting married life with one boy full-grown, and years ahead of us in which to raise a second family. There was passion in the soft summer nights, and times when I lay awake, listening to Ted's breathing, watching the curtains move whitely in the moonlight, hearing the sound of a plane overhead, and I would want to cry suddenly, because life was so rich and so beautiful and so full.

July passed, and August, and the tempo of our lives quickened. Billy was going East at the end of September, and Ted and I were going with him, to see him settled. It was to be our honeymoon. I couldn't imagine a happier honeymoon than we had had right there at home, but it was fun to plan for the trip.

We stayed up late to talk about those plans one evening when Billy was on a training flight. We were trying to de-

Trouble brews again at Glamour Manor, but proprietor Cliff Arquette remains unperturbed. The Blue network show is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at noon, EWT.

cide whether to spend two weeks in New York after we left Billy or whether to go on to New Hampshire to see a real New England autumn.

I never found out what it was we were going to do. The telephone rang, and Ted went out to the hall to answer.

I sat absorbed in the travel folders. There was the New York skyline, New York at night. . . . I became aware, presently, that I couldn't hear Ted's voice in the hall, that the house was silent, ominously silent. I looked up, saw Ted standing in the living room doorway, his face a gray stone mask. He looked like a dead man, and his voice was a dead man's voice.

"Bill crashed," he said. "The gas tank exploded and McCrary bailed out and let him crash." Then, as if the words had stung him to action, he turned and vanished into the hall. I heard him running, outside.

I DIDN'T think. My mind was paralyzed, but my body acted instinctively. I tore out of the house, down the walk, flung myself into the car just as Ted put it in gear.

He drove like a man possessed, disregarding other cars, racing through stop lights, flinging the car around turns, across intersections. If I could have thought, I would have prayed for another car to strike us—for anything that would stop our mad race to a greater destruction. But I couldn't think, couldn't feel. Inside me there was only a torn feeling that said that Billy was dead, and terror obliterated it. Terror of my husband and of what he was going to do.

We turned into a street marked "Quiet—Hospital Zone," and the car jerked to a stop. Ted flung himself out, and I ran after him down a walk, up a flight of steps, calling "Ted! Stop —stop—" hardly knowing that I called.

He did stop, briefly, to ask a question of the startled nurse in the main hall of the hospital; then he brushed past her down the corridor.

Wade McCrary was sitting up in bed, bandages on his arms. He lifted anguished, steady eyes to Ted. "There was nothing I could do, Ted. Nothing—" And his voice closed off as Ted's hands went round his throat.

I threw myself at Ted, beating his arms, battering him with my shoulders as one batters a locked door, crying out, trying to pierce his madness.

Something reached him. Somehow, something made him stop. McCrary fell back, gasping, on the pillow, and Ted stepped away from him, stood with his arms dangling, stood with the look of a man who has wakened from a nightmare to a more terrible reality. I drew a deep, gulping breath. Wade was unhurt, after all, and Ted was safe, safe— Then I heard a voice, rasping, hardly human, unrecognizable as Ted's voice, and I knew that we would never in the world be safe again.

"I can't kill you now, McCrary," the voice said. "I should—because you're helpless now as Bill was helpless. But I'll wait until you're on your feet, and then I'll come after you, and you'll die as he died—trapped—trapped . . . Oh, my God, *my brother!*"

There it is again—the terrible, ungovernable anger that sweeps over Ted, that threatens his marriage to Mary. Can he, with Mary's help, learn to conquer it, or is their marriage doomed to failure? Read the conclusion of this exciting story in March RADIO MIRROR, *on sale February 14.*

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Continued from page 50

Pork Chop Casserole

2 small onions, sliced thin
4 potatoes, sliced thin
4 carrots, diced
4 pork chops
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
Pinch sage
½ cup milk

Place layer of sliced onions in buttered casserole, cover with potato layer, then with layer of carrots. Trim fat from chops and arrange on top. Add seasonings to milk and pour over. Bake, covered, in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour, adding a little more milk if dish gets too dry, when potatoes should be tender and chops cooked through. Remove cover and continue cooking until brown, or brown under broiler flame.

Chicken Casserole

1 4-lb. stewing chicken, disjointed
4 tsps. salt
½ tsp. pepper
4 tbls. drippings
1 small clove garlic
2 cups liquid
4 cups mixed vegetables

Rub chicken with salt and pepper. Sautee garlic in melted drippings, remove garlic and brown chicken slowly in flavored drippings. Turn into casserole, pour in liquid (boiling water, stock or consomme) and cook, covered, in 350 degree oven until chicken is tender—2 to 3 hours depending on the age of the fowl. Add vegetables—any desired combination of potato balls, small whole onions, diced carrots or chopped celery—and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. There should be enough gravy to coat vegetables well, thickened, if desired, with a tablespoon of flour. For additional flavor, substitute tomato paste or tomato soup for part of the liquid and add minced green pepper and ½ tsp. paprika.

Shrimp and Beef Casserole

3 cups cooked rice
2 small onions, sliced thin
2 green peppers, cut in lengthwise strips
2 tbls. drippings
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. curry powder (optional)
1 cup cooked beef, cubed
1 cup cooked shrimps
2 cups cooked or canned peas, drained

The rice should be cooked so that the grains are separate, not a sticky consistency. Sautee onions in drippings. Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered casserole. Bake in 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. A little of the liquor from canned peas may be added to prevent dryness, but there should be no excess liquid when the dish is ready for serving. Half a cup of mushrooms may be added if desired and a few slices of spicy sausage will provide additional flavor.

Good salad accompaniment for any of these dishes is tossed greens, Chinese cabbage or the watercress and orange salad illustrated; all can be served with French dressing. Since casserole combinations are usually quite filling, they are best preceded by cold fruit or vegetable juices, and finished with plain cake or cookies.

Moon of Fulfillment

Continued from page 23

see him for weeks after the party, and my small hope died—the hope that he might at least turn to me for help as Ellen drifted from him into Dick Cooper's arms. He had decided to try to forget her in other ways, ways I could only imagine until one night Dad told me about it. Dad's voice was grim—he liked Ted a lot, and I could tell he was worried about him. "I don't know what's got into that boy—Jim Lee told me he didn't show up for work at all last Friday."

"Maybe he was sick," I said, immediately on the defensive.

"Sick nothing," Dad said sharply. "You can't tear around all night and be any good at work the next day."

"I wonder what's the matter with him," I said, more to make conversation than anything else. Because I knew what was the matter with him. I knew that he was trying to escape from the ache of a love that he could not push out of his life, and that his new wildness was simply a release from emotion too terrible to bear. And I was afraid for Ted—afraid that in his desperation, he would cut himself off forever from the friends in Watertown who had always meant so much to him. I was afraid, too, that he might marry one of the noisy, reckless girls in the new crowd he was going with.

I WANTED to call Ted—to talk to him on the telephone—to hear his voice and encourage him with my warmth and friendliness, even if he did not want my love. But I was afraid to—frightened that my connection with that past he was trying to forget would make him resent me, too.

Once I thought of telling Ellen that this was her responsibility—that you can't let a man like Ted fall in love with you and then let him struggle forever to drown your memory. But Ellen was busy with her own dreams—dreams of her future with Dick.

It was two months after the bobsled party that Ellen announced her engagement—and on that same day I saw Ted. Ellen and I were just leaving Aunt Bertha's house, where we'd had the party, when we met Ted.... met him almost face to face. I mean, Ted and Ellen met face to face. He didn't see me at first at all.

Ellen was flushed and smiling and a little breathless. "Hello, Ted," she said, genuinely glad to see him, "come to see us sometime. We miss you."

Ted's eyes were as bitter as his laugh. "I'll just bet you do," he said. "I can imagine that you miss me a lot."

And then, looking at him, seeing the new, remote expression in eyes that used to be so honest and eager and gay, I had to say something. In a little voice, I said, "*I* do, Ted—I miss you."

And then he noticed me and his face wasn't bitter any more—just thoughtful and kind, with a big-brother kindness.

"Why, thank you, Betty," he said with a kind of tenderness.

"Come tonight," I insisted. "We're all going to be there—the whole family."

Ellen's pretty lips parted and she started to speak—but something stopped her. I was relieved, because I thought that she might tell him thoughtlessly that there was to be no one at home that night but me.

I don't wonder at her being amazed at the lie I told Ted. I wasn't surprised when she mentioned it to me that night

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before she went away with Dad and Mother and Dick. She looked at me oddly, with a new kind of awareness.

"Betty, you're in love with Ted, aren't you?"

I nodded silently, tears matting my lashes.

Betty put her hands on my shoulders and I knew that for the first time she was seeing me as a person—not just an adoring little sister. For the first time, she was seeing me as a woman, with a heart like hers.

"I've been so selfish—so blindly selfish, Betty," she said. "You and Ted are right for each other. I wonder why I didn't see it before."

She kissed me before she left, and I knew that our relationship had changed—Ellen's and mine. For a long time she had thought of herself as the more mature one of us. But she hadn't been—I'd been the one who'd known what love was. Only now, now that she was in love, too, Ellen recognized the same emotion in me, and treated me as a grown-up equal.

I HEARD Ted's steps on the porch and had the door open before he had stamped the snow from his feet that night.

He was a trifle embarrassed and watched me questioningly as we walked together through the narrow front hall into the small parlor where he had waited so often for Ellen. And then, because Ellen and Dad and Mother obviously weren't at home and Ted was puzzled by their absence, I tried to explain the lie I had told that afternoon.

"Ted," I began, halting between words in my embarrassment. "The folks aren't here—neither is Ellen—they all went to Coopers' for dinner."

He sat forward on his chair, and I thought he was going to leave, but he didn't. He just let me go on talking as he watched me curiously.

"Ted, I'm worried about you—all of us are—"

And then he interrupted me. "So you planned this little meeting so that you could reform me?" He laughed, a brittle, tight laugh I'd never heard before.

I was frightened, then, that anything I might say would anger him. But I had to go on. My love for him was so strong that I could not sit by as he destroyed himself. I had to try to make him detour from this new path he was following which could only lead to unhappiness for all the rest of his life.

"Mr. Lee told Dad you weren't paying any attention to your job," I blurted. "What are you doing this for—why are you acting this way?"

"Betty," he said softly. "I'm burying a dream."

"You aren't the only one watching a dream die," I told him sadly.

He looked at me, suddenly, in much the same way Ellen had looked at me earlier in the evening. I could sense the change in his attitude toward me. He, too, was thinking of me as a woman—not just as Ellen's sister.

"Betty," he said. "You mustn't be silly—you mustn't get hurt, too. Don't tangle yourself up in this mess."

"But I am tangled up in it," I said. "I'm not interfering out of affection for my sister, or desire to straighten out an old friend—I'm doing it because I can't stop myself. Oh, Ted, don't you see—I'm doing it because when you're hurt and bitter and unhappy I am too, because everything you do and everything that happens to you is part of my life too." I couldn't look into his eyes but I sensed his shock, his bewilderment—perhaps his dismay—from the way his hands clenched on the arms of his chair. I stammered on. "I love you, Ted. You've been my dream, as Ellen has been yours. You can't help it, I know, and I don't want you to worry about it at all, but I don't want you to spoil it either. I don't want to be disappointed in you!"

His voice was oddly muffled when he finally spoke. "Disappointed, Betty?"

"You're being selfish, and childish, and foolish," I said steadily. I had thought about it so hard that I knew exactly what I wanted to say, and I could only pray the words would reach him. "You think you're the only person in the world who ever got hurt. You want everything to go your way, to be as you think it should be . . . when it happens differently you just try to throw it all away, like a child throwing away a toy that doesn't please him."

He threw back his head then and looked at me. "My love for Ellen wasn't a toy."

"You're not thinking of Ellen any more," I said swiftly. "You're thinking of yourself, and how abused you are, and how nobody cares what happens to you anyway. And it isn't true." It was my turn to speak in a half-whisper. "Oh, Ted, it isn't true—people do care. I care—so much—"

I stopped, afraid of the way he was staring at me. He stood up slowly and walked out into the hall. As I watched him put on his hat and coat, I felt suddenly that he would always dislike me for being the one to make him look at himself honestly—to force him to admit to himself how foolish he had been. I knew that my job was done—that he would once again be the old Ted, facing life and trouble eagerly, unafraid as he had been before. But I was sure, too, that his resentment against me would keep him forever from me. I had lost him completely

I WAS in the kitchen bathing my eyes when I heard someone open the door. I thought it was Dad, but I didn't call to him. I just dried my hot face and moved slowly into the front part of the house. The hall was dark except for the faint light of the lamp shining from the parlor, and I didn't recognize Ted until I brushed against his rough overcoat, wet with snow. But then I knew it was Ted, because his arms were around me—he was holding me, loving me, whispering into my hair.

"Betty, it's been you for a long time," he whispered over and over again. "I found that out tonight. Ellen was my dream—but I told you the important things—my job, my trips, my problems. Why, you're the most important thing that ever happened to me."

I clung to him as I returned his kiss—our second kiss, so different from that first, hard, thoughtless kiss the night of the sleighride. This was a gentle kiss, a kiss filled with love and tenderness—the kind of a kiss a man gives to the girl he wants to marry. But the kind of a kiss a man gives to a woman, too—not to someone's little sister.

As I dressed for the dance tonight—as I looked at my radiant face in the mirror—I decided that maybe dreams do come out right, after all. Perhaps, this is the answer to that dream I dreamed—this is my perfect party with Ted and the first one can be forgotten forever. I know I can make that true, because I have forgotten dreams now. We don't need dreams, Ted and I, because we have a reality to build upon—a wonderful, warm, alive reality more important than anything either of us ever has known before.

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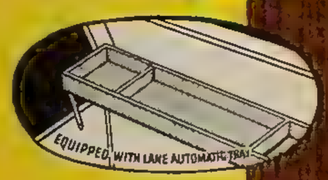

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COVER GIRL

By Eleanor Harris

PENNY SINGLETON, the girl who refused to be typed in "bad girl" parts a few years ago, has been so thoroughly typed in the good girl part of "Blondie" for the past six years that nobody can tell them apart. Penny has practically become Blondie—with three Blondie radio shows a week; three Blondie pictures a year; two children born almost the minute that "Alexander" and "Cookie" were born in the comic strip . . . and finally, with Chic Young, the author of the comic strip, moving in across the street.

What's more, she looks almost exactly like the Blondie of the funnies—she's the possessor of curly blonde hair, very blue eyes, and such a tiny waist that you could put your two hands around it. And she rushes around her tiny, compact house in the Tolucca Lake district in San Fernando Valley exactly the way Blondie rushes around hers in the newspapers—even wearing (on hot days) shorts with a billowing apron, at her chores! Only Mr. Blondie, in real life, is out of step. For Penny's husband, Major Robert Sparks of the U. S. Marines, is quiet, intellectual, and well-organized. In civilian life, he was a motion picture producer; he produced the Blondie pictures!

Penny's days, between broadcasts and pictures, are the direct opposite of most actresses' days, and the absolute carbon-copy of most young American wives'. At 6:30 she's up for the day, dressed in a pinafore or tennis shorts—and she's eating her first breakfast of orange juice, coffee-cake, and coffee. The next three hours are dizzying ones in which she wakes her two daughters, Dorothy Grace, called Deegee (aged 9) and Robin Susan (aged a year and a half), and feeds them, and gets a lot of housework done. By 9:30 she's ready for her whopping second breakfast—2 eggs, bacon, fried potatoes with onions, stewed fruit, and milk. Then comes marketing and more housework; and at noon she sits down to lunch with her two children, eating just what they eat: a baked potato, a chop, a vegetable, and junket. Dinner is light, unless her husband is home on leave, and before she goes to bed she eats a handful of candies. (What we want to know is, *how* does she keep that figure?)

Naturally, with this housebound day, Penny's friends are the ones within yoohooing distance. May Vargo, who lives down the block and whose husband is in the real estate business, and Evelyn Deibel, who also lives on the block and whose husband runs a filling station; the Chic Youngs and Mrs. Richard Arlen, both of whom live across the street. Only when Major Sparks is in town does Penny get together with

Penny Singleton—that's daughter Dorothy Grace with her on the cover—lives a life just like that of the Blondie she plays on the radio.

Jeanette MacDonald and Captain Gene Raymond, Loretta Young and her husband, Lt.-Colonel Tom Lewis. But Penny frankly likes domestic life, and when asked about it she says in surprise, "But domestic life is life. That's reality."

She means it, too. Perhaps one reason for it is her very different earlier background—she was a musical comedy dancer named Dorothy McNulty during her teens; and she came to Hollywood, after playing the sultry Tondelayo in "White Cargo" on the stage, to play a wicked fascinator in *After the Thin Man.* (We might add that she flew West from New York City on one hour's notice, wearing the same tweed suit she'd been dressed in when she ran into a fast-talking Hollywood talent scout—with no baggage of any kind! She was met at the airport, rushed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, still in the tweeds, and given a screen test at once. She got the part, and eventually got her baggage sent West, California for a home, Robert Sparks for a husband, two children!)

But now, in the house her husband calls "Penny's Folly" she is completely happy. In her closet she has only two formal evening gowns—the rest of her clothes are what she really uses, a collection smart enough to gain for her one of the coveted "Best-dressed Women of 1943" titles—suits and simple dresses, for her trips to Hollywood. Every night she gets wearily into bed at eight o'clock and reads. Her pet comic strip is Blondie, and then she looks for Dick Tracy. You can always discuss the latest book with her because she's always just read it.

The future? Well, Penny thinks, rather mournfully, that her daughters may wind up acting. In the end, she herself would like to go back on the stage—right here in California. But meanwhile, she's living happily on the $25 a week her business manager allows her; and the minute she drives away from her radio programs or studio sets, she drives right out of the make-believe world and into a normal life. Into the life led by Blondie—both in the comic strip and all over America!

Titled English Beauty

in Dreamflower "Natural"

The growing vogue for rose-tinted powders finds a lovely sponsor in Lady Stanley of Alderley.

She chooses the soft, soft rose of Dreamflower "Natural" to give her fragile blonde complexion the clear, fresh translucent look so perfect for her coloring. "It's the softest, most flattering 'natural' I've found—exquisite shell-pink, with just a touch of cream," she says. "And Dreamflower *texture* is so fine and clinging!"

If your skin is blonde, try Lady Stanley's delicate, rose-tinted favorite—Pond's Dreamflower "Natural." You'll love the soft appeal it gives to your complexion!

New Pond's "LIPS" shade!

Now—*six* breath-taking shades. Try bright new *BEAU BAIT*—rich, round crimson-red!

49¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

NATURAL—soft shell-pink
RACHEL—creamy ivory
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
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DARK RACHEL—rich, golden
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The Miracle Melodies
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SIX NEW *SONGS!*
"More and More", "Californ-i-ay".
"Any Moment Now" and others!

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Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN • Story by John Klorer and Leo Townsend • Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warshawsky • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Paying Our Way

Continued from page 45

the employers to give credit from exemptions directly when figuring out how much Income Tax to withhold from each worker's salary.

The new Individual Income Tax Act of 1944 has made some changes in the rules for counting exemptions and it is very important for every worker to file this certificate with his employer. If he doesn't file one, *the employer will withhold his taxes as though he had no exemptions.*

THE new rules are fairly simple. If you are single, you are entitled to one exemption for yourself and one for each of the dependents you support. If you are married, one exemption is allowed for yourself, one for your wife or husband and one for each dependent. For instance, a single man with two dependents is allowed three exemptions. A married couple with no dependents is entitled to two exemptions, a married couple with three dependents is entitled to five exemptions. In cases where both husband and wife work, either may claim both exemptions, or they may claim separately. One must not claim an exemption that is claimed by the other.

You can claim as a dependent any *relative* who meets *all four* of the following rules:

1. Is *closely* related to you.
2. Receives more than one half of his or her annual support from you.
3. Is expected to have less than $500 income of his or her own during the year.
4. Is a citizen of the United States or a resident of the United States, Canada or Mexico.

Under this new law the meaning of "closely related" is very carefully defined. In order to qualify as your dependent a person must be—your son, daughter, grandchild, great grandchild, stepson, stepdaughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, your father, mother, grandparent, great-grandparent, stepfather, stepmother, father-in-law, or mother-in-law, your brother, sister, stepbrother, stepsister, half-brother, half-sister, brother-in-law or sister-in-law, your uncle, aunt, nephew or niece—but not if related only by marriage. In other words, your aunt's husband cannot qualify as closely related to you, although you can claim your aunt if she meets the other three requirements. A legally adopted child is considered exactly the same as a child by blood.

Should your family status change during the year, you will have to file a new certificate and bring your employer up to date. This means in cases of marriage, divorce, the birth of a new baby, the loss of a dependent through death or the dependent's increased earning power, the number of your exemptions changes and your employer has to be notified so he can tell whether to withhold more, or less, of your Income Tax.

The new law changes other things besides the rules regarding dependents. It helps to bring the Withholding Tax much closer to the actual entire Income Tax you will have to pay for the year. More precise wage-bracket tables have been worked out. For example, in the case of a single person with no dependents, the tax withheld on a weekly wage of $30 was formerly the same as that withheld on a wage of $39. Now, under the new tables, the tax withheld on weekly wages up to $60 changes with each dollar of the wages.

People earning more than $5,000 a year must file their returns on Form 1040. This form, too, has been simplified drastically and the Tax Table, for those who don't want to figure out the percentages, is again more precise. With Form 1040 comes an instruction sheet, explaining in detail how to make out the return and printed in such a way that you can place each set of instructions alongside the corresponding items on the form for easy reference. The instructions are clear and not at all legalistic in their wording.

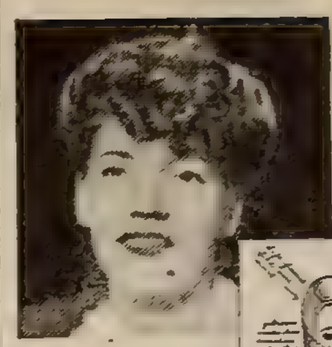
There is no question that the matter of filling out and filing Income Tax Returns has been made as simple as possible. What doesn't seem to be so simple to some people is *why* they should pay their Income Tax.

I WONDER how these same people would feel, if in their own homes they had a son, or daughter—let's say—who took advantage of the protection provided by the work and care of the rest of the family and refused to contribute some share of his or her salary to the household? Actually, this is what you are doing when you pay your Income Tax: contributing your just share to the maintenance of the bigger house—upon the safety, the efficiency and the progress of which, the very existence of your smaller, more intimate, personal home depends.

And this is a big house—this America!

WELCOME HOME!

The OPA is busy making provisions to meet the special needs of war veterans returning to a civilian life which includes rationing, rent controls and price ceilings. Already adopted are plans governing extra gas for the veteran's job hunting; information for him on how to open a filling station, lunch wagon, or any business dealing in rationed goods; what ceiling price to pay when he buys back the car, truck or taxicab he sold when he went into service, or how to get tires for it. As the boys come back in greater numbers, the OPA will have larger sources of information ready for them to tap in the effort to bridge the gap between the war front and the home front.



"Before, I was SELF-CONSCIOUS, on the 'plump' side. My hair-do was wrong. My 'Photo-Revise' (center) showed me how I *should* look," says Mona Desmond, Santa Monica, Cal.

"NOW I'm SELF-CONFIDENT, proud of my sleek figure, my new, smooth hair-styling. The Powers Home Course really does deliver all it promises."

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A "MODEL" FIGURE

Worried about your beauty and figure problems? Let the Powers Home Course teach you the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection and loveliness to thousands of "average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls", the world's most envied women!

Easy, daily "lessons" for 7 weeks, in figure control, make-up, grooming. The cost? Amazingly little!

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"—only Meds internal protection has the 'safety-well'!"

A woman doctor perfected the Meds insorber—approved the *size* and *shape,* the use of soft *real* COTTON for *comfort,* and the addition of the SAFETY-WELL for *extra* protection. Let "next time" be a "Meds time" and see how much more *comfortable* you *can* be!

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Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

Steadfast Heart

Continued from page 41

had a good time, baby. You must get out more."

Her gentleness defeated me. I turned away and ran upstairs, my throat choking with a hurting, terrible pain. Pity for them, yes—but a burning resentment against their indifference. Their tragedy—weren't hundreds, thousands of others facing the same thing today? Why was it so important to show the world a brave face, if it meant there was nothing left—no real emotion for those nearest and dearest?

"Have a good time, baby." Just so long as I didn't bother them with my troubles—or distract them from their memories! I would have welcomed a scolding—anything but knowing that I didn't matter to them any longer. Heart-sick, baffled, I sobbed—my fingers fumbling with hooks and eyes as I undressed.

Well, I was old enough to stand on my own two feet. I remembered Jules' credo, his "when it comes, you have to take it on the chin." Right now I needed, more than anything, that salty, tough sureness of his, that companionship that asked no favors, his strength that buoyed me up. I'd see Jules tomorrow—and I'd go out with him.

But it was not of Jules that I dreamt that night, when sleep finally came to dry my tears. I dreamt—

IT WAS truly spring, with that rapturous symphony of white lamb-like clouds and blue sky and soft, tender green grass underfoot. And through the mists of my dream a figure walked toward me and took my hand. It was Jimmy Whitney and he was saying something to me. What the words were I didn't know, but suddenly my heart was at peace and the whole world seemed clean and fresh and smiling.

Mother and Dad were there, too, in my dream—but like they used to be. And that was because of Jimmy, too.

Then we were alone again, Jimmy and I, walking—running—through fields of purple crocus. We fell, tumbling, laughing, into the blossoms and I wasn't surprised at his arms around me. His face was close to mine and I could feel the crispness of his hair beneath my fingers—

When I awoke I felt a healing tranquillity steal through me. Everything would be all right! Jimmy would come—and the strength I had sensed in his letters would help Mother and Dad to live again.

But when I went downstairs, nothing had changed. The atmosphere was blanketed with that morgue-like stillness, movement was hushed with that hopelessness I had grown to dread. Nothing was changed—except in a dream! I was a stranger there, unwanted—and I escaped as quickly as I could.

And when Jules sauntered into the drug store late that afternoon I told him quickly, before I had a chance to change my mind, that I would like to accept his invitation. If it was still open.

There was no "party" that night. Instead, Jules and I walked through the quiet streets and out into the open country road. He knew a little tavern out there, with a juke box, that was usually empty on weekdays, and we headed for that.

Except for a couple sitting at the bar,

the tavern seemed deserted. The booth we slid into had a dim, shaded, soft lamp-light, and the juke box played a dreamy waltz for our nickel. Jules had beer and ordered a soft drink for me. We talked, mostly about high school days when he and Bill had played football together and I had been a jumping-up-and-down screeching freshman on the side-lines.

This was a different Jules from the one last night. He seemed younger, somehow, without the watchful hardness that had rarely left his eyes at the party. I remarked about it.

His hand came down lightly and covered mine. "Perhaps it's the company. There's something very sweet and very—gallant—about you, Lee. I don't like people who wring their hands in public, and I don't like people who whine for help. I get too much of that in my business. Or maybe it's because, even though I know you're at least eighteen, you still say 'Oh, jeepers!' just like a kid. Or maybe it's because you're a good little girl with a cute little curl down your forehead."

"What is your business, Jules?" I asked, timidly.

His eyebrows went up in that familiar derisive gesture. "I'm a gambler, honey. I live by my brains and luck—and other people's lack of them."

It didn't shock me very much. I had half suspected it. And the role suited Jules—with his restless, careless, volatile nature. But surely not all gamblers were as nice as he—or perhaps there were unpleasant things about him that he took pains to hide from me.

IF THERE were, I saw little sign of them in the week that followed. I couldn't approve of the casual, unthinking way he tossed his money around, and I tried to shut my eyes to the knowledge of where that money came from. I didn't like his friends, except for a very few.

But it was only when I was with Jules that I felt secure and wanted. Jimmy still hadn't answered my last letter and with his silence had gone my last comforting prop. It hurt terribly—in a new way, that left my heart bruised and sore. It was only when I was with Jules that I could forget about Jimmy for a little while—and call myself a fool for falling in love with a man I'd never seen. It was only with Jules that I could escape the horrible depressions and the empty lost feeling and the neurotic moods that descended upon me at home. Being with him was like looking into the face of a challenge—and throwing that challenge back into his laughter. *See, Jules, I'm not a child. I don't shrink from adventure. I'm not a cry-baby.*

But I knew, instinctively, that I would never have dared to see so much of him if his attitude toward me had not subtly altered since that first night. Where it had been a defiant "Come with me at your own risk" invitation he had tossed me that day in the drug store, now I was aware of his growing protectiveness . . . and tenderness. I knew, because we sometimes bumped into them, that there were friends of his to whom he wouldn't introduce me.

There was a fineness in Jules, honesty that would not compromise with his own standards. He warned me one evening. We had started out for a dance, but he had abruptly changed

Lovely Grace Moore

Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company says:

"I never met a charming woman who wasn't also a well-groomed woman. An under-arm deodorant is essential to being well groomed.

"I have used Arrid for years and like it immensely . . . and I notice that Arrid is used by many other friends in the stage, screen and radio world."

Grace Moore

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

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STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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39¢ a jar
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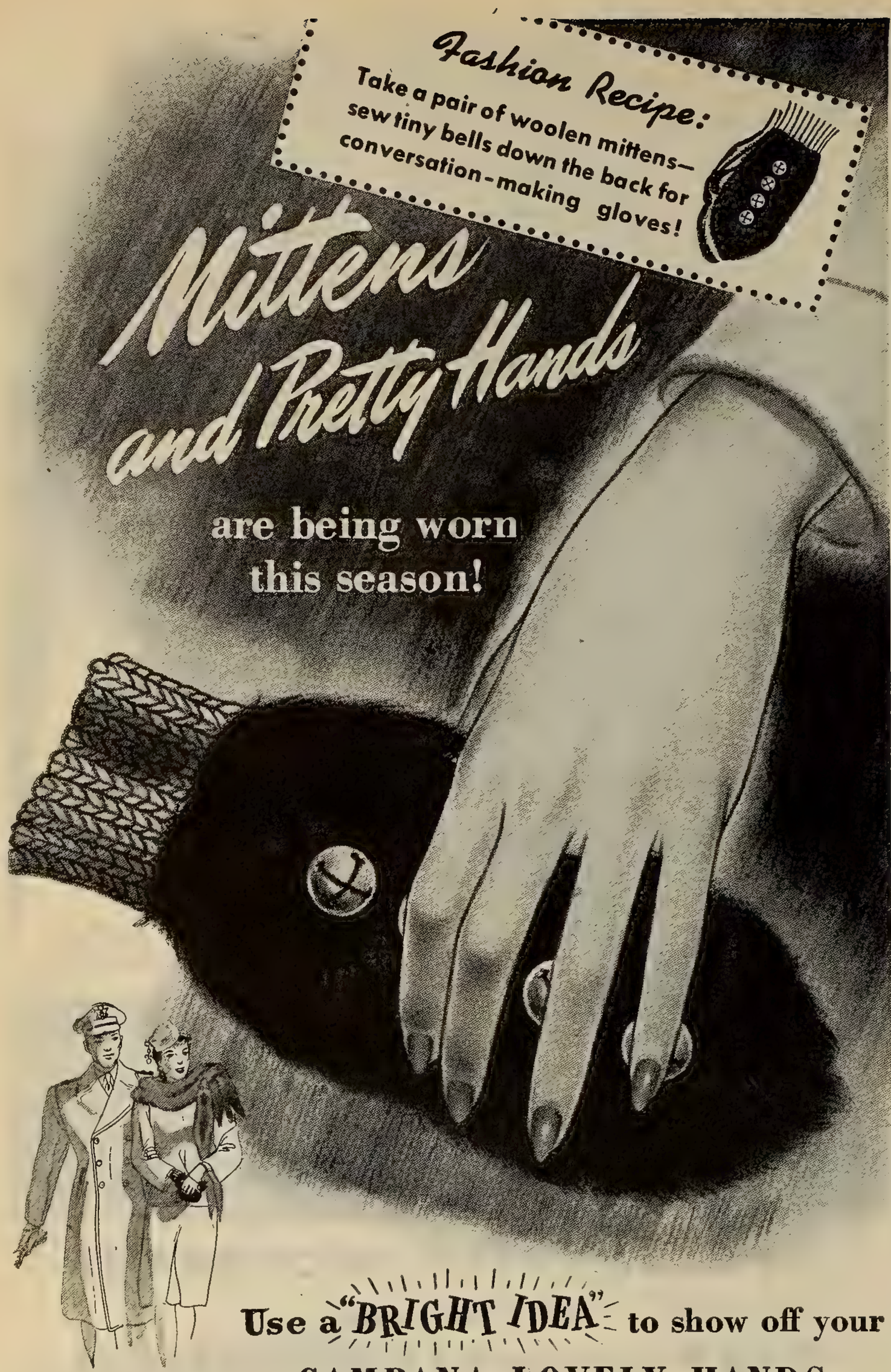

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CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It's fun to pull on wooly mitts, a-jingle with tiny bells IF your hands are *Campana-lovely!* Try Campana Cream Balm—massage a bit of this creamy lotion into your thirsty skin. Right away you've silken-surfaced, soft-skinned hands you're proud of.

Scientists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the *natural* oils of your skin better than anything else!

No wonder Campana Cream Balm, which contains lanolin, helps keep your hands soft and pretty . . . guards against dryness, roughness—even in winter weather.

Look for the yellow and white package at any cosmetic counter.

25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm

RICH IN LANOLIN

Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!

Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for *Original* Campana Balm in the *green* and white package. 25¢, 50¢ and $1.

his mind, and brought me home, early.

"I think it's time we called this quits, Lee. Moving around with—with people like me—might rub some of that bloom off your cheeks. I don't mind your getting a peep at how the parasite half lives, but don't look too closely or your eyes may turn hard and wise like theirs. I think you've had some fun and it's shaken you out of the dumps. I'd like to see you once in a while—but it's time you went back to your own kind." His voice had wavered a little, but he kept his airy half-smile.

Real regret touched me. But I knew he was right. I could go back now, braced and fortified by Jules' friendship. And maybe some of his philosophy would show me how to help Mother and Dad. Lately, it had seemed to me, they had improved a little.

"You've been wonderful." The words were hard to say. "I'll never forget this—and I won't say goodbye, Jules." We were standing, again, at the gate, and with a smile he leaned down, brushed my lips gently with his, and pushed me inside. I heard his lonesome whistle fading away down the street.

Lights were blazing in the living room as I opened the door. I had only a moment to wonder before I saw *him*—a tall, bulky-shouldered figure in his uniform, grey eyes glowing in a tanned face . . . standing by the fireplace . . . the smile . . . the same smile as in the picture! Jimmy—Jimmy Whitney was here!

MY heart spun in a breathless, catching wonder. The dreams I'd had, the childish hero-worship I'd indulged in, the romantic pictures I'd woven—all with this soldier as the central figure—rose up to confound me now and send the blushes flooding my forehead to the roots of my hair. Jimmy was here—and suddenly the world seemed to revolve and everything was in its rightful place!

With a slow, confident stride he had moved toward me, his hands outstretched. And impulsively I reached mine for his clasp.

"So you're Lee." His eyes were tender and lingering on my face. He looked at me as I had dreamed he would! "I'd have known you any place. You have Bill's eyes—that same honey-brown. But you're prettier than your picture."

"Thank you, Jimmy," demurely—and then—overcome by the delight of his being there—"I'm so glad you're here! When you didn't answer my last letter I wondered—"

"I was kind of afraid you might not want me to visit you—" his drawl was pure Texan—"so I thought I'd just come and then you'd have to be polite and not turn me away." He turned, with a wink, to Mother and Dad who were sitting side by side on the sofa in front of a table with hot chocolate and sandwiches and the old, tattered scrapbook with Bill's name on it. They looked more interested, more animated than they had in a long time. And I hoped, with something like a prayer, that Jimmy would bring them the comfort they wanted.

Dad cleared his throat, tremulously. "You'll be welcome here, son, anytime." The "son" had slipped out—I saw the fleeting pain it cost him, in his face.

Jimmy pulled me down beside him on the old bearskin rug before the hearth. He did it with the same complete naturalness that my brother

would have used. The grin he gave me was a companionable one.

But behind it—suddenly, without question, I knew—that behind this easy, friendly relationship he offered me now, there was waiting a more intimate, a closer one. And it would wait—Jimmy would wait—until we were both ready. But the promise was there—in the pressure of his hand on mine, in the tenseness of his shoulder when it touched mine.

I felt dizzy and gloriously, skyrocketingly happy. Sitting there next to him, hearing his slow, down-deep masculine voice, hearing his laugh—and knowing this secret between us. I hardly paid any attention to his words. He was telling us about some funny little incident that had happened to him on the train.

". . . and there I was with knapsacks piled all over me and the porter scratching his head, and for all I know those sailors never did come back!" he finished with a rueful grin.

Mother smiled. "Bill always liked boats. There's a picture of him here, in the scrapbook, when he was ten and wearing a sailor suit. He looked so handsome. I don't think I showed you that one, Jimmy." Her plump little hands fluttered over the pages.

JIMMY took it gently out of her hands. He found the picture she meant and studied it, smiling. "He didn't like big boats so well. Bill was seasick all the way over to England and mad as a hatter about it, too. Then when we got there—"

Mother interrupted him. It was an unspoken rule in our house that we seldom discussed anything of Bill's movements since he had left this country. Here he seemed familiar, but over there he was lost, remote. And it hurt Mother, who had a suspicion of anything "foreign," to mention it. She was saying now, hurriedly, "Bill and another boy—that Randy Miller, it was—they fixed up a raft one year and they tried to float it down the creek, but it sank. My, we were frightened. And when we found them—"

Jimmy wasn't listening. He was staring, frowning at the scrapbook. The three of us, Mother, Dad and I, watched him, with a queer, growing tenseness. He was thumbing through those last blank pages of the book, and then coming back with a puzzled frown to the front. At last, as if suddenly aware of our regard, he looked up.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Roland. I was looking for some of the pictures Bill sent you from England—some of the two of us and the other guys. I wanted to tell you about them."

Mother looked wistful. "I put them all away, Jimmy. It isn't that I'm not interested—and maybe we're just a couple of old fogies, but in a place like that and with people we didn't know—he seemed like a stranger to us. And the old pictures seemed the best. After all, those were the happiest days of Bill's life." *And yours,* I wanted to say—but I checked the words.

"Then that's why you've kept his room upstairs the way it was when he was a kid. I wondered why I didn't see anything military about it. You have his Purple Heart, though, haven't you?" . . . steel in his voice.

I could hardly believe it. That was an unforgivable thing to say!

Dad's head came up proudly, angrily. "We have, sir. But we don't parade it around the streets. People here know what Bill was like and they re-

Sally went skating...and my she was active....

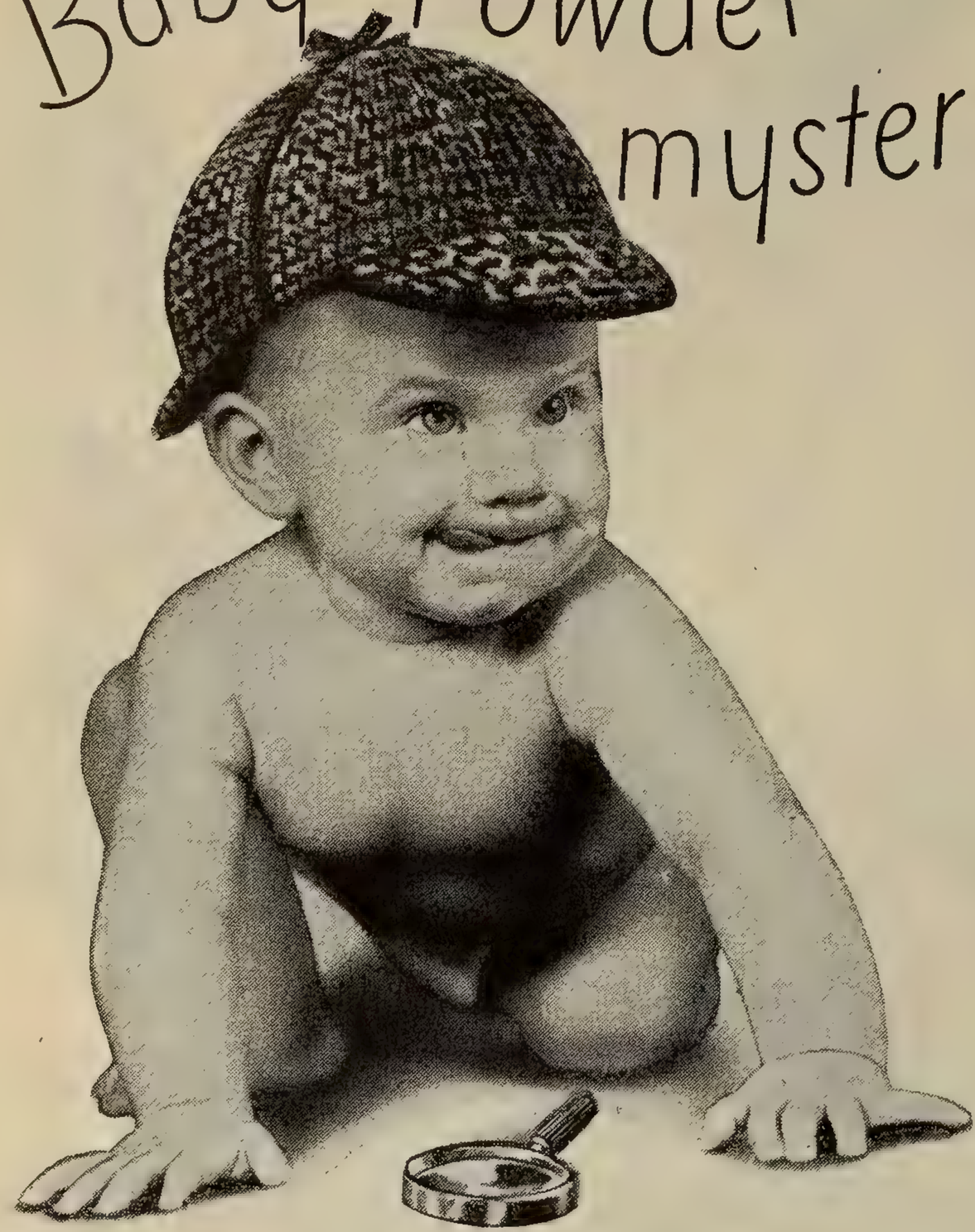
—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

HOLD-BOB

"The bobby pins that HOLD"

"I've solved the Baby Powder mystery!"



"Ps-s-t, read this inside story"

"I used to think baby powders were all alike, but look at these differences . . .

- **Most baby specialists** all over the country say that Mennen is the best baby powder* . . .
- **Comparing 3 leading baby powders** . . . microscopic tests show that *Mennen* is smoothest of all! (No wonder, 'cause a special Mennen process makes this powder satin-smooth). . .
- **3 out of 4 doctors** say baby powder should be *antiseptic;* being *antiseptic,* Mennen powder helps fight harmful germs . . .

"So, Mom, ple-e-eze help protect my delicate skin against painful chafing, prickly heat, scalded buttocks and other skin troubles—with the *best* baby powder, and I do mean *Mennen!* It makes me smell so sweet, too."

*According to surveys

"Mom, buy me the best... Mennen!"

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member what a wonderful boy he was. They don't have to be reminded."

Jimmy's face softened. But his words were hard. "You may think I have an awful lot of nerve, Mr. Roland, and you have a right to get mad . . . but I think you're doing a harmful thing. Harmful to you and to Bill's memory. You act as though you were ashamed or resentful about a part of his life that was the *best* part, believe me. And when you try to push it aside and forget it, then it becomes a frightening place to you—and you've lost Bill. If you can't get across that ocean with Bill, then you'll never understand why he died or for what, and the resentment will fester inside you until there's nothing good or beautiful left to live for." Would he never stop! The room had grown deathly still—quiet, except for that relentless voice going on and on, beating into my consciousness like the deliberate strokes of a hammer. I could see the agony and the torture in Mother's face—as if Jimmy had slashed her with a whip. Dad was trying hard to control his anger.

"You've cut him off—more cruelly than death did, because at least that had a glorious meaning. But you—the people he loved best in the world—turning your backs on the greatest act of his life. *If he could stand to fight and die—then you can stand to hear about it!* He did it for you—died for you—and you push his sacrifice back into some obscure dark corner of your mind and talk about when he built a raft or climbed an apple tree when he was a kid." Jimmy was on his feet now, his mouth firm and resolute. There was no scorn in his voice, only the coldness of a surgeon, analyzing.

WELL, I'm here and I'm going to make you face it. I'm going to take you across that ocean and make you know everything he did and be proud that you had a son like Bill."

My hands were clenched so tightly the fingernails bit into my flesh. Was this the comfort I had hoped Jimmy would bring? All the terrible grief I had known at Bill's death rose up and swept over me in a drowning wave. Why must Jimmy say these things? Why couldn't he let us decently forget? We had our own memories of Bill—we didn't want these others!

A burning log split in two and the crackling noise it made shattered the awful silence. Jimmy went on.

"Yes, and happy, too. People over there were crazy about him. He was so swell, so decent, always talking about what a family he had and how brave *you* were. You're going to hear about the time he helped pull an old woman out of a house that was hit by a robot bomb. Yes, and the fellows he palled around with and the girl he met over there that he liked and might have married if—"

"Never!" Mother was sitting bolt upright, two spots of color burning in her cheeks. It was the first time in months I'd seen that snap in her eyes and her lips so firmly pressed. "He wouldn't—why, he was as good as engaged to Margie Hill! And a prettier, sweeter girl he couldn't have found anywhere—and—" The tears came then, the first I'd seen her shed, and she pressed her hands to her face, rocking back and forth on the couch. Dad moved closer, his arm going around her shoulders. He raised a face that had grown suddenly tired.

"I think—perhaps you're right, Jimmy. Maybe we have shut ourselves away. Maybe if we could listen—we

could find Bill again, Mother and I."

But I couldn't stand it any longer. This awful torture—this raking over the dead coals of a man's life—how did Jimmy dare? Was this the Jimmy I had longed for and dreamed for and waited for—my heart outstretched? This man who had deliberately set out to hurt my parents! Fury mounted in me. I was shaking with it. I scrambled to my feet.

"Can't you leave them alone? Haven't they suffered enough, without your tearing into them, trying to show how tough you are? They're not soldiers—they're human beings with hearts! Stay here and tell them—tell them how he died—don't spare them a single agony—tear their heartstrings to ribbons! But I don't have to listen." I snatched my coat and was out of the door before he could move.

I ran. I heard his footsteps on the porch, his voice calling "Lee!" but I didn't stop. *He can't catch me—he doesn't know these streets as I do. He's a stranger!* It was the only conscious thought that pounded in my head and I ran, crying, almost heedlessly, without direction.

But when I found myself outside of Monetti's I stopped. Without thinking, my feet had carried me here and I knew that, instinctively, I had turned again to Jules for strength and consolation. That he was here I didn't doubt for a moment. He *had* to be here!

HE was sitting in his familiar back booth, his head bent, one hand toying with the salt-shaker in front of him. He raised his head at my hurried approach. And there was a look in them, surprised in their depths, that I had never seen there before. The look of a man dying of thirst, who is suddenly handed a glass of sparkling water. But only for a second—and then there was the Jules I knew, teasing, smiling, unruffled.

"What's up, honey?" The menacing undertone I had heard once before crept into his voice. "You've been crying. Has someone hurt you?"

"No—but you're hurting me, Jules." His grip on my arm relaxed. "Jules—I don't know how to ask this—but would you take me away? I can't go home again. I'll go anywhere—I don't care." I told him what had happened. "Please take me away, Jules!" I begged.

His whole body was tense. "Are you sure you know what you're saying, Lee? You've known for a long time that I love you—but I wouldn't ever have asked you to marry me. Are you sure that's what you want—you won't regret leaving this town and your family, to go with me?"

I was too astounded to speak. *Marry* Jules! I had only meant having him help me, loan me some money, tell me where to go. I hadn't meant—but I *had* said "take me away, Jules." And he thought I wanted the two of us to go away together—to be married. But, hardest of all to understand, was that Jules loved me. *Loved me!*

He was waiting for my answer and some of my shock must have shown in my face, because his eyes darkened and hardened. I started to tell him—but I stopped. Why not? Why not marry Jules? With Jules there would be no inner torments—only the problems that would come from an adventurous life. And there would always be his strong arm when I needed it. My thoughts were chaotic and wild—and opposite me, Jules waited.

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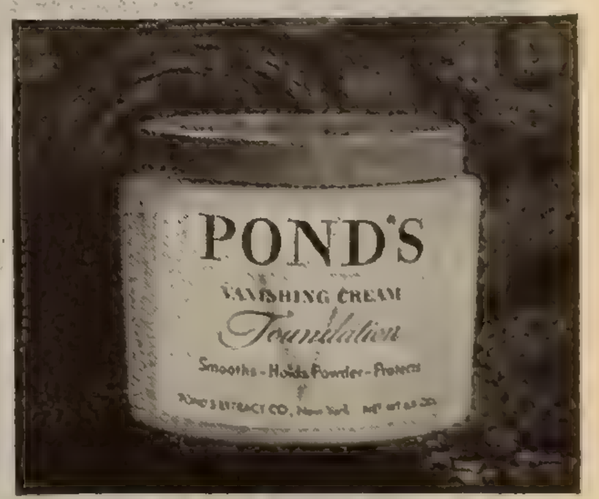

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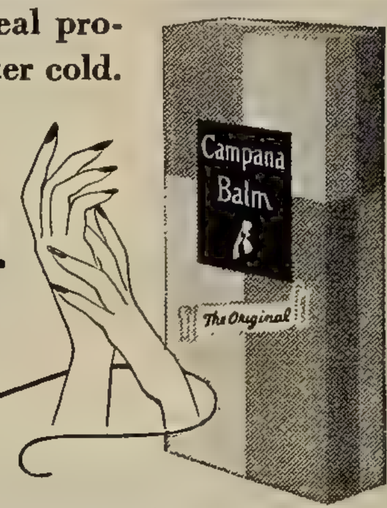

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"If you want me, Jules—" I was shaking. "Only—please—let's go tonight. Let's get married right away." *So I won't change my mind!*

"My car's right around the block. We can drive to Jackson, across the state line, by midnight." His arm was under my elbow, lifting me out of the booth, ushering me out to the street. I could sense the restrained, the mounting excitement in his voice.

He drove fast, for once unmindful of speed laws or the wartime rules, that so often chafed his dare-devil moods.

"We can afford to be reckless—I know every cop and if any of them stop us, we'll just invite them to the wedding." He smiled gaily at me, huddled in the far corner of the seat. "Cold, honey?" he asked, touching my wet cheek. Mutely I shook my head. I *was* cold—but it had nothing to do with the weather.

And, like a man slowly, painfully, coming out of a dream, he withdrew behind the wheel, his face changing into a hard, set mask. I trembled. What had I done—to Jules and to myself? How could I have so rashly promised marriage to this man whose inner life would always remain strange and fearful to me?

The tears coursed down my cheeks. I was afraid to reach for a handkerchief because I didn't want Jules to know I was crying. I was grateful to the dark because I could keep my head bent and he might not see. But I couldn't still the ceaseless remorse that was beginning to gnaw at my heart. I was going to hurt Mother and Dad —hadn't they been hurt enough? And Jimmy—? I hadn't thought I'd care any longer about his feelings, but I did, desperately.

"SO your hero came home and you found out he played too rough for you!" The voice startled me—it was so harsh, so unlike the tone Jules always used to me.

"That's not true—Jimmy is fine—" stung by his words, I rushed to Jimmy's defense—and then stopped. I had the uncomfortable feeling that Jules had deliberately trapped me into saying it.

"Sure, you told him off! And stuck up for your folks, like a good little girl." His scorn whipped me like a flail. "Only it sounds to me like your friend Jimmy had the right idea. Making them realize that your brother knew what he was doing and why.

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Filling up the gaps for them so they could see their Bill as a soldier, not just a kid around the house." By this time my emotions were so bruised, so sore, that I could just dully resent his roughness—but underneath it, dimly, slowly, I began to see that he was right. Jimmy had tried to jar them, shock them out of the half-world they lived in, tried to make them see they could be proud and happy and richer for having had a son like Bill. *I* was the one who couldn't take it.

Outside the night was damp and raw. From the car windows I could catch glimpses of black night and far-away telephone poles etched against the murky sky. The car rushed on, flashing through towns in its dizzy pace, eating up the miles with a frightening, horrifying inevitability. Jules drove as though a demon rode on his shoulder, and his profile was cruel in its utter detachment from me.

Suddenly he braked, in front of an all-night filling station.

"I won't be long. I have a phone call to make. Business," he informed me brusquely.

When he was gone I could no longer hold back my tears. Never had I felt so alone, so terrifyingly alone. Now I didn't even have my dream of Jimmy—. There were voices outside and the service station door banged. Jules was coming back.

He slid in under the wheel. For a long time he sat silent, motionless. Then slowly he turned. His hand, big and warm, closed over mine.

"COME here, honey. And stop crying. Nothing's that bad—nothing's worth your crying about it. I told you once I'd take care of you, so stop worrying."

I remember his pulling me close to him. I remember how grateful I was for his gentleness, for the haven of his strong arm around my shoulders. I remember, queerly, how nice and cool and smooth his trenchcoat felt under my hot cheeks. And then I must have slept, my nerves exhausted and worn out by the ordeal of the past few hours.

I awoke when the car stopped. For a moment I stayed there, quiet and relaxed. Then, with a rush, I realized where we were. I was going to get married—to Jules Saybrook!

At my wild start his arm tightened, holding me back.

"We're home, honey," he said quietly. And when I looked at him, bewildered, he nodded. I looked around me slowly—at a familiar white fence and a gate and a brown-shingled little house set in neatly-trimmed shrubs. Never had they seemed so dear—so safe. It *was* my home! Dawn had come, but a light still burned in the hall and in the living-room.

Questions rushed to my lips but he checked them. "It would have been a big mistake, Lee. You and I—" and his voice was light with the old self-mockery, the old banter—"we weren't meant for each other. I was bound to do one good deed sometime in my life, and maybe this is it. You'd have tried hard, honey, but I can't see you as the wife of a gambler. And there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you—anything, that is, but reform." He was laughing at me, at himself—but behind his laughter there was pain.

His hand was under my chin and I turned slightly so that my lips brushed his fingers. It was the only payment I could make.

Neither of us heard the footsteps on

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the pavement, but we were both suddenly aware of the tall figure looming outside the car door. For a moment no one spoke. Jimmy's hand was on the car door, but Jules forestalled him. With a quick movement he leaned over me, opened the door, and pushed me out. He would have immediately driven off but Jimmy's hand was in the way, outstretched. I could see Jules' momentary pause, then their hands met.

Gears clashed. And, with a violent burst of speed, Jules was gone.

We stood watching until the red, winking tail-light disappeared. Then Jimmy was looking down at me, his face showing signs of strain, but his eyes as warmly steadfast as ever.

"Come here, you little idiot." His voice was tender, under its surface roughness. "You've had us nearly crazy. It was all my fault, but I thought you understood what I was trying to do. You told me, in your letters, how hard your Dad and Mother had been hit and how they had withdrawn from the world—"

"Mother!" My conscience hurt me. "I'd better go in and tell her I'm all right—"

But Jimmy shook his head. "They've had all the telling they can take for one evening. Your Dad repeated some of the things Jules said to him over the telephone"—*so that was his business call!*—"about their obligations to their daughter, for one thing. It shook them up. They hadn't stopped loving you, but they had forgotten that you needed a little attention, too. It got their minds off Bill—which is a good thing. And Jules said he was going to ride you around for a while and then bring you home. He sounds like a nice guy."

SO Jules hadn't told them we had planned to be married!

"Lee—?" Jimmy's fingers were gripping my shoulders. "Lee—is it all right between us? Your Mother and Dad are okay now. It may take a little time but they're coming out of it. But I came here to see you, Lee. And when you walked into that room tonight I had the feeling that everything was settled between us—and you knew it, too. Is it still that way? Do you want me to stay—and fall in love with you, Lee?"

"Please stay, Jimmy—as long as you can," I answered softly. I had never wanted anything so much!

His mouth came down on mine, gently, tentatively. And my cold lips warmed under his and came alive. He held me to him, closely, for a brief moment and then he let me go.

And that was right, too. Jimmy would give me time—time to let our love grow slowly and fully—time for this peace that was stealing into my heart to heal me and make me my own self again. We walked with lingering steps into the house. And my heart was beating with happiness because of his nearness and because I knew my dream was coming true! Someday I would run my fingers through that crisp, blond hair; someday I would know his arms around me in the fullness of his love.

But before that happened I must grow and be ready. I must leave behind me the twisted thoughts and feelings.

There was only one thought—one person I could not forget. Because I knew that no matter how completely and deeply I loved Jimmy, there would always be a tiny, secret place in my heart for the memory of a tall, dashing, gallant wastrel—for Jules.

Second Chance

Continued from page 27

"Why, Janet," he gasped, "have you been ill?"

"No," I said, and I knew I sounded petulant, but I didn't care. "I've just been lonesome."

Jay, as though just for dramatic contrast, was bouncing with good health and good spirits. He was tanned from his golf, and looked rested. I resented his looking so well. I wanted him to look as ill, and to be as unhappy, as I.

"I guess you didn't miss me."

"YOU need cheering up," he laughed. "What on earth have you been doing these two weeks?"

"What," I asked, my voice breaking, "was there for me to do?"

Jay looked honestly startled at the note of tears in my voice.

"Why, honey," he said with surprise. "I didn't think you'd be so—why, I thought you must have a hundred things you'd been wanting to do once you could get away from your routine for awhile . . . like I did . . ."

But, I thought, Jay's routine was *work*—mine was making a home for him, the only thing in the world I wanted to do. He wanted to get away from *me*, I thought bitterly—it wasn't routine he was running away from. And I was as sure as if I'd seen them go off together, that he wanted to be away from me to be with Margaret Haldane.

My bitter thoughts must have been reflected in my face, for Jay put an arm around me and said earnestly, "I can see one thing. You've been alone too long. You need to get out of this house. Run along now and put on your prettiest dress and we'll go out on the town—have dinner somewhere, see a show . . ."

No, I thought sullenly, you can't blind me with kindness. I *know* where you've been, what you've been doing. But aloud, all I said was, "No, thank you—dinner is in the oven."

"Turn off the oven," he urged. "We can eat whatever is cooking tomorrow."

"After I went to all the trouble to fix it?" I asked sharply. I knew I was being stupid. I wanted Jay back—no matter what he had done, or where he had been, or with whom—and I knew, deep inside me, that my sullen rejection of his enthusiasm and his plans would only drive him farther away. But I was driven by a desire to thwart him, to hurt him, as he had hurt me—and his simplest request evoked the strongest urge in me to deny him.

JAY was silent for a moment, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, have it your own way," he said, "but I was only trying to cheer you up . . . look honey," he tried again, "you need to be gay, to shake off these dumps—whatever they're about—you need to see people . . .

"I have it," he added, as though on an impulse, "we'll call up somebody. How about calling Margaret?"

Margaret! How did he dare?

I began to protest, my face reddening, but Jay was already at the telephone.

"She just got back from her vacation, too," he said to me, turning from the phone after he dialed the number.

A mere coincidence, I thought angrily.

Margaret was home, she would be delighted to join us, Jay reported cheerfully. My heart sank. Now I knew I couldn't avoid the scene I had been dreading. I knew if I saw them together I would speak out—and I knew, too, though powerless to stop it, that whatever ugly things I might say when the crisis came and my fury burst out of control would hurt, not Jay, not Margaret, but me. It was I who had everything to lose—not they.

I SANK into a chair, trembling. "Be quiet," my last ounce of good judgment told me. "Listen to them. Watch them. But be quiet. Pretend you don't know, and perhaps she will go away—don't drive Jay away with her. Be quiet."

Margaret arrived, looking beautifully cool and crisp in a starched white pique suit, and, like Jay, refreshed and tanned from her vacation.

I was aware of the dramatic contrast between her bubbling good humor and my sullen silence. So, I am sure, was Jay. But if he had a moment's annoyance when I refused to budge from my chair to welcome Margaret he soon forgot it as the two of them exchanged gay stories about their vacation experiences.

His eyes were on Margaret. She was

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young and vital and happy. It was easy to forget, with Margaret in the room, about me and my "dumps."

I wanted to cry. Without their even noticing I fled to the kitchen and dabbed at wet eyes with a crinkled handkerchief.

I got through dinner somehow. I pretended to be busy—to be fussing with the salad dressing, whipping cream for the dessert, so Margaret and Jay would not try to include me in their conversation. I didn't want to talk. I didn't *dare* talk.

I gave them their coffee and dessert, poured a cup of strong, black coffee for myself. "Only an hour or two more," I thought, "let them talk, I'll be quiet. I won't make a scene." I was surer of myself now.

BUT a chance remark of Margaret's caught me off guard.

"You should have run over to our place for a day or two, Jay," she said, after describing a progressive party in her honor which began with breakfast at one house, and ended at dawn the next morning with a second breakfast at a plantation twenty miles out of town. "After all, it was only a stone's throw from where you and the boys were staying . . . and we could have shown you some real Southern hospitality . . . a lot more fun than a stuffy game of golf."

It was brazen deceit, I thought, my cheeks blazing. And they believed they were fooling me.

"Don't bother to spin these fairy tales for me, Margaret," I said, in a choked voice. "I know Jay wasn't playing golf."

A moment before they had been all laughter and relaxation—one merry anecdote following another as they recounted the adventures of their two weeks away from Cleveland. Now it was as if I had thrown icy water in their faces. Margaret looked at Jay, and then at me. Jay's eyes were blazing, and they, too, were burning straight into mine.

Their silence was a question. I was trapped—I had to go on. I tried to regain some self-control, but my hurt and my fury blazed up so that I trembled from head to foot and my voice was unrecognizable.

"Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I don't realize—how can you sit there—lying, laughing at me—"

Jay's voice cut across my hysteria. "What are you talking about, Janet?"

I jumped up and pushed back my chair. "You should know better than I," I cried, "with your lies and your plans and your deceit—perhaps I wouldn't have realized what's going on if the two of you had been more careful. Do you think I don't know how close together Tennessee and Kentucky are? Or maybe you don't even care whether I know or not. Maybe you just want to flaunt yourselves brazenly—"

I GLIMPSED the shocked unbelief on Jay's face before he turned from me and spoke to Margaret. "Let me take you home, Margaret," he said urgently. "Janet and I will have to talk, and there's no reason for you to be upset like this."

"There's every reason," I said furiously. "She's done exactly as she pleased and she can pay for it by listening to how I feel about it!"

Margaret nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "I have to stay. This does concern me."

There was an unexpected note of bitterness in her voice. Her dark eyes, which just a few moments before had been bright with laughter, now were troubled.

"You think Jay and I . . . that I have tried to take Jay away from you," she began.

"Nonsense," Jay broke in angrily, "Janet's hysterical. She's making up things . . . let me take you home."

"No, I want her to understand," Margaret insisted.

"THERE'S nothing to understand," Jay protested through white lips, trying to control his mounting anger.

What an irony that *he* should be angry with *me*, when it was he—if my surmise were right—who had been making light of our marriage vows. Margaret, with her soft words, Jay with his throttled anger, were putting *me* on the defensive. Wasn't it they who should be defending themselves? I struggled for words—I longed to strike out at them physically. No words I could summon seemed ugly enough, cruel enough to punish them for what they had done to me.

"Why *don't* you go home, Margaret?" I blazed. "And you, too, Jay, why don't you go with her? You prefer her, don't you?"

I couldn't go on; tears choked me. I buried my head in my arms.

"Of all the hysterical nonsense . . ." It was Jay's voice, thick with irritation, that I heard.

"Jay," Margaret's soft voice replied, "go upstairs, will you . . . read a book . . write a letter, or something. I want to talk alone with Janet."

"What a homecoming," Jay answered bitterly, but he went off, as she

asked him. I could hear his heavy tread, going up the stairs. A door slammed above, and it was very quiet in the room.

After a moment, I felt Margaret's hands grip my shoulders.

"Look at me, Janet," she commanded. "I want to talk to you."

I didn't want to talk to her, I thought. I didn't want to look at her. I didn't ever want to see her again. Somehow, her cool, emotionless response to my tears and accusations was harder to bear than the angry denials I had expected. I could have laughed at denials —they would have fed my anger. But this quiet, *kind*, soft-voiced Margaret made me feel shaken and ashamed.

When I raised my head, she was standing above me, looking straight into my eyes.

"I know what you've been thinking," she began, "you think that I lured Jay south, that we saw one another there—that I'm trying to take him away from you."

"What else is there to think?" I asked. "You scarcely tried to hide it from me."

AS I watched, her face set in tired lines, the bubbling Margaret who had chatted of good times in the south over the dinner table disappeared, and in her place I saw a woman who was older, and very sad.

"I know what you're thinking," she repeated, "because I have been through all this before. I don't want your husband," she said, and for the first time there was a sharper note in her voice, "I don't want anybody's husband . . . but my own. I am *Bob's* wife . . . no matter how many miles away he is . . . and no matter how many years he has to stay away from me!"

"You didn't see Jay when you were home?" I was incredulous.

"I have never seen Jay . . . except right here in this room . . . or somewhere when you were along . . . or at the office . . . oh, yes, and once when he took me to lunch. I like him. I like *you*. But I want you as *friends* . . . I need *friends*." There was no mistaking the ringing sincerity of her words.

All at once I felt sorry for her again, sorry in the same way I had felt the night Jay first told me about the lonely girl who had come to work at his office.

AND I believed her. All of the misery and suspicion of the past weeks seemed an ugly dream, and slipped from me as easily as a dream will. I believed her—and I knew how shamefully I had wronged her.

"I can't say anything, except to beg your pardon," I almost whispered. She took my hand with a smile, and suddenly her kindness reminded me that there was still a fear prodding at me, that all was not yet well. I remembered Jay—his strangeness lately, his wanting to go off without me—and I told Margaret about it. "That was part of the reason for my being so certain about you—because Jay never wanted to go away without me until you came along," I tried to explain. And I told her about the little things I had noticed, how Jay seemed gayer when Margaret was around, more alive. How, when we were alone together, he seemed bored and tired. How he had suggested, when I objected to his vacation plans, that it was good for married people to get away from one another now and then.

"What was wrong?" I asked Margaret, sure somehow that this quiet, sad-eyed girl would know the answer. "*Why* did he change?"

"Maybe he didn't change," she said. "Maybe you did."

"I?" I was stunned.

"Janet," she said, "I'm going to tell you something I vowed I would never tell anyone. I'm going to tell you why I left my home town."

I listened, as though hypnotized, as she told me her story—a story which was to change my whole life.

She had come North, not impulsively as she had told Jay before, but because she had no choice. She left her good job; left her home and family, and all the familiar faces of her friends, because of a man, and his wife, and his wife's jealousy.

"I went to work because I was restless. Your husband has never been away from you for months on end, Janet," she said, "so you don't know what it means—having energy to burn, nothing to do but play bridge or gossip, no contact with any real relationship except through letters.

"I WAS good at my job, because I worked so hard at it. That was a pity," she added, with a touch of mockery in her voice, "because it made my boss notice me."

He began giving Margaret the choice jobs, finally promoted her. Someone in the office gossiped about that, said that he "had a crush" on the new girl, and the gossip got back to his wife.

I winced as Margaret described that wife.

She was the sort of woman who was beginning to feel insecure in her marriage, and was looking for someone or

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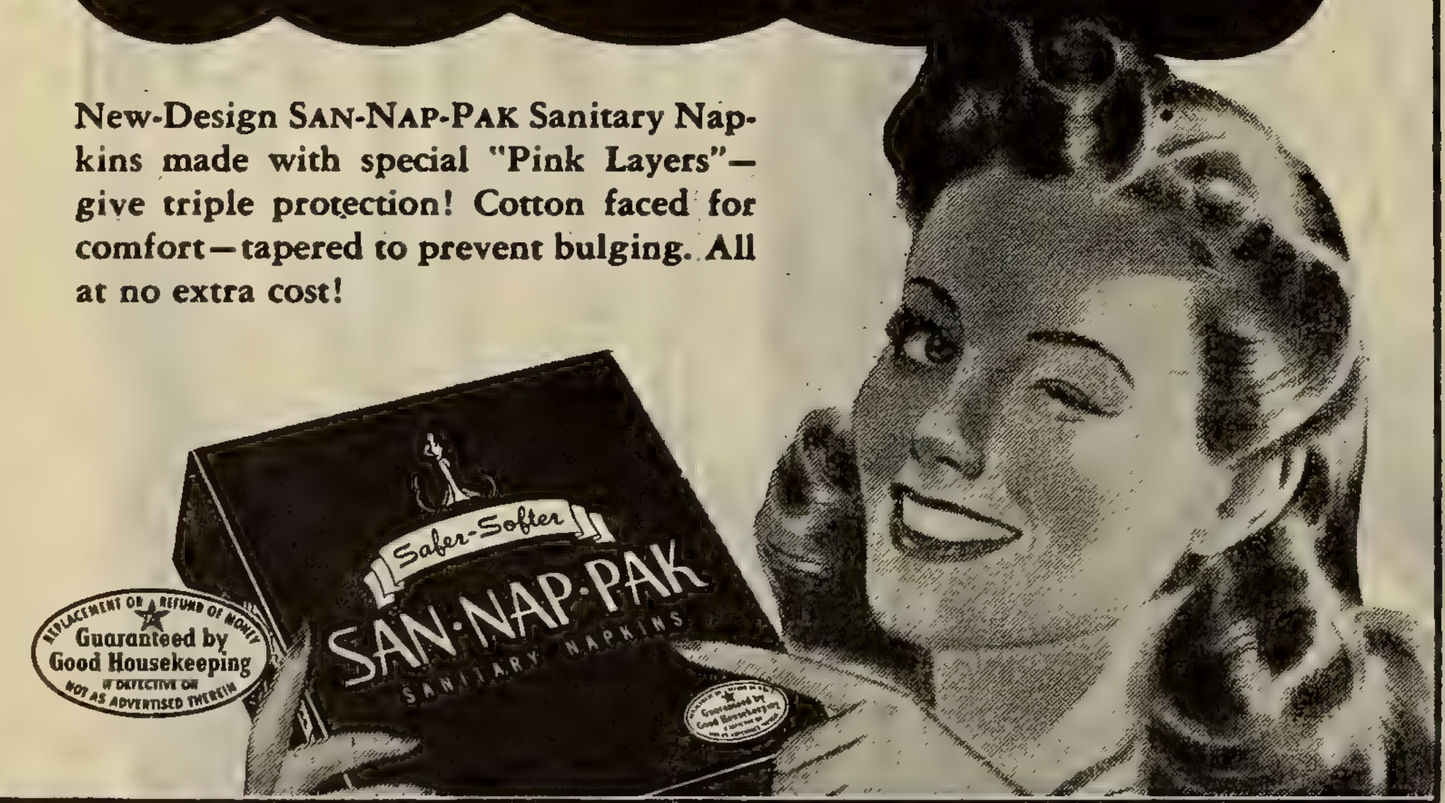

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something to blame besides herself . . . her husband was bored with her, preferred playing poker with the boys to coming home to her. If she had taken one look in the mirror, or made a record of her conversation for one evening when her husband was home, she would have known *why* he was tired of her . . . *she* had changed, not he. He kept up with the world, through his work—all she could talk about were the indiscretions of her friends and her dull household tasks. He had stayed young—she had allowed herself to grow old and unattractive. She knew her hold on him was slipping, but she refused to face the reasons for it.

"The gossip about her husband and me was an *escape* for her. She could accuse me of stealing her husband—and not have to admit that she had lost him through her own carelessness."

"Do you mean," I asked, humbly now, "that Jay is losing interest in me because I am like that woman?" I shrank from an affirmative answer. Margaret didn't reply with a direct "yes," but her words meant the same thing.

"I mean," she said, "that a woman's responsibility for making herself attractive to her man doesn't end with their marriage. A man *has* to stay young and alive—his business demands it. But so often his wife—safe and secure behind the four walls of her home—finds it so much easier just to let go. And if she isn't careful there soon is a huge gap between them.

I'M trying to stay the way Bob left me," she said, "because I don't want to see shock and disappointment in his eyes when he comes home to me. But you don't know how hard it is sometimes—just to keep on trying—when there is no one around to care."

I remembered Jay's face that night, when I had met him at the door. *He* had looked shocked and disappointed. Had I failed him somehow? Had I stopped trying?

There was one gap in the story Margaret had told me.

"Why did you feel you had to leave?" I asked her. "Surely you didn't run away from gossip—when not a word of it was true."

Margaret sat silent a moment before she answered. Then she measured each word.

"My boss had never looked at me—that way—until his wife put ideas into his head. Then he decided that maybe I *was* the reason he was no longer interested in his wife—or in his home. He asked me to divorce Bob and marry him."

"Has Jay?" I faltered.

"Jay has never spoken one personal word to me," she replied firmly. "I hope he never will.

"Now that you know all this," she said, moving toward the door, "I'd better go. You run upstairs and make peace with Jay—before it's too late."

I watched her at the mirror, adjusting her hat, my heart bursting with gratitude.

"Margaret . . ." I began, groping for words to tell her how I felt.

"Don't talk to me," she said, almost sharply. "Talk to Jay." And she was gone.

I turned from the door and went slowly up the stairs, trying to think my way to understanding. Oh, I understood the meaning of what Margaret had told me, and I understood the warning behind her words—but it was so strange, almost incredible to think that I had failed my husband. I, who

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considered myself as good a wife as could be found anywhere, who had taken it so for granted that my husband, too, thought of me that way—I had failed completely. It required more thinking than I had time for before I closed the bedroom door behind me and leaned against it, facing Jay.

He spoke first, after a long silence. "I thought of leaving," he said, "but I couldn't go. You're my wife, Janet; there must be some way for us to understand each other again. These horrible false ideas you've gotten—"

I couldn't answer for a moment over the hard knot of tears in my throat. Finally I whispered, "Jay—darling—I want you to stay . . ."

There were no words to say that I knew now that my laziness, my careless taking-for-granted of the happiness we had had together—happiness I should have cherished and fed instead of accepting so complacently—had caused all the trouble. My outstretched hand was imprisoned for a moment between Jay's, and then his arms were around me, and my tears spilled over, burning away the bitterness and fear of the past weeks.

Jay let me cry for a long time, smoothing my hair, not saying anything. Then he tipped my head back and looked at me, a deep, questioning look. "Is it all right, Janet?" he asked. "Will you be my wife again? Can we work this out?"

I LOOKED back at him, hoping he would see in my eyes all the things I couldn't say. "I do love you—I know now how much," I said steadily. "We can work it out, together."

It hasn't been quite as easy as that, of course. One doesn't erase overnight the habits, the attitudes, the carelessness of years. They become the whole pattern of one's life, and to change that pattern is like making oneself over into an entirely new person. Perhaps not quite a new person, in my case—all I wanted was to make myself once again the alert, attractive, stimulating comrade my husband had married.

And I realized now that the change was going to reach into dozens of details and habits, both mental and physical, that had become so much a part of me that I no longer realized they existed. They would have to be searched out and uprooted, and the re-making of myself would be difficult and painful.

But I haven't had to do it alone. I've had help: Jay's help, the wonderful help of his love and understanding. And I've had Margaret Haldane to help me, too. Not actually—she left Jay's office a few days after that horrible night; I have never seen her since. But I've had her wisdom and her spirit always to counsel me; and her faith that her love was worth fighting for has taught me that mine is, too.

I was never able to tell her the things I had learned. But some day I'll see her again, and thank her for my second chance. No woman ever gave another woman a greater gift.

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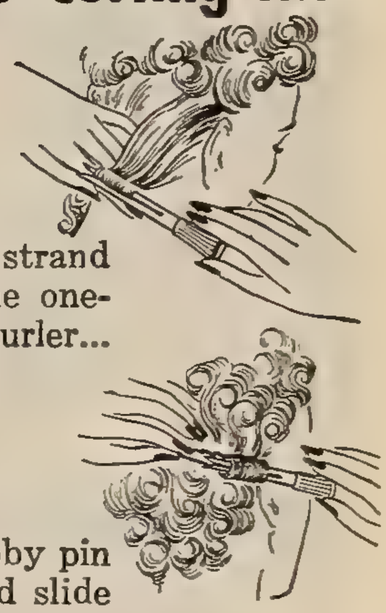

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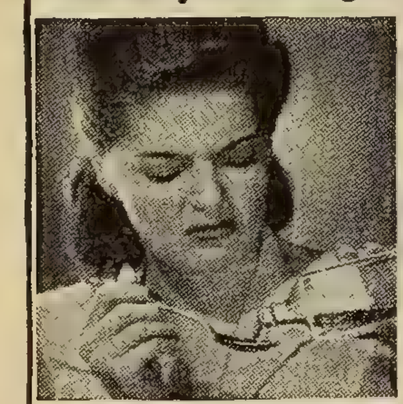

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When Did I Lose You

Continued from page 49

"Yes," I cried bitterly, "ever since we moved here! Why didn't we stay where we belong? We don't belong here, and you know it! Living in this horrible place, when we have a nice home of our own—associating with neighbors who stare at us as if we were freaks! Why, half of them can't even speak English!"

"They're mostly Polish around here," Walter answered mildly. "They have their difficulties with this language—this is a new country for them. You have to be more patient, honey."

"Oh, patient, patient! That's all I hear!"

Walter shrugged. "Where's Ginny gone off to?" he asked, obviously wanting to change the subject. "Isn't she going to have dinner with us?"

But it only served to remind me of another grievance. "That's another thing, Walter Jones! She's running around with a boy whose name I can't even pronounce. She—"

Walter laughed softly. "You have as much trouble with their language as they do with yours, eh? I know the boy you mean, Myra. His name is Stanislaw Katowiszczlaw, and his father works under me at the plant. Mike has been telling me about his son and our Ginny. I know the boy, and if he isn't as fine as they make them, I miss my guess."

HE stood there, grinning at me. I don't know whether it was his laughter, or his supreme confidence. But all at once I couldn't stand it—not another moment! The house, the town, the neighbors—none of it! I took off my apron and threw it on the floor. "You can laugh," I lashed out at him. "You may think it's funny, but I don't. I'm going home. And I'm taking Ginny with me!"

It was just then that the door opened, and Ginny came in. She was too full of some inner excitement to notice the tension in the air. "Dad—Dad, may I go to the movies with Stan, and—and may I have a quarter—"

Before Walter could speak, I broke in. "No—no, Ginny. Come with me—pack your things. We're going home, Ginny—we're going home!"

"But Mother—"

"Myra!" Walter wasn't laughing now. "Myra, you're acting like a baby! No, of course you haven't all the comforts we had at home! Do you think Jimmy has it any better at camp? Don't you think he'd rather go home, too? But he can't! Don't you think I'd rather be doing a clean job at Marshall's than a dirty one here at the plant? But I can't, either—because my conscience won't let me! We're doing a big job out there, and I'm proud to be part of it, and the fact that my hands probably won't be completely clean for the duration of the war isn't going to make me quit. I'm proud that I had sense enough to quit a soft job for a hard one, and get somewhere where I'd do the most good. Not the most good for myself, but for my country. For Jimmy, and all the others like him—for all the sons of all the families who want their boys to come safely and quickly back home again!"

For a minute I didn't say anything. This afternoon Ginny, and now Walter. Jimmy—my first child. Eighteen, and a soldier! I wanted to say something, to tell Walter and Ginny that I knew

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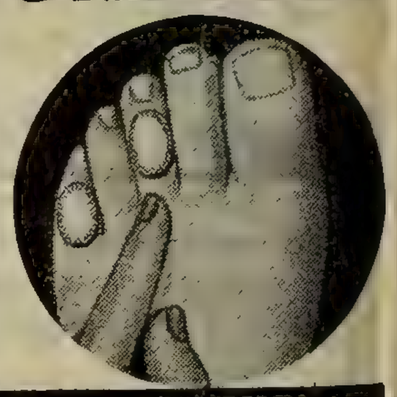

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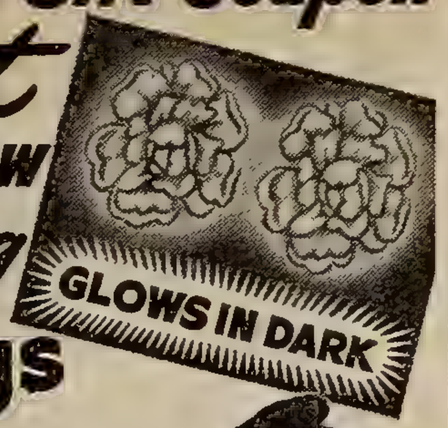

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I was a coward, but that I couldn't help it—that they didn't understand. But I couldn't find anything to say, except to whisper, "All right, Ginny, dear. You run along. Here's your quarter. Go to the movies. . . ."

Walter and I were alone, when she left, as we had not been alone together, it seemed, for years. Our eyes met, too full for words. Then all at once I was in his arms—safe in his arms, which were my real home, after all, crying, sobbing his name over and over—"Walter, Walter, Walter, darling!"—feeling the gentleness of his hands on my shoulders, his arms comfortingly around me, hearing him say, very gently, "It's hard, honey—it's awfully hard. I understand—it's terribly hard for you. . . ."

For a while after that, things were a little better. Walter finally got a man to come and fix the roof, and to patch up the places where water leaked into the cellar. I bought a little top-of-burner oven, and it was even fun, sometimes, to scheme and plan to cook five things on three burners. I tried to sing at my work, as I used to do, and sometimes I succeeded. But there was little enough to sing about. Fall had come, and the wind whistled through that slapped-together little house until I thought it would carry us away. But I put up with that. What I couldn't seem to get used to was the way Ginny and the neighbor's boy, Stan, were going around together all the time. He seemed nice enough, I had to admit—a tall, strong-looking towhead, with friendly blue eyes—but try as I would, I couldn't picture myself as his mother-in-law. Or having a lot of those—however you pronounced their names!—over for dinner. And so I hoped and prayed that the war would be over soon, and that we could go home again to the friends we missed and the places we loved, and the normal life in which we'd all been so happy. Where was all this leading us—Jimmy so far away, Ginny running around with that strange, foreign boy, Walter so busy, so tired when he came home from work that he could hardly talk to me, much less go anywhere—if there were any place to go! No, I was sure that something terrible would happen to my family if the war did not end quickly. Now!

I HAD thought the summer, with its hot sun, its soot-laden breezes, its sudden flooding showers, trying enough, but now the dark fall days were even worse. The house was cold. The heating plant in the basement was very old and obstinate, and only Walter could make it work—neither Ginny nor I could master its intricacies. Either we had to let the fire go out—and make another trying job for Walter who came home already too tired—or depend upon Stan, Ginny's friend, to stop in at noon and on his way home from school with her, to fire the thing. I didn't like it, but better Stan than freezing, and making extra work for Walter.

And then, right in the midst of all this, Jimmy got his first furlough. He was coming home, he wrote. Home? To this? I sat very still over the letter for a long, long time. I didn't want to be hasty this time, to let the heat of anger and argument color my judgment. But I was sure that I was right—Jimmy couldn't come home to this. It was too much. He had a right to expect home to be home, after the Army. I would not have my son spend his brief leave in this place. I wanted him to have

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something to remember, to carry back with him—his old home, the kind of welcome he deserved from his family!

When Walter came home that evening, he found Ginny and me packing. He must have seen all of it in my eyes, for he said, "Myra, dearest, what do you think you're doing," and it wasn't a question.

"I know what I'm doing," I told him, and I showed him the letter from Jimmy. "I can't let Jimmy spend his furlough—perhaps the last time we'll see him for a long while—in this place, Walter." I wasn't angry this time, just desperately, deadly serious. "Please don't try to stop us, Walter. We're going home."

Suddenly, as if she'd been thinking about it a long time, and had finally made her decision, Ginny laid down the stack of clothing that was in her arms. "Mother—I'm not going. Please don't be angry, but I can't. You can take care of Jimmy—I'll stay here and take care of Dad. We can't just leave him this way. I'm not going," she repeated.

Once more anger flooded me. Last time, they had been against me, both of them, but separately, at least. Now they were together. "Are you sure it's your father you're worrying about, Ginny?" I asked sharply. "Are you sure it isn't that Stanislaw boy? If you think for a minute I'm going to let you stay here to run around heaven knows where with him, you're—"

I HAD never heard quite the tone in Walter's voice as there was now. "Just a moment, Myra. Why do you pronounce that boy's name in that ridiculous way, as if he weren't important enough for you to pronounce it correctly? And don't you think it's rather a reflection on you, if you can't trust your daughter to behave properly?"

"Ginny isn't old enough—"

"She's sixteen. It's time she was allowed to choose her own friends. If I remember correctly, you and I were going together before we were that age!"

Ginny's hand crept into her father's. Ginny and Walter—against me, defying me. My little girl—and Walter, my dearest, whom I loved so much. Standing there like—I turned away, not able to bear letting them see my tears. I seemed to be always crying, now— Ginny was right about that. But it would be better when I was home, even alone!

My eye caught the blue vase, standing on a little table. I must remember to take that with me. It must go back where it belonged, in the house where I belonged.

"Ginny—for the last time, are you coming with me, or not?"

She seemed to shrink against her father. "Mummy—I want to be with you, but I want to stay here, too. I ought to stay here—"

"Never mind, Ginny." I turned away from them again, but this time not swiftly enough to hide the burning tears. "It's all right, Ginny. I—"

She flew across the room to me, her firm young arms tightening swiftly around me. "Mummy—Mummy—don't go. Please don't go. We love you so—we want you here with us. We can't be a family without you—not without you and Jimmy. We want to see him, too, Daddy and I. And have you here, with us, where you belong."

In the face of that, how could I tell them that I *didn't* belong here, that I could never make myself feel that I did?

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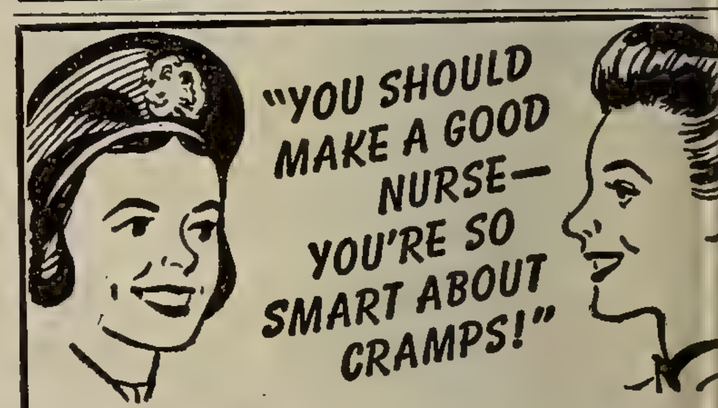

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Walter came across the room, too, and held the two of us tightly in his arms. His head was buried in my hair, and his husky whisper was for my ears alone. "Stay with me, Myra—don't leave me. Don't ever leave me! I need you so—we all do."

And so, of course, I stayed. And Jimmy came and went, and—it was a funny thing. He said he had a wonderful time, far better than he could have had at home. The knowledge that his family was willing to sacrifice some comfort, willing to bear some of the burden that had been put on his young shoulders, made him feel less lonely, less afraid of what might be ahead, he said.

The look and the nod that Walter gave me then were full of understanding. And for the first time, I, too, got a little glimmer of what all the things that Walter and Ginny had said really meant.

AFTER Jimmy went away, I tried hard to become part of the life around me. I remembered what he had told me of the boys he had met in the Army—boys from all classes and creeds, from every corner of the country—and how much he liked them. If he could meet people, the kind of people he had never known before, and learn to like them, so could I, I told myself. Besides, I was lonely. I missed the things I had done in Scarsmount—the first aid classes, the club meetings, the Red Cross. And so I attempted, at last, to know and understand my neighbors. I tried to organize first aid meetings, sewing bees—anything to help me make friends with them. But the neighborhood was almost completely foreign—many of the women did not speak English at all, or knew only the simplest phrases. I met only with rebuffs and misunderstandings. They had no time for fancy sewing, they said—they were glad if they could find the time to patch their husbands' work pants! As for first aid meetings—well, there were nurses and doctors and hospitals whose business that was. Things like that were for educated people, they said, not for poor Poles who were trying to make a living in the factories. *There is simply no common ground for us to meet on, these people and me,* I told myself wearily.

As a last resort, I went to see Stan's mother—I had never met her. She was a round little woman with apple cheeks and snowy hair. Her smile was quick and honest. I was a little abashed. She was more like my Aunt Polly than the grim, pioneerish foreign woman I had expected. I began to let myself like Stan more, now that I had met his mother.

She invited me in when I introduced myself, and I was embarrassed when I tried to pronounce her name. But she only laughed. "You call me Katey, Mrs. Jones. Everyone does." Her eyes twinkled with interest. "What do they call you?"

I hesitated, a little surprised at this quick familiarity. Then I smiled—I couldn't help it, and the smile warmed me. "They call me Myra."

Her little house, no bigger than our own, was neat as a pin. The furnishings had been cheered up with bright, inexpensive covers, and the whole thing had an air of being lived in warmly, without regrets. I envied Katey.

We had tea in what she explained was the Polish way, breaking off lump sugar in the mouth instead of stirring it in the tea. Then I told her I'd come to ask her help in organizing a first aid class, explaining that I could handle it,

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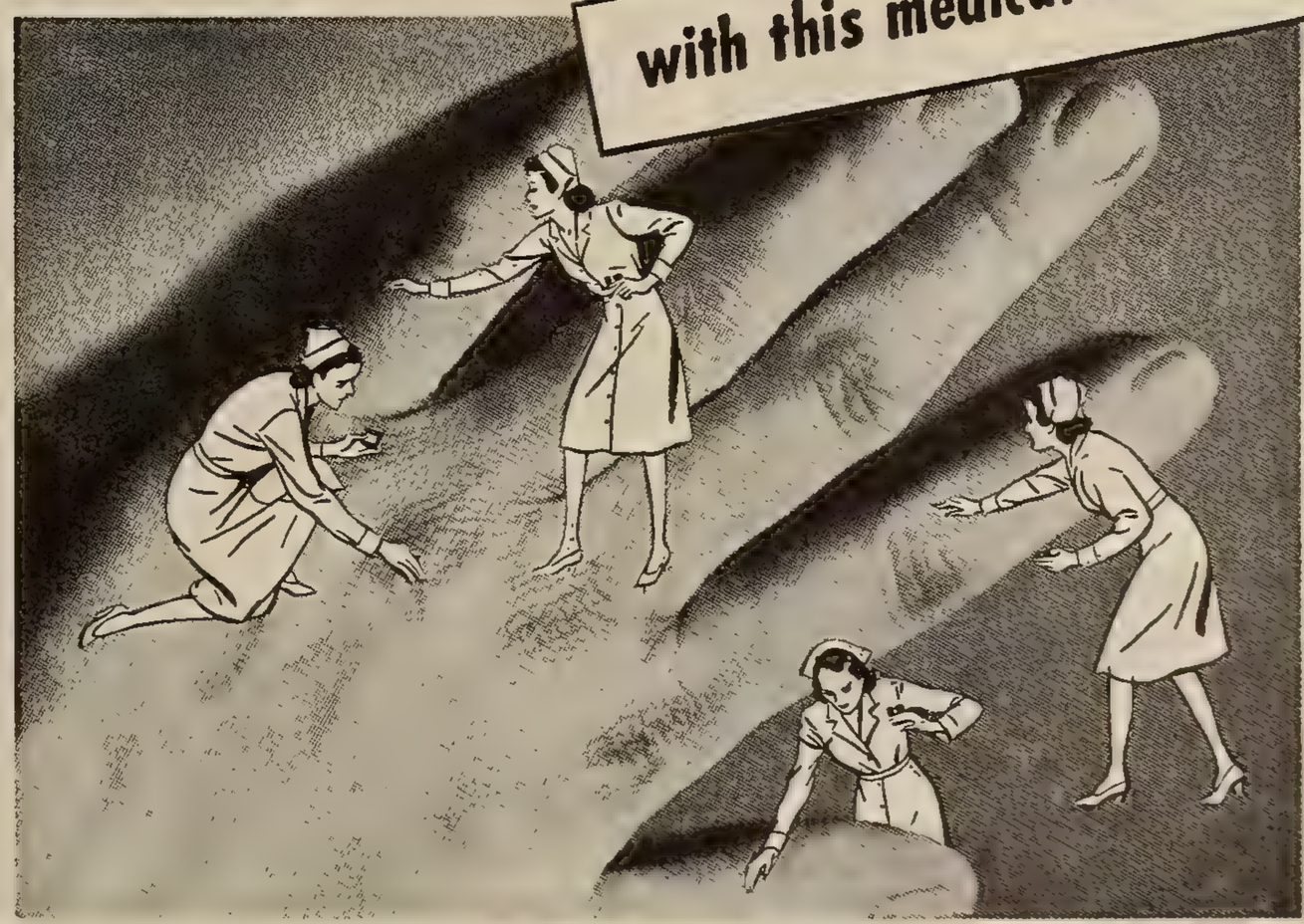

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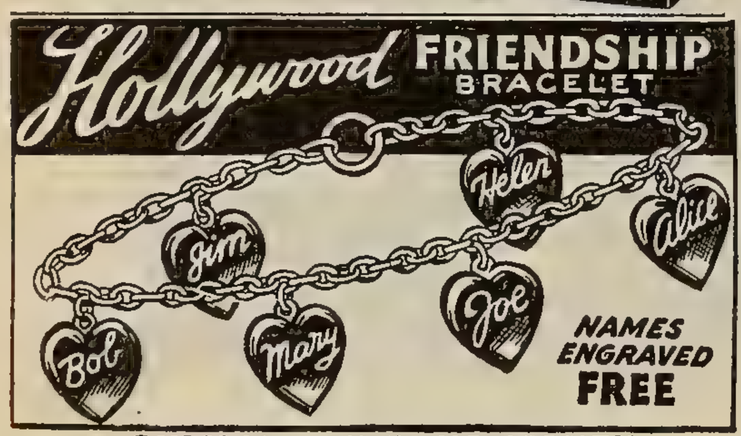

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that I had been a volunteer nurse at home. She looked at me with puzzled eyes, as if she could not believe that I was serious.

"Myra," she said, with her nice, funny little accent that made my name sound strange, but friendly in my ears, "you are not joking me? You think that us people have time on our hands to make meetings and—and things like that?" She shook her white head. "I'm working at the plant, Myra. I'm making supper for my Mike, and then I'm putting in my time at work. Daytimes I got to get some sleep, and take care of my kids. We are all like this—all without extra time for things, now, until after the war, maybe. So I got to get on to my work now, and leave the fancy things for the fancy people. You excuse me, Myra. I like you. If you please to come again?"

I left that house furious. Fancy things for fancy people, indeed! As if I were lazy and foolish, like rich women who sit around all day and do nothing. My face felt flushed and hot, and I hated Stan all over again. I must have been mistaken about his mother—she must be as ignorant as the rest. Well!

Everything went wrong that day. It was cold—snow in the air. Stan had been kept after school, Ginny reported, and the furnace had gone out. Walter worked overtime, and forgot to tell me—his supper was cold by the time he got home, and had to be warmed over.

Even that didn't spoil his disposition. He began to whistle in his cheerful, off-key way while he waited. I couldn't see anything to be so cheerful about. Fancy people—it still rankled! There was nothing fancy about this house, or my life! And there was Walter, with no more to be happy about than I, whistling merrily.

I TURNED on him fiercely. "Walter, for goodness sake stop that! Read your paper—do anything. Only keep quiet!"

He came across the room and put his hands on my shoulders, his grey eyes full of surprise and hurt. "Why, honey—what's the matter?"

I pulled angrily away. "What isn't the matter? You try running this house. You try getting acquainted with these people. You try getting supper on a three-burner stove—you'll soon find out what's the matter!"

"Honey," he tried again, "honey, I'm truly sorry. Tell you what—let's get on some decent clothes and eat downtown for a change. I'm really not very tired. They say Johnson's restaurant is awfully good, or there's a chop suey place if you'd like that better."

If he'd only been angry, mean, as I was. If he'd only matched my bitter, rebellious mood! But Walter was too good, too kind, for that. And his kindness only made me angrier, only made me cry out shrewishly, "I don't want to go. I've had my supper ages ago, so I could eat with your daughter before she went gallivanting off with that boy somewhere! And besides, I haven't any decent clothes. My things were ruined when the cellar flooded, remember?"

I turned back to the stove angrily, snatching for a pan of potatoes that threatened to burn. For once in my life I forgot the potholder. I screamed and let go automatically. And there was half of Walt's supper on the floor.

He came running to me, and when he saw my hand he went to the icebox for lard to put on it. Not a word of reproach, not a suggestion that it was my own fault. I was weeping silent

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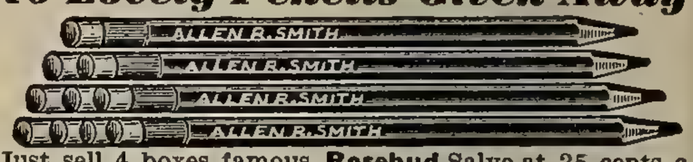

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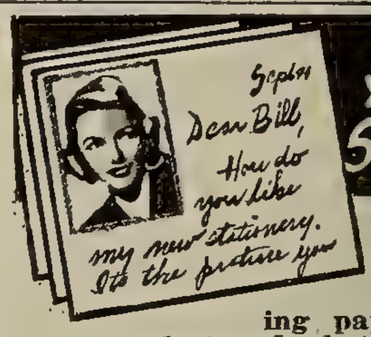

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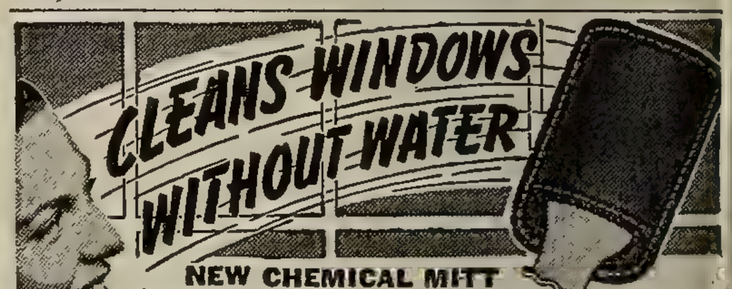

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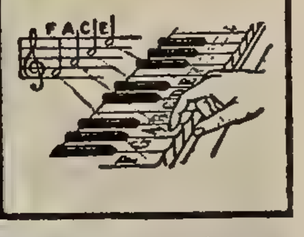

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tears, not because my hand hurt so much, but because my heart hurt more. Walt murmured gently as he found bandages and dressed my hands, as you speak to a hurt, bewildered child. Then he had it bandaged, and stepped back. "There, that better?"

In some way—I must have brushed my hand across it—I had left a long black smudge down my forehead and over my nose. As Walter looked up at me, saw that my hand no longer hurt, his eyes began to twinkle. Then the crowning injury of that whole dreadful day: Walter was laughing at me.

I could feel my face go white, my eyes icy. The way I looked must have spoken for me. Walt stopped laughing.

"Darling, I'm so sorry—forgive me. But you looked so cute with that smudge on your face—like a little girl. Myra—Myra darling, I love you so much!"

"I don't feel like a little girl. I feel like an old, old woman!"

He drew me close to him. "I know, honey—it's hard." And then, all at once, he was laughing again.

That was too much. I snatched off my apron and handed it to him. "I'm through for the day, Walter. You can get the rest of your supper yourself." I hurried out of the room.

"Here—wait, honey." I heard him follow me into the livingroom, but I didn't turn. And then there was a bump, and a crash. He had blundered into the little table, and he knocked over—I turned slowly—yes, my blue vase, my lovely blue vase, the symbol of my married happiness, lay in a hundred pieces.

I STARED at Walter, feeling sick dizziness creeping over me. The symbol of my married happiness . . . broken, shattered, just as my marriage was. I heard my voice, deep and faraway, like the voice of a stranger. "This is the end of us, Walter. I'm through. I'm going away, and nothing can stop me this time. Nothing."

"Myra—Myra, dearest. Happiness isn't things like a blue vase, or a fine place or a bad one to live in. Happiness is—"

I don't know what else he might have said, but I don't think it would have mattered. The doorbell rang, then, and he stopped to answer it. It was a man from the plant. I hardly heard him—only enough to know that something had happened, that they wanted Walter to come back right away.

He came back into the room for a moment, taking my hand and holding it tightly against my desire to be free. "Myra—twenty years is a long time for two people to live together, love together. Twenty years of happiness can't be ruined by the breaking of a two-dollar vase. Oh, Myra—think! Think about it before you go. I don't want to come back here tonight and find this place—my life—empty!"

He went away, then, and in a kind of feelingless haze, I began to pack. It was as if my heart and my mind were frozen, suspended, so that I did everything automatically, remotely. Ginny came after a while—I have no idea how long—and I sent her out to find me a cab. I must have looked very strange, for she didn't question me—she went without a word. Minutes ticked past. A half hour stretched into an hour, and still no Ginny. Then, at last, she came, running breathlessly up to the front porch.

"Mother—"

"Ginny, couldn't you find a cab?"

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"No, Mother. But listen, something seems to be happening at the plant. Something awfully funny. Everybody's going out there—all the men, I mean—and everyone looks so worried. I stopped a couple of them to ask what the trouble was, but they just brushed me aside, as if—"

And then it happened, sweeping her words away. A sound so loud it seemed paradoxically silent, like the let-out breath of a giant. Only no mere puff of air could have lighted the sky up that way, have shaken the houses, have made the very dishes rattle on their shelves, the windows shake and crack in their casings!

"That — was — the — plant!" Ginny whispered the words on an in-drawn sigh. "Come on!" And without waiting for me she bounded away, and I heard her cry, "Daddy's there!" as she went.

Daddy's there . . . I stood, trapped by that dull lethargy in which things had no meaning, through which I had worked since Walter left tonight. *Daddy's there* . . . there, in that place that had shaken the earth a moment—an hour?—ago, that was even now making noises like a wounded animal, and sending up little jets of flame to encrimson the sky, to leave it blacker when they died away. *Walter's there* . . . Walter, whom I had been going to leave forever. Walter, who had broken my blue vase, destroyed the symbol of our happiness together. Who had, I thought, destroyed the reality of that happiness, too. Walter, somewhere in that hell that was slowly turning the night into day now. My husband, who loved me so, whom I loved so much, in whose arms was the only safety, the only warmth, the only reality, in all of the world.

AND still I stood there, held to the old, sagging porch steps by some strange, terrifying immobility.

"Myra!" My name, sharply spoken, woke me to life, made my eyes see again. "Myra—oh, Myra, I'm so glad I've found you!"

It was Katey, Stan's mother, her white hair disheveled, a shawl dragged carelessly across her shoulders. And behind her, a sea of frightened women's faces, eyes staring, lighted up in all their sick anguish by the red glow in the sky behind them . . . behind them, at the plant.

"Please Myra—my Mike, your Walter, all our men—we are needing you so terribly bad. Oh, please—the first aid things you said you knew. Show us—please! Whatever you say we will do. Be quick—oh, please!"

She was pleading like a child, and then I saw her eyes; she was crying like a child, too. And I knew what she meant. I knew that this was at once an apology and a harsh demand. It was an answer to my hurt pride! All at once I found the power to move, to think, once more. "Run," I cried. "Run, run!"

And we ran, together, so terribly bound together by a common need and a common fear, toward the plant.

I had no time to look for Walter in the confusion of the makeshift ward that had been set up in an untouched building. Men were brought in in a steady stream, some hurt, some suffering from fright and shock. Men were taken out, some patched up well enough to help in searching for the others, some on stretchers to the hospitals in the nearby towns. Some . . . some, dead.

I think I died a little each time a

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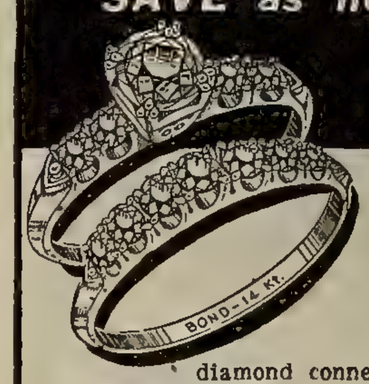

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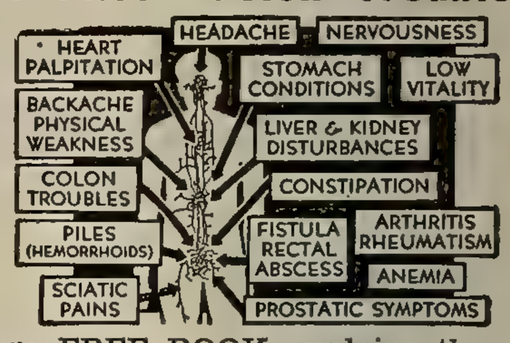

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stretcher came in, each time a stretcher was borne out. I lived again only when I had assured myself that the still face beneath the sheet was a stranger's. My hands flew, doing carefully but swiftly the things I knew so well how to do, but my mind was far apart from my hands, saying over and over, ceaselessly, *Walter, Walter, Walter,* and each repetition of his name a prayer. *Walter, be safe! Dear God, dear, kind, forgiving God, let Walter be safe!*

The hours lagged. Added to the fear and the terror came the horrible, dragging weariness. The going from one man to the next . . . *let it not be Walter—I need him so!* We worked frantically; the women quickly learned to help, following directions carefully. And stoically they took the good news with the bad. It was life. It was war. It was part of keeping the freedom that they, who knew what lack of freedom was, cherished so highly.

I hardly noticed the man who walked in at last—he might have been any of a long line of the less seriously injured, come to have a cut disinfected, or a burned hand bandaged. Hatless, disheveled, he marched grimly down the ward, a typed list of names in one blackened hand.

"Who's in charge here?" he demanded. "I'm trying to check this list of missing—"

He stopped as I moved swiftly toward him. I hadn't recognized that begrimed face, but there was no other voice in the world like that to me. "Walter!"

HE came to me, through the rows of improvised beds, step by slow step. "Myra? Myra, what are you doing here?"

"I'm doing—we're all doing—what we can, what has to be done, Walter."

"You—you didn't go."

I looked squarely up at him; I had to be honest now. "I wanted to, Walter. But I couldn't get a cab, and then the explosion came. I wanted to go—but now I don't. I want to stay here. With you."

The black hands came down hard on my shoulders, the grimy face creased in an uncertain smile that grew sure as he looked deeply into my eyes.

I pressed close to him, wanting to feel sure of his really being there, wanting to still forever the last flickers of fear in him. "I've changed, Walter. I never knew it was possible to change so much in a few hours."

"A few hours can be a lifetime, sometimes, Myra. Hours when you think there's nothing but emptiness at the end of them. Hours when you hope, and dare not hope but hope again—oh, Myra, I love you so much! I've been thinking, all this time since I left you at the house. Thinking how hard it's been for you here. It's been so lonesome . . . maybe you should go back to our old home town, and wait for me."

It was more than I deserved, to see the weary, hurt puzzlement fade from Walter's eyes, change into unbelieving happiness, as I shook my head. "I don't want to wait for you Walter—I want to be with you. I've found out that it isn't a house or a street that matters—wherever you are is my home. If I'm there with you, I won't be lonely. And besides, I've got my friends . . ." My hand swept out to indicate Katey, and the others. "I don't have to *go* home, Walter, I *am* home."

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Our Love Was New

Continued from page 19

young and tanned, but with something strained and drawn in it, something old about the eyes. I went on writing down names, directing the men to wait until Personnel was ready for them, and then it was the turn of the man who had stared at me.

He rose rather stiffly from his chair, came toward my desk. "A veteran," I thought. Many of the men who had come to work at the plant lately were veterans. I'd learned to spot them fairly accurately. There was something about their carriage, something about the casual way they wore their civilian clothes, as if they were determined not to trade upon their recent service, that gave them away. "You've come about a job?" I asked.

"I—yes," he said. "I'd like a job."

He had a deep, pleasant, but unremarkable voice. There was no reason why it should have made me feel that a finger had been placed on my heart, holding it back a beat, but it did. My own voice shifted oddly as I asked his name.

His gaze shifted to my hair, and it was almost as if he had touched the shining brown waves, touched the narrow velvet ribbon that bound them back. "Rule," he said. "Rule . . . Stevens."

I wrote "Stevens, Rule," in the appointment book. "You are applying in what capacity?"

"I've—had engineering experience."

I SMILED up at him then, warming to him instantly. Chet had been an engineer in civil life, and to my mind there was a kind of glory cast over everyone in that profession. I didn't wait for the personnel office to call to tell me to let another man through. I called them, and they said that they were ready to interview another applicant. "Go through the door on your right," I told Rule Stevens, "and then take the elevator to the fifth floor."

He thanked me and went through the door, and I thought that that was the end of it.

But it wasn't. An hour or so later, he came back. I was on the telephone, and he stopped beside my desk and waited until I had finished talking. "I got a job," he said. "I wanted to thank you."

I had to laugh at that. "I didn't do anything," I told him. "This is a big place, and I don't even know anyone in Personnel, except over the 'phone."

"Maybe," he said. "But I notice I didn't have to wait, like some of the other fellows. Maybe sometime I can take you to dinner and show my appreciation."

I stiffened, even while I realized that I'd brought the invitation upon myself. My manner to him had certainly been more cordial than it usually was to strangers. "I can't possibly go out with you," I said abruptly. "I'm married."

His smiled, a wry little smile that was somehow terribly sad. But his words were light. "That's all right; I'm married, too. My wife and I are separated. Anyway, you can tell me your name."

"Ann Levering." I wished that he would go. He was growing more likeable by the minute, and there was no room in my life for likeable young men. And I believed what he had said about being separated from his wife, although coming from anyone

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else it would have been just the stock glib explanation.

"Ann Levering." He repeated the syllables as if they were poetry. "Goodby, Ann. I'll see you again."

From the beginning there was no way of ignoring him. He passed my desk when he came in in the morning, and when he went to lunch at noon, and when he went home at night. He always stopped and talked for a minute or two, in a way that would have been only friendly and casual if it had not been for his eyes. His eyes said that he was waiting for something more, and that these impersonal little chats were a concession to my foolish feminine scruples. In between, during the day, he had occasion to call the front desk often. He'd been put in charge of an experimental production department, and many of the men who came in to sell supplies and equipment had to see him. He was invariably business-like over the telephone, but his voice alone, out of the dozens of voices I heard every day, had personality for me.

Then one Saturday afternoon, the second week Rule had been at the plant, he left his office later than usual, when I was getting ready to go home. I didn't see him come out of the main office—I had my mirror propped on the file behind my desk and I was putting on my hat—but when I turned around, he was there. "I have tickets for the concert at City Center tonight," he said directly. "Would you like to go with me?"

I heard myself accepting. I didn't mean to accept, but I was caught off guard. Not five minutes before, I had been sitting at my desk, staring out at the blue winter twilight and thinking of other Saturday nights, when Chet had taken me to concerts at City Center, thinking that tonight I would have to do what I'd done for so long—go home to an empty house, to an endless, empty evening.

THE concert was the beginning. At first, it was simply fun. Having taken the initial revolutionary step in making the date, I felt free and young and excited as I hadn't been excited over anything in months. It was an event just to have Rule call for me; the little attentions, like his helping me into and out of the car, his complimenting me on my dress, were as momentous as if I'd been a very young girl out on my first date. Then there was the concert hall, the talk and laughter of the crowd, the familiar smell of upholstery and heavy carpets, the glittering glass chandelier in the high inverted bowl of the ceiling, the golden glow of the footlights—the glow that is the promise, always, of wonderful things to come.

We had time, after we were settled in our seats and before the concert started, to look over the program and to exchange opinions about music. Rule said that he didn't like Debussy, and I said that I didn't either—that it made me feel sad. "You mean subdued," he corrected me, and I laughed with pleasure and said that subdued was exactly what I did mean.

He leaned forward a little to look into my face. "Laugh like that again, Ann," he said. "It becomes you."

I was startled, and my laughter faded. "Like what?" I asked.

"As if you meant it. As if you were really glad to be here, with me."

I said, "Please, Rule!" sharply, and he asked quietly, but almost angrily,

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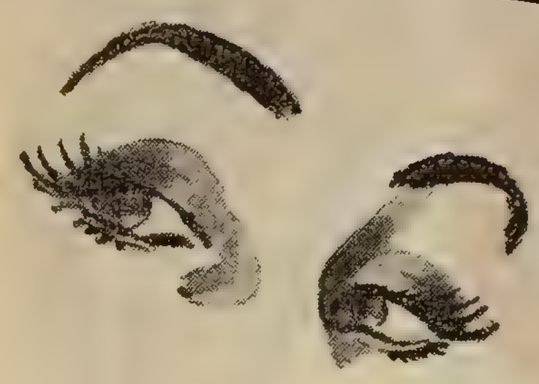

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"Why shouldn't I say things like that? How long is it since you've seen your husband?"

"Nearly three years."

"And how long is it since . . ."

"A year and two months."

Rule knew about Chet's being missing, of course. I hadn't told him, but the girl who worked with me as relief receptionist had. I was sorry that he knew. Now he would start telling me what my friends at the plant often told me—that I ought not go on hoping blindly after so long, that I ought to go out once in a while, find new interests.

But he had no chance to say anything. The house lights dimmed, and the conductor came out on the platform, and whatever Rule had been about to say was lost in a spatter of applause. A hush fell as the conductor raised his baton, poised it for a second, and then the first sighing notes of the violins swept through the house. I relaxed with a long sigh of contentment. I'd forgotten how wonderful the concerts were, I told myself. I should have come to them even though I'd have had to come alone. . . . Then I forgot everything but the music. The violas and the full string section came flooding in, and the woodwinds and the brasses, and the heavy drums. Those violins sang in my heart, and the drums throbbed deep inside me, sent my blood coursing to their own resistless rhythm . . . and I knew I was alive again, free to love and to be loved again, and I knew warmth and tenderness and understanding, not the cold tension of waiting. I was with Chet. . . .

I SAT moveless when the house lights went on, when everyone else was applauding. The people around me were stirring, and someone was shaking my arm, gently, insistently. I turned my head and blinked dazedly up at—Rule. It was Rule who sat beside me, after all, Rule's hand that I'd clung to.

"Ann," he was saying, "it's intermission. Don't you want to go out for a few minutes?"

I nodded and stumbled to my feet. He took my arm and guided me out to the lobby. The lights there seemed very bright, glaringly bright; the people were noisy, I thought, and they bumped against me. I tried to look back into the auditorium, where for a little while Chet had been, tried to understand what had happened to me. He *had* been there; I had felt his presence. I couldn't have been wrong. It had been unmistakable—the feeling of belonging, the feeling of being with the one person who, out of all the world, was my other self.

Then I knew it wasn't possible, that it had been only an illusion, and I felt weak and empty and afraid. "Rule," I said, "do you mind if we don't stay for the second half? I don't think it will be—as wonderful."

He looked down at me strangely. "I was thinking the same thing. I'll take you home."

I was glad that he didn't want to stay, didn't suggest going anywhere else. I wasn't up to even ordinary conversation. Rule seemed to understand. He took me straight home, and he didn't try to make talk on the way. At my door, he didn't say any of the conventional things; he just took my key and opened the door for me, saying, with a searching look at me, "You'll be all right?"

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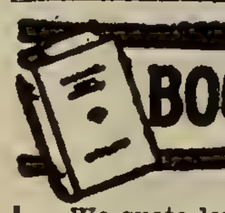

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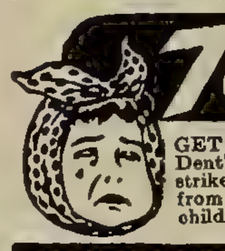

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I nodded and went inside, and Rule got into his car and drove away. I went right to bed and to sleep, drained of all feeling, too exhausted to wonder at the strange, miraculous thing that had happened.

In the morning, it didn't seem possible that it had happened at all. Nothing was changed. There was the neat, silent house, empty as a place can be only when the presence that has filled it and given it life has gone; there was my room, feminine, orderly as it would never be if Chet were there.

Rule called me at noon, a little while after I'd come back from church. "Ann," he asked, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Very well," I answered with some surprise. "Why?"

"I thought you looked a little—shaky—last night."

I almost told him what had happened, and then I stopped myself. He might in some way take it to mean that I was encouraging him, and I didn't want to encourage him. "I did," I admitted. "But I'm much better now."

THAT'S good." There was a long pause. Then he said hurriedly, "Would you—I'd like to take you to dinner this afternoon."

I wanted to say yes. Sunday was the loneliest day in the week for me. On other days I was working, and in the evenings I could always get one of the girls to go to a movie, or I could visit them or have them visit me. But on Sundays, even though their men were away at war, the girls always had something else to do. They went away for weekends with their families, or they had friends or relatives in town to entertain.

Then I thought of the concert, and of the conviction of Chet's nearness that had come over me, and I had no interest at all in seeing Rule. I refused, and Rule, after a few words of regret, hung up.

On Monday and all through the week his manner was friendly and casual as before. There might never have been a concert, never have been an hour when I had held his hand tightly, never a moment when we had laughed together. I told myself that I'd succeeded in convincing him that I really didn't care to go out with him, and that I was glad. Still, as the

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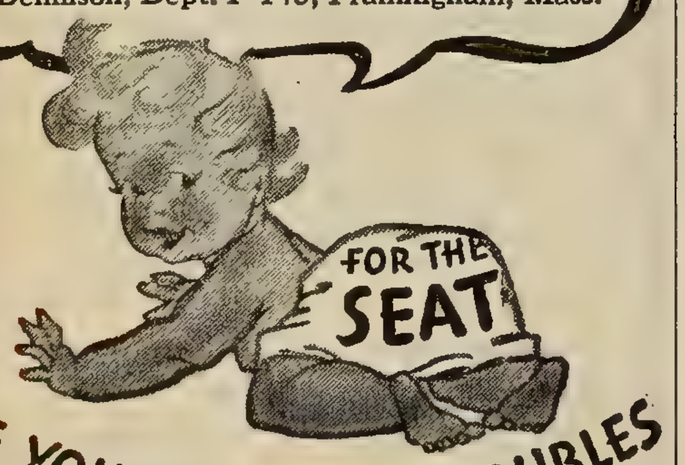

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weekend drew near, it seemed very bleak without an invitation from Rule.

On Friday afternoon I called his office to announce a salesman who wanted to see him. He said, "Send him in, Mrs. Levering," and I said, "Yes, Mr. Stevens," and was about to hang up when he stopped me. "And, Mrs. Levering," he added, "there's a very good horror picture at the Strand this evening."

I very nearly dropped the telephone. Horror movies! Chet had loved them—less for themselves, I think, than for my somewhat uncalled-for reaction to them. I'd always clutched his arm frantically during the creepy parts, and I was ready to leave the theater a half-dozen times before the picture came to an end, and could never bring myself to the point of actually leaving.

"Suppose we go straight from work," Rule suggested. "Then we can have dinner, and still make the first show." He spoke as if there was no question of my accepting—and this time, there wasn't.

That evening was in part a repetition of the evening of the concert. Everything was fun at first—having dinner at a restaurant, and the light talk, and the laughter. And then, in the darkness of the theater, the same inexplicable conviction of Chet's nearness came over me. It was Chet's arm I clutched in the scary parts of the film, Chet who laughed teasingly and asked if I wanted to leave. I shook my head without looking at him, convinced that if I did look I would see Chet's face above a khaki collar.

But this time I thought that I knew how to explain it all. It was really simple—just that I wanted so much to be with Chet, and because I wanted it, it was so, briefly, in these places where we had been together. It was really only wishful thinking.

I WAS sure I was right when the picture was over and we left the theater, and the conviction was gone. Rule was Rule again, someone who was fun to be with and fun to talk with, but not Chet. He was someone who was, instead, very much a person in his own right.

We didn't go directly home from the theater. We went to a night club a little way out of town, and there, with a floor show and a dance orchestra and all of the props of gaiety around us, Rule fell to talking, seriously as he hadn't talked before, about his plans for the future. He intended to stay at the plant until the war was over, and then he was going back to school, to study electronics. "I'm saving money," he said, "and whatever my circumstances will be, I'm sure of being able to manage school."

I avoided his eyes when he mentioned circumstances, because there was something in his tone that implied they might include me. I didn't want him to pursue the subject further, didn't want to know what I meant to him, or what he intended to do about his wife. I wanted to keep on thinking of the future on the old terms, the terms based on Chet's coming back. I didn't want to think of Rule in any other way except as good company for a good time.

That was what I wanted, and that was the way things were—I thought. I was very confident, very sure of my feelings—and then in one moment everything was shattered, and I couldn't be sure of anything in the world.

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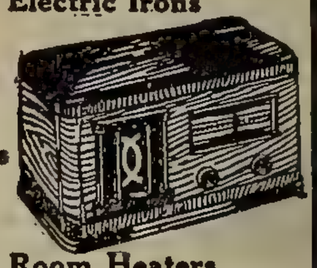

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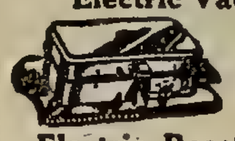

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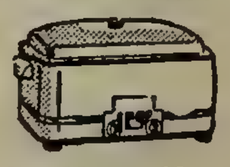

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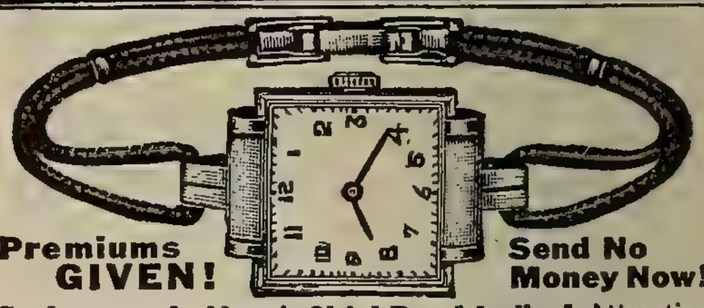

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winter night, under a dark blue arch of sky. I was a little sleepy, and I watched the snow-covered fields slide past the car, thinking contentedly how peaceful everything was and what a pleasant evening it had been. Perhaps I even dozed a little, because it seemed only a few minutes until we stopped before my house. I stirred and said sleepily, "I've had such a nice time—" And then my words were thrust aside as Rule gathered me into his arms, close, so that I was lost in the folds of his coat, and his mouth was hard upon mine in a kiss that was long and hungry and searching.

One moment—and it was the end of everything I had had, the beginning of something I wanted terribly, and yet dared not take. There was no illusion of Chet in that embrace. It was Rule I was clinging to convulsively, so that I felt the muscles of his arms under his coat sleeves, Rule's kisses that found the soft and pliant welcome of my lips.

"My Ann," he murmured. "My very own—" And his words brought me to my senses. *His* Ann! Shame flooded me, and I pushed him roughly away. "Don't!" I gasped. And then I said harshly, "Rule, I never want to see you again, outside the office."

And before he could speak, I flung myself out of the car and fled up the icy steps to the house.

You can't ever go back. Things happen to you, and changes come, and unless you accept them, you are rejecting part of yourself, warping your life. You can't go back to simpler and less complicated things any more than you can be a child again. I know, because I tried to go back, and I lived in torment for it.

OH, I hadn't been happy the way I was living before I met Rule. It had been a grim and lonely struggle to go on day after day, looking in the mailbox for a letter that only a miracle could put there, waiting for the telephone call or the telegram that would blot out the terrible memory of the telegram that had said that Chet was missing. It had taken all of my strength to hold on to hope after all hope was reasonably gone, to go on believing after my faith had worn thin with time. But at least, I had known what I was living for, what I wanted tomorrow to bring.

Now—I no longer knew. I wasn't certain of anything at all. Forget Rule? Pretend that he had never been? How was it possible when I saw him every day, when any ring of the telephone on my desk could—and often did—bring his voice. I thought of giving up my job, thought even of giving up the house and leaving town—but I knew beforehand that it wouldn't work. It was just an idea to seize upon in the sleepless nights, an escapist, childish reaction, like a small boy's threatening to leave home. I couldn't run away from myself.

Rule tried to help me. He respected my wishes to the letter, and he hardly spoke to me after that night. He wasn't obvious about avoiding me, so that others in the office would notice the constraint between us, but he made it a point to come in early, before I got to my desk in the morning, and he left late, after I'd gone home. When he was promoted and given a secretary, he had her put through the calls to my desk. It was I who could not help myself. I caught myself watching for him, longing for him to say more than a brief hello when we

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did meet, waiting for the times that his secretary was out and he himself would have to call me.

I thought—or tried to think—all sorts of things in my frantic effort to straighten out my life. I thought that what had drawn me to Rule was his resemblance to Chet, and then a clearer examination of the idea would show me how ridiculous it was. They both had brown hair and brown eyes—but dozens of other brown-haired, brown-eyed men looked as much like Chet as Rule did, and more. Rule's jaw was more tightly set than Chet's, his eyes narrower, his hairline straighter. If there was a resemblance, it was less physical than in their liking the same things—such as the City Center concerts, and horror movies—in their likelihood to laugh at the same kind of jokes.

In my desperation, I even tried to tell myself that Rule was unworthy of my love, that he was married to another woman, and he'd said nothing at all about marrying me. . . . It was an ugly, shameful thought, but it would have helped if I could have believed it. But I couldn't. Rule wasn't that sort of person, and I'd known that he'd loved me since—yes, perhaps since that moment he first stood before me and repeated my name as if it were music to him.

IT would have been easy to surrender, to go to him and tell him that I wanted him—but I couldn't do that, either. I still loved Chet, although not in the urgent, immediate way I loved Rule. Our time together had been short, and the years between had been long, and I could no longer call his laugh to mind, or the little expression that had made him so dear and vivid long after he had gone away, but I still loved my husband. It was as if, having once given him my heart, I could not take it back even though Rule, in some inexplicable way, seemed to have got hold of it, too.

I didn't do anything right that winter. I'd gone out with Rule when I knew that he was attractive to me, and then when the damage was done, and I cared for him past forgetting, I'd sent him away. Having told him that I didn't want to see him, I watched eagerly for glimpses of him, felt rewarded when I heard him speak a few brief phrases over the office telephone. I joined the mid-winter bowling tournament the employes organized so that I would have a few less evenings a week in which to dream over him—and, of course, Rule was bowling, too.

I very nearly backed out, the first night I went down to the place and saw Rule in the very next alley to mine. Somehow, I got through that first eve-

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ning, and after that—well, I bowled because it meant that I could see him for an hour or two, be a part of the same crowd. It was humiliating, and I was ashamed of myself for it, but I didn't have the strength of mind to stay away. I was so utterly lost in my obsession that I refused rides home in order to leave after the others, when I could be sure that Rule had gone and I would see him no more that night.

It was that last bit of foolishness that undid me. One night, leaving the alleys after the others, I was delayed a few minutes by a faulty zipper in my overshoes. I got it on finally, and stepped out into a world that was bitter cold, filled with snow swirling on an icy wind. I hadn't gone a dozen steps before I realized how severe the storm was. The walk before me, where my friends had passed only minutes before, was a drift of snow; their footprints were almost obliterated. I looked back, saw that the bowling hall was closing, and started to plod doggedly on when a car stopped in the street. The door opened, and a voice—Rule's voice—called, "Ann, get in! I'll take you home."

I stumbled over to the car. Rule reached out and pulled me inside; anxiously he tucked blankets around me. "Ridiculous!" he scolded. "Where did you think you were going on foot? You wouldn't have got to the end of the block."

"YOU may not get far, either!" I said tartly, and ungratefully, and I huddled down in the blankets, glorying in his scolding, in the exasperated concern in his voice.

It was a bad drive. Rule could hardly see beyond the hood of the car; he drove at a snail's pace, staying close to the curb, rolling down the window every few seconds to lean out and clear the windshield. By the time we turned into my block I was chilled through in spite of the blankets, and Rule must have been frozen. We ploughed through drifts to the door, and once inside, we just stood shivering and stamping our feet in the warmth of the house.

"What a night!" I chattered. "Take off your coat, Rule, and I'll fix something hot—"

He hesitated. I suppose it crossed his mind that every minute's delay lessened his chances of getting to his own rooms, but I didn't think of that just then. I was busy peeling off my overshoes, and I didn't notice that it was a moment before he took off his coat and knelt to help me.

I left him in the livingroom and went out to the kitchen, where I opened a can of soup and set it on the stove to heat. I started coffee, too, and then I went upstairs to remove my soaked stockings and to put on dry ones. The pain in my thawing feet was excruciating; as it faded and warmth began to creep back into my bones, panic came with it. Rule was down stairs. He was here, in this house, shut in with me against the storm. Why had I asked him in? Why hadn't I just let him go on home?

I had to force myself to go back to the kitchen. My hands trembled as I poured out soup and coffee, arranged crackers on a plate. Stiffly, self-consciously, I carried the tray into the livingroom. Rule was standing near the couch, his face turned away from me. "Won't you have some coffee—" I began in a thin little voice. Then he took the tray from my hands and set it down, and I had no voice, no will, left at all.

He didn't say anything. He just took me in his arms and kissed me—not hard,

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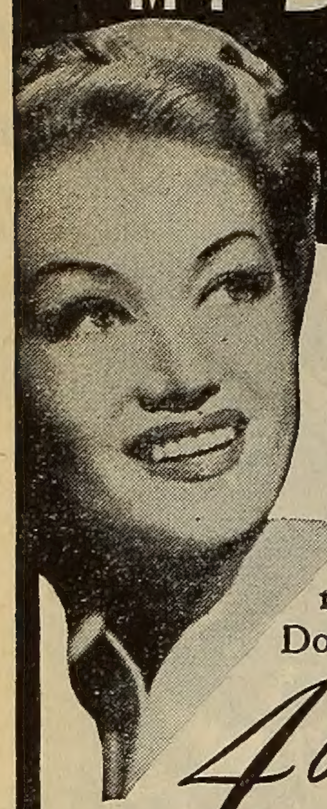

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with desperate eagerness, like the other kiss—but long, lingeringly, as if this happiness were a fragile thing, and he must hold it gently. My arms crept up around his shoulders where I had wanted them to be, and it was I who clung tightly. The words he spoke, too, were very soft, as if even the most beautiful words there are could hurt this loveliness. "Ann, I love you so. Love you, love you . . ." Over and over again. They made a whispered song, that my own voice joined. "And I love you, Rule. . . ."

He brushed his cheek against mine. "Say that again," he ordered huskily.

I wrenched away from him. "I can't, Rule," I said despairingly. "You know that I can't. I'm married. And—you're married, too."

"I was married," he said. "Now—my wife doesn't even know me."

Why I understood then what I hadn't understood before, I don't know. It was a moment of revelation, like the moment in which I'd known that I'd loved him; it was a sliver of a second, and all eternity. All of the drums of a hundred symphonies seemed to have broken loose inside me, and I was deaf even to his words. I couldn't speak; I could only stand there, searching his face frantically, straining to make sense out of what he was saying.

"It's not her fault," he said. "I didn't even know myself, after I got out of the hospital. Plastic surgery is a wonderful thing, Ann. But it's frightening, too. It's frightening, when you look at yourself and see how you've changed—and when you can't begin to guess how those you love will feel about the person you've become."

I had no strength left. I slid down to the couch, buried my face in my hands. "Chet," I whispered, "why . . . why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I?" he demanded roughly. "My God, how can you go to a woman and say, 'I'm your husband—take me.'? How can you do that when every mirror, every reflection in a shop window, shows you a stranger to yourself? I intended to tell you when I first came back. Then I'd look at my face in the mirror, and I'd lose my nerve. One day I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went out to the plant, intending to take you away and tell you right then and there. You know the rest. When you didn't recognize me, and thought I was just a guy looking for a job, I thought I'd play things the way they were for a while. Personnel had to know my real name and see my papers, but they were decent about it when I said I preferred to go by my mother's family name, and as you said, it's a big place, so they didn't connect Chester Levering with Ann Levering... Darling—" his voice pinched up oddly. "Ann, darling, don't cry—"

I couldn't stop crying, couldn't look at him. But then he was kneeling beside me, and I was in the blessed security of his arms. "It's all right now," he soothed. "It'll always be all right. I didn't intend to trick you, dearest. It was just that—well, when you didn't know me, I began to think I could be sure only if I knew you could love the person I'd become—"

I drew a deep shuddering breath, pressed closed to him. "I didn't know you, darling," I whispered. "But my heart did—from the very first."

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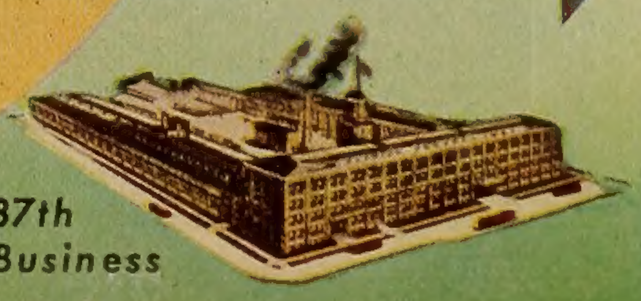

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